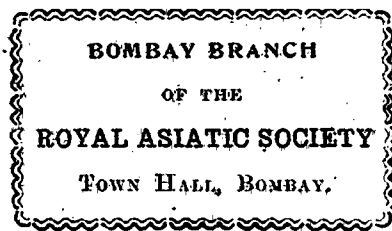




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*Literary Society of London*  
THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS GRAY;

VOL. II.

3783

CONTAINING

THE LETTERS;

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WITH

IMPORTANT ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS

FROM

HIS OWN MANUSCRIPTS.

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD.

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# C O N T E N T S.

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*N. B. Those Letters entirely new, or not published in Mr. Mason's Work, are marked with an Asterisk \*; those imperfectly published by Mr. Mason with a Dagger †.*

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#### ERRATA.

- Page 73. *for the king and fifty fiddlers, fiddlers solus; read the king, and fifty fiddlers solus.*  
— *for Grand Chartreuse, read Grande Chartreuse.*  
— 75. *for Tribia, read Trebia.*  
— 108. The signature T. Gray, should come before the Editor's note.  
— 252. *for new scholars, read mere scholars.*  
— 345. *for a fe winter months, read a few winter months.*  
— 368. *for exults in landscape, read excels in landscape.*  
— 371. *for je m'y pers, read je m'y perd.*  
— 385. *for Mr. Broom, read Mr. Brown.*



# GRAY'S LETTERS.

## SECTION THE FIRST.

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### LETTER I.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

YOU use me very cruelly: You have sent me but one letter since I have been at Oxford, and that too agreeable not to make me sensible how great my loss is in not having more. Next to seeing you is the pleasure of seeing your hand-writing; next to hearing you is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely I wonder at you, that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your quondam school-fellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood,

Thro' many a flow'ry path and shelly grot,  
Where learning lull'd us in her private \* maze.

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\* This expression prettily distinguishes their studies when out of the public school, which would naturally, at their age, be vague and desultory.—*Mason*.

The very thought, you see, tips my pen with poetry, and brings Eton to my view. Consider me very seriously here in a strange country, inhabited by things that call themselves Doctors and Masters of Arts; a country flowing with syllogisms and ale, where Horace and Virgil are equally unknown; consider me, I say, in this melancholy light, and then think if something be not due to

Yours.

*Christ Church, Nov. 14, 1735.*

P. S. I desire you will send me soon, and truly and positively,\* a history of your own time.

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## LETTER II.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. WEST.

PERMIT me again to write to you, though I have so long neglected my duty, and forgive my brevity, when I tell you it is occasioned wholly by the hurry I am in to get to a place where I expect to meet with no other pleasure than the sight of you; for I am preparing for London in a few days at furthest. I do not wonder in the least at your frequent blaming my indolence, it ought rather to be called ingratitude, and I am obliged to your goodness for softening

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\* Alluding to his grandfather, Bishop Burnet's history.



so harsh an appellation. When we meet it will, however, be my greatest of pleasures to know what you do, what you read, and how you spend your time, &c. &c. and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c. for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business; and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. When you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill, only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress and gets some ground; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was; I may, better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this; in short, I believe I must not send you the history of my own time, till I can send you that also of the reformation\*. However, as the most undeserving people in the world must surely have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there; it is asking you to an old play, indeed, but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

For this little while past I have been playing with Statius; we yesterday had a game at quoits together; you will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little

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\* Carrying on the allusion to the other history written by Mr. West's grandfather.—*Mason*.

pique to him. I send you my translation\* which I did not engage in because I liked that part of the Poem, nor do I now send it to you because I think it deserves it, but merely to shew you how I mispend my days.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Cambridge, May 8, 1736.*

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### LETTER III.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

I AGREE with you that you have broke Statius's head, but it is in like manner as Apollo broke Hyacinth's, you have foiled him infinitely at his own weapon: I must insist on seeing the rest of your translation, and then I will examine it entire, and compare it with the Latin, and be very wise and severe, and put on an inflexible face, such as becomes the character of a true son of Aristarchus, of hypercritical memory. In the mean while,

And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold,

Is exactly Statius—*Summos auro mansueverat ungues.* I never knew before that the golden fangs on hammercloths were so

---

\* Here followed the Translation of Statius.

old a fashion. Your Hymenæal\* I was told was the best in the Cambridge Collection before I saw it, and, indeed, it is no great compliment to tell you I thought it so when I had seen it, but sincerely it pleased me best. Methinks the college bards have run into a strange taste on this occasion. Such soft unmeaning stuff about Venus and Cupid, and Peleus and Thetis, and Zephyrs and Dryads, was never read. As for my poor little Eclogue it has been condemned and beheaded by our Westminster judges; an exordium of about sixteen lines absolutely cut off, and its other limbs quartered in a most barbarous manner. I will send it you in my next as my true and lawful heir, in exclusion of the pretender, who has the impudence to appear under my name.

As yet I have not looked into Sir Isaac. Public disputations I hate; mathematics I reverence; history, morality, and natural philosophy have the greatest charms in my eye; but who can forget poetry? they call it idleness, but it is surely the most enchanting thing in the world, “ac dulce otium & pœne omni negotio pulchrius.”

I am, dear Sir, yours while I am

R. W.

*Christ Church, May 24, 1736.*

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\* Published in the Cambridge Collection of verses on the Prince of Wales's marriage. I have not thought it necessary to insert these hexameters, as adulatory verses of this kind, however well written, deserve not to be transmitted to posterity; and, indeed, are usually buried, as they ought to be, in the trash with which they are surrounded. Every person, who feels himself a poet, ought to be above prostituting his powers on such occasions; and extreme youth (as was the case with Mr. Gray) is the only thing that can apologize for his having done it.—*Mason*.——To this Note, by Mr. Mason, I must add, that there is not the slightest shade of adulation or ‘courtly incense’ discoverable in the verses alluded to; except it may be found in the Poet likening Princess Augusta to a stone statue; and Prince Frederick to Pygmalion.—*Ed.*

[The following letter seems to require some little preface, not so much as it expresses Mr. Gray's juvenile sentiments concerning the mode of our academical education, as that these sentiments prevailed with him through life, and that he often declared them, with so little reserve, as to create him many enemies. It is certain that at the time when he was admitted, and for some years after, Jacobitism, and its concomitant hard drinking, prevailed still at Cambridge, much to the prejudice not only of good manners but of good letters; for, if this spirit was then on the decline, it was not extinguished till after the year 1745. But we see (as was natural enough in a young man) he laid the blame rather on the mode of education than the mode of the times; and to this error the uncommon proficiency he had made at Eton in classical learning might contribute, as he found himself in a situation where that species of merit held not the first rank. However this be, it was necessary not to omit this feature of his mind, when employed in drawing a general likeness of it; and what colours could be found so forcible as his own to express its true light and shadow? I would further observe, that whatever truth there might be in his satire at the time it was written, it can by no means affect the present state of the university. There is usually a much greater fluctuation of taste and manners in an academical, than a national body; occasioned (to use a scholastic metaphor) by that very quick succession of its component parts, which often goes near to destroy its personal identity. Whatever therefore may be true of such a society at one time, may be, and generally is, ten years after absolutely false.]—*Mason*.

## LETTER IV.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. WEST.

YOU must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of College impertinencies to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics?\* Alas, I cannot

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\* The Reader must consider the spirit of humour in which this letter is written, before he regards these sentiments familiarly thrown out to his Correspondent, as the mature or settled opinions of Gray, on the valuable and inestimable science of Mathematics. If however he were really expressing, in a jocose manner, the result of his serious deliberations on the subject, he found ample reason to change them, when the experience of his more advanced life shewed to him it's important effects upon some of the noblest faculties of the human mind, and when he could not but acknowledge the supereminent accuracy of its *means*, the unrivalled dignity of its *end*. "Mr. Gray (says Mr. Mathias) much regretted that he had never applied his mind to the study of the mathematics; and once, rather late in life, he hinted to his friend an intention to undertake it. No one was ever more convinced of it's dignity and it's importance. He wished, however, to appreciate it with discreet approbation, not considering it as the only mode by which the understanding could be matured: as he

see in too much light; I am no eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, “the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses; there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow; it shall be a court of dragons; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest.” You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle, and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however, I defy your owls to match mine.

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conceived that a fixed attention to any works of close and of deep reasoning might produce the same accurate precision of thought. But he felt, and he owned it too, the commanding power of those speculations, to which the mathematician alone can conduct the patient inquirers into nature. And he could not but admire the strong and animated expressions of Halley,—

————— “Nubem pellente Mathesi  
“Claustra patent Cœli, rerumque immobilis ordo.”

While he contemplated, with reverence, the laws and the system of the Universe fixed by a sublime geometry.” See Mathias’s Observations on Gray’s Writings. P. 68. 8vo.—*Ed.*

If the default of your spirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to say. We all must submit to that wayward Queen; I too in no small degree own her sway,

I feel her influence while I speak her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own at least for our sakes, and do not be so soon weary of this little world: I do not know what\* refined friendships you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above; among your terrestrial familiars, however, though I say it that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than

Yours most sincerely, &c.

*Peterhouse, Dec. 1736.*

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## LETTER V.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

I CONGRATULATE you on your being about to leave college\*, and rejoice much you carry no degrees with

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\* This thought is very juvenile, but perhaps he meant to ridicule the affected manner of Mrs. Rowe's letters of the dead to the living; a book which was, I believe, published about this time.—*Mason*.

† I suspect that Mr. West mistook his correspondent; who, in saying he did not

you. For I would not have You dignified, and I not, for the world, you would have insulted me so. My eyes, such as they are, like yours, are neither metaphysical nor mathematical; I have, nevertheless, a great respect for your connoisseurs that way, but am always contented to be their humble admirer. Your collection of desolate animals pleased me much; but Oxford, I can assure you, has her owls that match yours, and the prophecy has certainly a squint that way. Well, you are leaving this dismal land of bondage, and which way are you turning your face? Your friends, indeed, may be happy in you, but what will you do with your classic companions? An inn of court is as horrid a place as a college, and a moot case is as dear to gentle dullness as a syllogism. But wherever you go, let me beg you not to throw poetry "like a nauseous weed away:" Cherish its sweets in your bosom, they will serve you now and then to correct the disgusting sober follies of the common law, *misce stultitiam consiliis brevem, dulce est desipere in loco*; so said Horace to Virgil, those two sons of Anac in poetry, and so say I to you, in this degenerate land of pigmies,

Mix with your grave designs a little pleasure,  
Each day of business has its hour of leisure.

In one of these hours I hope, dear Sir, you will sometimes think of me, write to me, and know me yours,

Ἐξάουδα, μὴ κἀυθε νόγ, ἵνα ἴδομεν ἄμφω.\*

that is, write freely to me and openly, as I do to you, and to

take degrees, meant only to let his friend know that he should soon be released from lectures and disputations. It is certain that Mr. Gray continued at college near two years after the time he wrote the preceding letter.—*Mason*.

\* Hom. Il. lib. A. v. 363.



give you a proof of it I have sent you an elegy\* of Tibullus translated. Tibullus, you must know, is my favourite elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excels him only in wit, of which no poet had more in my opinion. The reason I choose so melancholy a kind of poesie, is because my low spirits and constant ill health (things in me not imaginary, as you surmise, but too real alas! and, I fear, constitutional) "have tuned my heart to elegies of woe;" and this likewise is the reason why I am the most irregular thing alive at college, for you may depend upon it I value my health above what they call discipline. As for this poor unlicked thing of an elegy, pray criticise it unmercifully, for I send it with that intent. Indeed your late translation of Statius might have deterred me, but I know you are not more able to excell others, than you are apt to forgive the want of excellence, especially when it is found in the productions of

Your most sincere friend.

*Christ Church, Dec. 22, 1736.*

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## LETTER VI.†

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

YOU can never weary me with the repetition of any thing that makes me sensible of your kindness; since that

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\* This I omit for the reason given in a preceding note, and for another also, because it is not written in alternate but heroic rhyme; which I think is not the species of English measure adapted to elegiac poetry.—*Mason*.

† Mr. Walpole, on my<sup>d</sup> informing him that it was my intention to publish the

has been the only idea of any social happiness that I have almost ever received, and which (begging your pardon for thinking so differently from you in such cases) I would by no means have parted with for an exemption from all the uneasinesses mixed with it: But it would be unjust to imagine my taste was any rule for yours; for which reason my letters are shorter and less frequent than they would be, had I any materials but myself to entertain you with. Love and brown sugar must be a poor regale for one of your goût, and, alas! you know I am by trade a grocer\*. Scandal (if I had any) is a merchandize you do not profess dealing in; now and then, indeed, and to oblige a friend, you may perhaps slip a little out of your pocket, as a decayed gentlewoman would a piece of right mecklin, or a little quantity of run tea, but this only now and then, not to make a practice of it. Monsters appertaining to this climate you have seen already, both wet and dry. So you perceive within how narrow bounds my pen is circumscribed, and the whole contents of my share in our correspondence may be reduced under the two heads of 1st, You, 2dly, I; the first is, indeed, a subject to expatiate upon, but you might laugh at me for talking about what I

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principal part of Mr. Gray's correspondence with Mr. West, very obligingly communicated to me the letters which he had also received from Mr. Gray at the same period. From this collection I have selected such as I thought would be most likely to please the generality of readers; omitting, though with regret, many of the more sprightly and humorous sort, because either from their personality, or some other local circumstance, they did not seem so well adapted to hit the public taste. I shall say more upon this subject in a subsequent section, when I give my idea of Mr. Gray's peculiar vein of humour.—*Mason*.

\* i. e. A man who deals only in coarse and ordinary wares: to these he compares the plain sincerity of his own friendship, undisguised by flattery; which, had he chosen to carry on the allusion, he might have termed the trade of a Confectioner.—*Mason*.

do not understand; the second is so tiny, so tiresome, that you shall hear no more of it, than that it is ever

Yours.

*Peterhouse, Dec. 23, 1736.*

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## LETTER VII.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

• I HAVE been very ill, and am still hardly reovered. Do you remember Elegy 5th, Book the 3d, of Tibullus, Vos tenet, &c. and do you remember a letter of Mr. Pope's, in sickness, to Mr. Steele? This melancholy elegy and this melancholy letter I turned into a more melancholy epistle of my own, during my sickness, in the way of imitation; and this I send to you and my friends at Cambridge, not to divert them, for it cannot, but merely to shew them how sincere I was when sick: I hope my sending it to them now may convince them I am no less sincere, though perhaps more simple, when well.

AD AMICOS. \*

Yes, happy youths, on Camus' sedgy side,  
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;

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\* Almost all Tibullus's elegy is imitated in this little piece, from whence his transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.—*Mason.*

Each realm of science and of art explore,  
 And with the antient blend the modern lore.  
 Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend  
 To raise the genius or the heart to mend;  
 Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,  
 And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,  
 Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse,  
 To catch the zephyr and to court the muse.  
 Mean time at me (while all devoid of art  
 These lines give back the image of my heart)  
 At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,  
 Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate;  
 From you remote, methinks, alone I stand  
 Like some sad exile in a desert land;  
 Around no friends their lenient care to join  
 In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.  
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,  
 For ever blot the sunshine of my days;  
 To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,  
 Health turns from me her rosy face away..

Just heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,  
 Devotes my head untimely to the tomb;  
 Did e'er this hand against a brother's life  
 Drug the dire bowl or point the murd'rous knife?  
 Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,  
 Or madly violate my Maker's name?  
 Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,  
 Or know a thought but all the world might know?  
 As yet just started from the lists of time,  
 My growing years have scarcely told their prime;  
 Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,  
 No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.  
 Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,  
 Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;  
 Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,  
 Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray.  
 Stern Power of Fate, whose ebon sceptre rules  
 The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,  
 Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,  
 A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;

Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,  
 Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;  
 Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,  
 \* And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!  
 Born in this moment, in the next we die;  
 Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,  
 Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.  
 In vain our plans of happiness we raise,  
 Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;  
 Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,  
 Are what the wise would fear to call their own.  
 Health is at best a vain precarious thing,  
 And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;  
 † 'Tis like the stream, beside whose wat'ry bed  
 Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,  
 Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,  
 Shade all the ground and flourish to the skies;  
 The waves the while beneath in secret flow,  
 And undermine the hollow bank below;  
 Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,  
 Bare all the roots and on their fibres prey.  
 Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,  
 And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine, does life deserve my sigh?  
 Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.

\* Here he quits Tibullus; the ten following verses have but a remote reference to Mr. Pope's letter.—*Mason*.

† "Youth, at the very best, is but the betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age; 'tis like the stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret."—*Pope's Works*, vol. 7, page 254, first edition, *Warburton*.—Mr. West, by prolonging his paraphrase of this simile, gives it additional beauty from that very circumstance, but he ought to have introduced it by Mr. Pope's own thought, "Youth is a betrayer;" his couplet preceding the simile conveys too general a reflection.—*Mason*.

\* For those the wretches I despise or hate,  
 I neither envy nor regard their fate.  
 For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall spread  
 His wings around my unrepining head,  
 † I care not; tho' this face be seen no more,  
 The world will pass as cheerful as before;  
 Bright as before the day-star will appear,  
 The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;  
 Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,  
 Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;  
 Unknown and silent will depart my breath,  
 Nor Nature e'er take notice of my death.  
 Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)  
 Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise.  
 Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,  
 Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:  
 To them may these fond lines my name endear,  
 Not from the Poet but the Friend sincere.

*Christ Church, July 4, 1737.*

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\* "I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never  
 "had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me."—*Vide ibid.*—*Mason.*

† "The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers  
 "smell as sweet, the plants spring as green;" so far Mr. West copies his  
 original, but instead of the following part of the sentence, "People will laugh  
 "as heartily and marry as fast as they used to do," he inserts a more solemn  
 idea,

Nor storms nor comets, &c.

justly perceiving that the elegiac turn of his epistle would not admit so ludicrous  
 a thought, as was in its place in Mr. Pope's familiar letter; so that we see,  
 young as he was, he had obtained the art of judiciously selecting, one of the  
 first provinces of good taste.—*Mason.*

## LETTER VIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

AFTER a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair, at Cambridge, I am come to town, and to better hopes of seeing you. If what you sent me last be the product of your melancholy, what may I not expect from your more cheerful hours? For by this time the ill health that you complain of is (I hope) quite departed; though, if I were self-interested, I ought to wish for the continuance of any thing that could be the occasion of so much pleasure to me. Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocose, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world. However, when you come, I believe they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them. If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn, nor spirit of amber, nor all that furnishes the closet of an apothecary's widow, should persuade me to part with them: But, while I write to you, I hear the bad news of Lady Walpole's death on Saturday night last. Forgive me if the thought of what my poor Horace must feel on that account, obliges me to have done in reminding you that I am

Yours, &amp;c.

*London, Aug. 22, 1737.*

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## LETTER IX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

I WAS hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe\* at my Uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and craggs that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous: Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

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\* At Burnham, in Buckinghamshire.



And as they bow their hoary tops relate,  
 In murm'ring sounds, the dark decrees of fate ;  
 While visions, as poetic eyes avow,  
 Cling to each leaf and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats ME I,\* (il penseroso) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that is talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a Gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old †, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in Town in about three weeks. Adieu.

*September, 1737.*

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\* The same ludicrous expression is met with in Foote's Play of the Knights, p. 27, from the mouth of Sir Penurious Trifle,—“And what does *me I*, but take “a trip to a coffee-house in St. Martin's-lane,” &c.—*Ed.*

† He lived nine years longer, and died at the great age of eighty-six. Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same time that he blamed his ill taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition called Tragi-comedy.—*Mason.*

## LETTER X.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.\*

I SYMPATHIZE with you in the sufferings which you foresee are coming upon you. We are both at present, I imagine, in no very agreeable situation; for my part I am under the misfortune of having nothing to do, but it is a misfortune which, thank my stars, I can pretty well bear. You are in a confusion of wine, and roaring, and hunting, and tobacco, and, heaven be praised, you too can pretty well bear it; while our evils are no more I believe we shall not much repine. I imagine, however, you will rather choose to converse with the living dead, that adorn the walls of your apartments, than with the dead living that deck the middles of them; and prefer a picture of still life to the realities of a noisy one, and as I guess, will imitate what you prefer, and for an hour or two at noon will stick yourself up as formal as if you had been fixed in your frame for these hundred years, with a pink or rose in one hand, and a great seal ring on the other. Your name, I assure you, has been propagated in these countries by a convert of yours, one \* \*, he has brought over his whole family to you; they were before pretty good Whigs, but now they are absolute Walpolians. We have hardly any body in the parish but knows exactly the dimensions of the hall and saloon at Houghton, and begin to believe that the † lanthorn is not so great a con-

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\* At this time with his father at Houghton. Mr. Gray writes from the same place he did before, from his Uncle's house in Buckinghamshire.—*Mason*.

† A lanthorn for eighteen candles, of copper-gilt, hung in the hall at Houghton. It became a favourite object of Tory satire at the time; see the *Craftsman*. This lanthorn was afterwards sold to the Earl of Chesterfield. See *Walpole's Works*, vol. ii. p. 263.—*Ed.*

sumer of the fat of the land as disaffected persons have said: For your reputation, we keep to ourselves your not hunting nor drinking hogan, either of which here would be sufficient to lay your honour in the dust. To-morrow se'nnight I hope to be in Town, and not long after at Cambridge.

I am, &c.

*Burnham, Sept. 1737.*

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## LETTER XI.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

RECEIVING no answer to my last letter, which I writ above a month ago, I must own I am a little uneasy. The slight shadow of you which I had in Town, has only served to endear you to me the more. The moments I past with you made a strong impression upon me. I singled you out for a friend, and I would have you know me to be yours, if you deem me worthy.—Alas, Gray, you cannot imagine how miserably my time passes away. My health, and nerves, and spirits are, thank my stars, the very worst, I think in Oxford. Four-and-twenty hours of pure unalloyed health together, are as unknown to me as the 400,000 characters in the Chinese vocabulary. One of my complaints has of late been so over-civil as to visit me regularly once a month—*jam certus conviva*. This is a painful nervous head-ach, which, perhaps you have sometimes heard me speak of before. Give me leave to

say, I find no physic comparable to your letters. If, as it is said in Ecclesiasticus, "Friendship be the physic of the mind," prescribe to me, dear Gray, as often and as much as you think proper, I shall be a most obedient patient.

Non ego  
Fidis irascar medicis, offendar amicis.

I venture here to write you down a Greek epigram\*, which I lately turned into Latin, and hope you will excuse it.

Perspicui puerum ludentem in margine rivi  
Immersit vitreae limpidus error aquae:  
At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit  
Credula, & amplexu funus inane fovet;  
Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, somno  
Languidus, aeternum lumina composuit.

Adieu! I am going to my tutor's lectures on one Puffendorf,† a very jurisprudent author as you shall read on a summer's day.

Believe me yours, &c.

*Christ Church, Dec. 2, 1738.*

\* Of Posidippus. *Vide Anthologia, H. Stephan. p. 220.* Mr. Gray in his MS. notes to this edition of the Anthologia (of which I shall give an account in a subsequent section) inserts this translation, and adds "Descriptio pulcherrima "& quæ tenuem illum græcorum spiritum mirificè sapit;" and in conclusion, "Posidippus inter principes Anthologiæ "poetas emicat, Ptolemæi Philadelphi seculo vixit."—*Mason.*

† Professor D. Stewart, in his first Dissertation prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclop. Britannica, (p. 135) has quoted this passage in the name of *Gray*, and not of *West.*—*Ed.*

## LETTER XII.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

LITERAS mi Favonî! \* abs te demum, nudiustertiùs credo, accepi planè mellitas, nisi fortè quà de ægritudine quâdam tuâ dictum: atque hoc sane mihi habitum est non paulò acerbiùs, quod te capitis morbo implicitum esse intellexi; oh morbum mihi quam odiosum! qui de industria id agit, ut ego in singulos menses, dii boni, quantis jucunditatibus orbarer! quàm ex animo mihi dolendum est, quod

Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid.

Salutem mehercule, nolo, tam, parvipendas, atq; amicis tam improbè consulas: quanquam tute fortassis—æstuas angusto limite mundi, viamq; (ut dicitur) affectas Olympo, nos tamen non esse tam sublimes, utpote qui hisce in sordibus & fæce diutius paululum versari volumus, reminiscendum est: illæ tuæ Musæ, si te ament modo, derelinqui paulisper non nimis ægrè patientur: indulge, amabo te, plusquam soles, corporis exercitationibus: magis te campus habeat, aprico magis te dedas otio, ut ne id ingenium quod tam cultum curas, diligenter nimis dum foves, officiosarum matrum ritu, interimas. Vide quæso, quam ἰατρικῶς tecum agimus,

<sup>ἢδ' ἐπιθήσω</sup>  
Φάρμαχ' ἂν κεν πένυσι μελαινῶν ὀδυνῶν.†

\* Mr. Gray in all his latin compositions, addressed to this gentleman, calls him Favonius, in allusion to the name of West.—*Mason*.

† Hom. Il. Δ. v. 191.

si de his pharmacis non satis liquet; sunt festivitates meræ, sunt facetiæ & risus; quos ego equidem si adhibere nequeo, tamen ad præcipiendum (ut medicorum fere mos est) certè satis sim; id quod poeticè sub finem epistolæ lusisti, mihi gratissimum quidem accidit; admodum latinè coctum & conditum tetrasticon, græcam tamen illam ἁφελείαν mirificè sapit: tu quod restat, vide, sodes, hujusce hominis ignorantiam; cum, unde hoc tibi sit depromptum, (ut fatear) prorsus nescio: sane ego equidem nihil in capsis reperio quo tibi minimæ partis solutio fiat. Vale, & me ut soles, ama.

A. D. 11, *Kalend. Februar.*

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## LETTER XIII\*.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

I, OUGHT to answer you in Latin, but I feel I dare not enter the lists with you—cupidum, pater optime, vires deficiunt. Seriously you write in that language with a grace and an Augustan urbanity that amazes me: Your Greek too is perfect in its kind. And here let me wonder that a man, longè græcorum doctissimus, should be at a loss for the verse and chapter whence my epigram is taken. I am sorry I have not my Aldus with me that I might satisfy your curiosity; but

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\* This was written in French, but as I doubted whether it would stand the test of polite criticism so well as the preceding would of learned, I chose to translate so much of it as I thought necessary in order to preserve the chain of correspondence.—*Mason.*

he with all my other literary folks are left at Oxford, and therefore you must still rest in suspence. I thank you again and again for your medical prescription. I know very well that those "risus, festivitates & facetiæ" would contribute greatly to my cure, but then you must be my apothecary as well as physician, and make up the dose as well as direct it; send me, therefore, an electuary of these drugs, made up secundùm artem, "et eris mihi magnus Apollo," in both his capacities as a god of poets and god of physicians. Wish me joy of leaving my college, and leave yours as fast as you can. I shall be settled at the Temple very soon.

*Dartmouth-street, Feb. 21, 1737-8.*

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## LETTER XIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

[*This Letter began with the Sapphic Ode to Mr. West, and ended with the Alcaic fragment.*]

\* \* \* \* \*

OHE! amicule noster, et unde, sodes tu *μυσοπάται*Ⓢ  
 adeò repente evasisti? jam rogitaturum credo. Nescio hercle,  
 sic planè habet. Quicquid enim nugarum *ἔπι σχολῆς* inter am-  
 bulandum in palimpsesto scriptitavi, hisce te maxumè impertiri  
 visum est, quippe quem probare, quod meum est, aut certè ig-  
 nòscere solitum probè novi: bonâ tuâ veniâ sit si fortè videar  
 in fine subtristior; nam risui jamdudum salutem dixi; etiam

paulò mœstitiæ studiosiorem factum scias, promptumque, Καινοῖς  
παλαιά δακρύοις ἔχειν καπνῶ.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sed de me satis. Cura ut valeas.

*Jun. 1738.*

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## LETTER XV.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

I RETURN you a thousand thanks for your elegant ode, and wish you every joy you wish yourself in it. But, take my word for it, you will never spend so agreeable a day here as you describe; alas! the sun with us only rises to shew us the way to Westminster Hall. Nor must I forget thanking you for your little Alcaic fragment. The optic Naiads are infinitely obliged to you.

I was last week at Richmond Lodge, with Mr. Walpole, for two days, and dined with \* Cardinal Fleury; as far as my short sight can go, the character of his great art and penetration is very just, he is indeed

Nulli penetrabilis astro.

I go to-morrow to Epsom, where I shall be for about a month. Excuse me, I am in haste †, but believe me always, &c.

*August 29, 1738.*

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\* Sir Robert Walpole.

† Mr. West seems to have been, indeed, in haste when he writ this letter;



## LETTER XVI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

MY dear Sir, I should say \* Mr. Inspector General of the Exports and Imports; but that appellation would make but an odd figure in conjunction with the three familiar monosyllables above written, for

Non benè conveniunt nec in unâ sede morantur  
Majestas & amor. †

Which is, being interpreted, Love does not live at the Custom-house; however, by what style, title, or denomination soever you choose to be dignified or distinguished hereafter, these three words will stick by you like a burr, and you can no more get quit of these and your christian name than St. Anthony could of his pig. My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum or (‡ Dr. Longically speaking) oscillatory. I swing from Chapel or Hall home,

else, surely, his fine taste would have led him to have been more profuse in his praise of the Alcaic fragment. He might (I think) have said, without paying too extravagant a compliment to Mr. Gray's genius, that no poet of the Augustan age ever produced four more perfect lines, or what would sooner impose upon the best critic, as being a genuine antient composition.—*Mason*.

\* Mr. Walpole was just named to that post, which he exchanged soon after for that of Usher of the Exchequer.—*Mason*.

† Ovidii Met. II. v. 6.

‡ Dr. Long, the Master of Pembroke Hall, at this time read lectures in experimental philosophy.—*Mason*.

and from home to Chapel or Hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journies and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with; the most wonderful is, that it now rains exceedingly, this has refreshed the \*prospect, as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand, terminated with buildings at some distance, castles, I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being, as I suspect, the works of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve, in many places, the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and, if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia; there are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enliven the view all around. The country is exceeding fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but, not to tire you with my travels, I abruptly conclude

Yours, &c.

August, 1738.

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## LETTER XVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

I AM coming away all so fast, and leaving behind me without the least remorse, all the beauties of Sturbridge Fair. Its white bears may roar, its apes may wring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out, all's one for that!

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\* All that follows is a humourously-hyperbolic description of the quadrangle Peter-House.—*Mason.*

I shall not once visit them, nor so much as take my leave. The university has published a severe edict against schismatical congregations, and created half a dozen new little procterlings to see its orders executed, being under mighty apprehensions lest \* Henley and his gilt tub should come to the Fair and seduce their young ones: but their pains are to small purpose, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this instant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wish the worst of my enemies a worse situation. If you knew the dust, the old boxes, the bedsteads, and tutors that are about my ears, you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my resolution and unconcernedness in the midst of evils. I fill up my paper with a loose sort of version of that scene in Pastor Fido that begins, *Care selve beati*. †

*Sept. 1738.*

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\* Orator Henley.

† This Latin version is extremely elegiac, but as it is only a version I do not insert it. Mr. Gray did not begin to learn Italian till about a year and a half before he translated this scene; and I find amongst his papers an English translation of part of the 4th Canto of Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata*, done previously to this, which has great merit. In a letter to Mr. West, dated March, 1737, he says, "I learn Italian like any dragon, and in two months am got through the 16th book of Tasso, whom I hold in great admiration: I want you to learn too, that I may know your opinion of him; nothing can be easier than that language to any one who knows Latin and French already, and there are few so copious and expressive." In the same letter he tells him, "that his College has set him a versifying on a public occasion, (*viz.* those verses which are called *Tripes*) on the theme of *Luna est habitabilis*." The Poem is to be found in the *Musæ Etonenses*, (vol. ii. p. 107.) I would further observe, on this occasion, that though Mr. Gray had lately read and translated Statius, yet when he attempted composition, his judgment immediately directed him to the best model of versification; accordingly his hexameters are, as far as modern ones can be, after the manner of Virgil: They move in the succession of his pauses, and close with his elisions.—  
*Mason.*

## LETTER XVIII.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

I THANK you again and again for your two last most agreeable letters. They could not have come more a-propos; I was without any books to divert me, and they supplied the want of every thing; I made them my classics in the Country, they were my Horace and Tibullus—Non ita loquor assentandi causâ ut probè nosti si me noris, verum quia sic mea est sententia. I am but just come to Town, and, to shew you my esteem of your favours, I venture to send you by the penny post, to your Father's, what you will find on the next page; I hope it will reach you soon after your arrival, your boxes out of the waggon, yourself out of the coach, and tutors out of your memory.

Adieu, we shall see one another, I hope, to-morrow.

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 ELEGIA.

Quod mihi tam gratæ misisti dona Camœnæ,  
 Qualia Mænalius Pan Deus ipse velit,  
 Amplector te, Graie, & toto corde reposco,  
 Oh desiderium jam nimis usque meum:  
 Et mihi rura placent, & me quoq; sæpe volentem  
 Duxerunt Dryades per sua prata Deæ;  
 Sicubi lympha fugit liquido pede, sive virentem,  
 Magna decus nemoris, quercus opacat humum:

Illuc mane novo vagor, illuc vespere sero,  
 Et, noto ut jacui gramine, nota cano.  
 Nec nostræ ignorant divinam Amaryllida sylvæ :  
 Ah, si desit amor, nil mihi rura placent.  
 Ille jugis habitat Deus, ille in vallibus imis,  
 Regnat & in Cœlis, regnat & Oceano ;  
 Ille gregem torosq; domat; sæviq; leonem  
 Seminis; ille feros, ultus Adonin, apros :  
 Quin & fervet amore nemus, ramoq; sub omni  
 Cententu tremulo plurima gaudet avis.  
 Duræ etiam in sylvis agitant connubia plantæ,  
 Dura etiam & fertur saxa animasse Venus.  
 Durior & saxis, & robore durior ille est,  
 Sincero siquis pectore amare vetat :  
 Non illi in manibus sanctum deponere pignus,  
 Non illi arcanum cor aperire velim ;  
 Nescit amicitias, teneros qui nescit amores :  
 Ah! si nulla Venus, nil mihi rura placent.  
 Me licet a patriâ longè in tellure juberent  
 Externâ positum ducere fata dies ;  
 Si vultus modo amatus adesset, non ego contra  
 Plorarem magnos voce querente Deos.  
 At dulci in gremio curarum obliviam ducens  
 Nil cuperem præter posse placere meæ ;  
 Nec bona fortunæ aspiciens, neq; munera regum,  
 Illa intrâ optarem brachia cara mori.

*Sept. 17, 1738.*

END OF THE FIRST SECTION.



## SECTION THE SECOND.

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AS I allot this Section entirely to that part of Mr. Gray's life, which he spent in travelling through France and Italy, my province will be chiefly that of an Editor; and my only care to select, from a large collection of letters written to his parents and to his friend Mr. West, those parts which, I imagine, will be most likely either to inform or amuse the reader. The multiplicity of accounts, published, both before and after the time when these letters were written, of those very places which Mr. Gray describes, will necessarily take from them much of their novelty; yet the elegant ease of his epistolary style has a charm in it for all readers of true taste, that will make every apology of this sort needless. They will perceive, that as these letters were written without even the most distant view of publication, they are essentially different in their manner of description from any others that have either preceded or followed them; add to this, that they are interspersed occasionally with some exquisitely finished pieces of Latin poetry, which he composed on the spot for the entertainment of his friend. But not to anticipate any part of the reader's pleasure, I shall only further say, to forewarn him of a disappointment, that this correspondence is defective towards the end, and includes no description either of Venice

or its territory; the last places which Mr. Gray visited. This defect was occasioned by an unfortunate disagreement between him and Mr. Walpole, arising from the difference of their tempers. The former being, from his earliest years, curious, pensivè, and philosophical; the latter gay, lively, and, consequently, inconsiderate: \* this therefore occasioned their separation at Reggio. Mr. Gray went before him to Venice; and staying there only till he could find means of returning to England, he made the best of his way home, repassing the Alps, and following almost the same route through France by which he had before gone to Italy.—*Mason.*

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## LETTER I.

### MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Amiens, April 1, N. S. 1739.*

AS we made but a very short journey to-day, and came to our inn early, I sit down to give you some account of our expedition. On the 29th (according to the style here) we left Dover at twelve at noon, and with a pretty brisk gale,

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\* In justice to the memory of so respectable a friend, Mr. Walpole enjoins me to charge himself with the chief blame in their quarrel; confessing that more attention and complaisance, more deference to a warm friendship, superior judgment, and prudence, might have prevented a rupture that gave much uneasiness to them both, and a lasting concern to the survivor; though in the year 1744 a reconciliation was effected between them, by a Lady who wished well to both parties.—*Mason.*



which pleased every body mightly well, except myself, who was extremely sick the whole time; we reached Calais by five: The weather changed, and it began to snow hard the minute we got into the harbour, where we took the boat and soon landed. Calais is an exceeding old, but very pretty town, and we hardly saw any thing there that was not so new and so different from England, that it surprized us agreeably. We went the next morning to the great Church, and were at high Mass (it being Easter Monday). We saw also the Convents of the Capuchins, and the Nuns of St. Dominic; with these last we held much conversation, especially with an English Nun, a Mrs. Davis, of whose work I sent you, by the return of the Pacquet, a letter-case to remember her by. In the afternoon we took a post-chaise (it still snowing very hard) for Boulogne, which was only eighteen miles further. This chaise is a strange sort of conveyance, of much greater use than beauty, resembling an ill-shaped chariot, only with the door opening before instead of the side; three horses draw it, one between the shafts, and the other two on each side, on one of which the postillion rides, and drives too\*: This vehicle will, upon occasion, go fourscore miles a-day, but Mr. Walpole, being in no hurry, chooses to make easy journies of it, and they are easy ones indeed; for the motion is much like that of a sedan, we go about six miles an hour, and commonly change horses at the end of it: It is true they are no very graceful steeds, but they go well, and through roads which they say are bad for France, but to me they seem gravel walks and bowling-greens; in short it would be the finest travelling in the world, were it not for the inns, which are mostly terrible places indeed. But to describe our progress

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\* This was before the introduction of post-chaises here, else it would not have peared a circumstance worthy notice.—*Mason.*

somewhat more regularly, we came into Boulogne when it was almost dark, and went out pretty early on Tuesday morning; so that all I can say about it is, that it is a large, old, fortified town, with more English in it than French. On Tuesday we were to go to Abbéville, seventeen leagues, or fifty-one short English miles; but by the way we dined at Montreuil, much to our hearts' content, on stinking mutton cutlets, addled eggs, and ditch water. Madame the hostess made her appearance in long lappets of bone lace and a sack of linsey-woolsey. We supped and lodged pretty well at Abbéville, and had time to see a little of it before we came out this morning. There are seventeen convents in it, out of which we saw the chapels of Minims and the Carmelite Nuns. We are now come further thirty miles to Amiens, the chief city of the province of Picardy. We have seen the cathedral which is just what that of Canterbury\* must have been before the reformation. It is about

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\* On this passage Mr. Whittington remarks, in his elegant Essay on Gothic Architecture, 4to. p. 156--"It is extraordinary that Gray should have compared this church (Amiens) to Canterbury: no two structures of the same sort were ever more totally and in every respect different." To the truth of Mr. Whittington's statement I can bear witness: nor can I at all account for the comparison drawn by Gray; except by supposing that he concluded it to be accurate enough to furnish his *Mother* with an idea of what he had seen. In his Letter to West, when he mentions the church at Amiens, he does *not* compare it to Canterbury. And in a Letter to his Mother of a subsequent date, he describes the cathedral at *Rheims* in almost the same words which he used in his former Letter from *Amiens*. He attempted, I should suppose, only to give a very general resemblance of size and splendour. To a person acquainted with the character of architecture, that distinguishes the cathedral of Canterbury, I may be allowed to mention, that the church at Amiens is remarkable for its very rich, and highly ornamented façade, for its beautiful and lofty nave, for its fine and finished marigold windows, for its double aisles on each side of the choir, the aisles to the transepts, and the circular colonnade at the eastern end. Moreover, like all the ecclesiastical structures which I have seen in the Provinces of Normandy and Picardy, it wants that commanding feature which is the glory of our English

the same size, a huge Gothic building, beset on the outside with thousands of small statues, and within adorned with beautiful painted windows, and a vast number of chapels dressed out in all their finery of altar-pieces, embroidery, gilding, and marble. Over the high altar are preserved, in a very large wrought shrine of massy gold, the relics of St. Firmin, their patron saint. We went also to the chapels of the Jesuits and Ursuline Nuns, the latter of which is very richly adorned. Tomorrow we shall lie at Clermont, and next day reach Paris. The country we have passed through hitherto has been flat, open; but agreeably diversified with villages, fields well-cultivated, and little rivers. On every hillock is a wind-mill, a crucifix, or a Virgin Mary dressed in flowers, and a sarcenet robe; one sees not many people or carriages on the road; now and then indeed you meet a strolling friar, a countryman with his great muff, or a woman riding astride on a little ass, with short petticoats, and a great head-dress of blue wool. \* \* \*

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churches, the tower at the transept, a beautiful specimen of which exists at Canterbury. The absence of this, together with the enormous height of the nave, (of necessity supported by large buttresses,) renders the external appearance of this cathedral, at a little distance, heavy and unpleasing. Nor indeed is the simplicity of the interior architecture, in my opinion, at all suitable to the gorgeous and splendid accumulation of sculpture, which spreads, like a rich veil of stonework, over the western front.—*Ed.*

## LETTER II.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Paris, April 12, 1739.*

ENFIN donc me voici à Paris. Mr. Walpole is gone out to supper at Lord Conway's, and here I remain alone, though invited too. Do not think I make a merit of writing to you preferably to a good supper; for these three days we have been here, have actually given me an aversion to eating in general. If hunger be the best sauce to meat, the French are certainly the worst cooks in the world; for what tables we have seen have been so delicately served, and so profusely, that, after rising from one of them, one imagines it impossible ever to eat again. And now, if I tell you all I have in my head, you will believe me mad, mais n'importe, courage, allons! for if I wait till my head grow clear and settle a little, you may stay long enough for a letter. Six days have we been coming hither, which other people do in two; they have not been disagreeable ones; through a fine, open country, admirable roads, and in an easy conveyance; the inns not absolutely intolerable, and images quite unusual presenting themselves on all hands. At Amiens we saw the fine cathedral, and eat paté de perdrix; passed through the park of Chantilly by the Duke of Bourbon's palace, which we only beheld as we passed; broke down at Lusarche; stopt at St. Denis, saw all the beautiful monuments of the Kings of France, and the vast treasures of the abbey, rubies, and emeralds as big as small eggs, crucifixes, and vows, crowns and reliquaries, of inestimable value; but of all their

curiosities the thing the most to our tastes, and which they indeed do the justice to esteem the glory of their collection, was a vase of an entire onyx, measuring at least five inches over, three deep, and of great thickness. It is at least two thousand years old, the beauty of the stone and sculpture upon it (representing the mysteries of Bacchus) beyond expression admirable; we have dreamed of it ever since. The jolly old Benedictine, that showed us the treasures, had in his youth been ten years a soldier; he laughed at all the reliicks, was very full of stories, and mighty obliging. On Saturday evening we got to Paris, and were driving through the streets a long while before we knew where we were. The minute we came, voilà Malors Holdernesse, Conway, and his brother; all stayed supper, and till two o'clock in the morning, for here nobody ever sleeps; it is not the way: Next day go to dine at my Lord Holdernesse's, there was the Abbé Prevôt, author of the *Cleveland*, and several other pieces much esteemed: The rest were English. At night we went to the *Pandore*; a spectacle literally, for it is nothing but a beautiful piece of machinery of three scenes. The first represents the chaos, and by degrees the separation of the elements. The second, the temple of Jupiter, the giving of the box to Pandora. The third, the opening of the box, and all the mischiefs that ensued. An absurd design, but executed in the highest perfection, and that in one of the finest theatres in the world; it is the *grande sale des machines* in the *Palais des Tuileries*. Next day dined at Lord Waldegrave's; then to the opera. Imagine to yourself for the drama four acts\* entirely unconnected with each other, each founded on some little history, skilfully taken out of an ancient

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\* The French opera has only three acts, but often a prologue on a different subject, which (as Mr. Walpole informs me, who saw it at the same time) was the case in this very representation.—*Mason*.

author, e. g. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, &c. and with great address converted into a French piece of gallantry. For instance, that which I saw, called the *Ballet de la Paix*, had its first act built upon the story of Nireus. Homer having said he was the handsomest man of his time, the poet, imagining such a one could not want a mistress, has given him one. These two come in and sing sentiment in lamentable strains, neither air nor recitative; only, to one's great joy, they are every now and then interrupted by a dance, or (to one's great sorrow) by a chorus that borders the stage from one end to the other, and screams, past all power of simile to represent. The second act was *Baucis and Philemon*. *Baucis* is a beautiful young shepherdess, and *Philemon* her swain. *Jupiter* falls in love with her, but nothing will prevail upon her; so it is all mighty well, and the chorus sing and dance the praises of *Constancy*. The two other acts were about *Iphis and Ianthe*, and the judgment of *Paris*. Imagine, I say, all this transacted by cracked voices, trilling divisions upon two notes and a half, accompanied by an orchestra of humstrums, and a whole house more attentive than if *Farinelli* sung, and you will almost have formed a just notion of the thing\*. Our astonishment at their absurdity you can never conceive; we had enough to do to express it by screaming an hour louder than the whole *dramatis personæ*. We have also seen twice the *Comedie Française*; first, the *Mahomet Second*, a tragedy that has had a great run of late; and the thing itself does not want its beauties, but the actors are beyond measure delightful. *Mademoiselle Gaussin* (*M. Voltaire's Zara*)

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\* Our author's sentiments here seem to correspond entirely with those which *J. J. Rousseau* afterwards published in his famous *Lettre sur la Musique Française*. In a French letter also, which *Mr. Gray* writ to his friend soon after this, he calls their music "des miaulemens & des heurlemens effroyables, mêlés avec un tintamarre du diable; voilà la musique Française en abrégé."—*Mason*.

has with a charming (though little) person the most pathetic tone of voice, the finest expression in her face, and most proper action imaginable. There is also a Dufrene, who did the chief character, a handsome man and a prodigious fine actor. The second we saw was the Philosophe marié, and here they performed as well in comedy; there is a Mademoiselle Quinault, somewhat in Mrs. Clive's way, and a Monsieur Grandval, in the nature of Wilks, who is the genteest thing in the world. There are several more would be much admired in England, and many (whom we have not seen) much celebrated here. Great part of our time is spent in seeing churches and palaces full of fine pictures, &c. the quarter of which is not yet exhausted. For my part, I could entertain myself this month merely with the common streets and the people in them. \* \* \*

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### LETTER III.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. WEST.

*Paris, May 22, 1739.*

AFTER the little particulars aforesaid I should have proceeded to a journal of our transactions for this week past, should have carried you post from hence to Versailles, hurried you through the gardens to Trianon, back again to Paris, so away to Chantilly. But the fatigue is perhaps more than you can bear, and moreover I think I have reason to stomach your last piece of gravity. Supposing you were in your soberest mood, I am sorry you should think me capable of ever being

so dissipé, so évaporé, as not to be in a condition of relishing any thing you could say to me. And now, if you have a mind to make your peace with me, arouse ye from your megrims and your melancholies, and (for exercise is good for you) throw away your night-cap, call for your jack-boots, and set out with me, last Saturday evening, for Versailles—and so at eight o'clock, passing through a road speckled with vines, and villas, and hares, and partridges, we arrive at the great avenue, flanked on either hand with a double row of trees about half a mile long, and with the palace itself to terminate the view; facing which, on each side of you is placed a semi-circle of very handsome buildings, which form the stables. These we will not enter into, because you know we are no jockies. Well! and is this the great front of Versailles? What a huge heap of littleness! it is composed, as it were, of three courts, all open to the eye at once, and gradually diminishing till you come to the royal apartments, which on this side present but half a dozen windows and a balcony. This last is all that can be called a front, for the rest is only great wings. The hue of all this mass is black, dirty red, and yellow; the first proceeding from stone changed by age; the second, from a mixture of brick; and the last, from a profusion of tarnished gilding. You cannot see a more disagreeable tout-ensemble; and, to finish the matter, it is all stuck over in many places with small busts of a tawny hue between every two windows. We pass through this to go into the garden, and here the case is indeed altered; nothing can be vaster and more magnificent than the back front; before it a very spacious terrace spreads itself, adorned with two large basons; these are bordered and lined (as most of the others) with white marble, with handsome statues of bronze reclined on their edges. From hence you descend a huge flight of steps into a semi-circle formed by woods, that are cut all around into niches, which are filled with beautiful copies of all the



famous antique statues in white marble. Just in the midst is the bason of Latona; she and her children are standing on the top of a rock in the middle, on the sides of which are the peasants, some half, some totally changed into frogs, all which throw out water at her in great plenty. From this place runs on the great alley, which brings you into a complete round, where is the bason of Apollo, the biggest in the gardens. He is rising in his car out of the water, surrounded by nymphs and tritons, all in bronze, and finely executed, and these, as they play, raise a perfect storm about him; beyond this is the great canal, a prodigious long piece of water, that terminates the whole: All this you have at one coup d'œil in entering the garden, which is truly great. I cannot say as much of the general taste of the place; every thing you behold savours too much of art; all is forced, all is constrained about you; statues and vases sowed every where without distinction; sugar-loaves and minced pies of yew; scrawl work of box, and little squirting jets-d'eau, besides a great sameness in the walks, cannot help striking one at first sight, not to mention the silliest of labyrinths, and all Æsop's fables in water; since these were designed in usum Delphini only. Here then we walk by moonlight, and hear the ladies and the nightingales sing. Next morning, being Whitsunday, make ready to go to the Installation of nine Knights du Saint Esprit, Cambis is one\*: high mass celebrated with music, great croud, much incense, King, Queen, Dauphin, Mesdames, Cardinals, and Court: Knights arrayed by his Majesty; reverences before the altar, not bows, but curtsics; stiff hams; much tittering among the ladies; trumpets, kettle-drums and fifes. My dear West, I am vastly delighted with Trianon, all of us with Chantilly; if

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\* The Comte de Cambis was lately returned from his embassy in England.—  
*Mason.*

you would know why, you must have patience, for I can hold my pen no longer, except to tell you that I saw Britannicus last night; all the characters, particularly Agrippina and Nero, done to perfection; to-morrow Phædra and Hippolitus. We are making you a little bundle of petites pieces; there is nothing in them, but they are acting at present; there are too Crebillon's Letters, and Amusemens sur le langage des Bêtes, said to be Bougeant, a Jesuit; they are both esteemed, and lately it. This day se'nnight we go to Rheims.

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## LETTER IV.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Rheims, June 21, N.S. 1739.*

WE have now been settled almost three weeks in this city, which is more considerable upon account of its size and antiquity, than from the number of its inhabitants, or any advantages of commerce. There is little in it worth a stranger's curiosity, besides the cathedral church, which is a vast Gothic building of a surprizing beauty and lightness, all covered over with a profusion of little statues, and other ornaments. It is here the Kings of France are crowned by the Archbishop of Rheims, who is the first Peer, and the Primate of the kingdom: The holy vessel made use of on that occasion, which contains the oil, is kept in the church of St. Nicasius hard by, and is believed to have been brought by an angel from heaven at the coronation of Clovis, the first christian,

king. The streets in general have but a melancholy aspect, the houses all old; the public walks run along the side of a great moat under the ramparts, where one hears a continual croaking of frogs; the country round about is one great plain covered with vines, which at this time of the year afford no very pleasing prospect, as being not above a foot high. What pleasures the place denies to the sight, it makes up to the palate; since you have nothing to drink but the best champagne in the world, and all sort of provisions equally good. As to other pleasures, there is not that freedom of conversation among the people of fashion here, that one sees in other parts of France; for though they are not very numerous in this place, and consequently must live a good deal together, yet they never come to any great familiarity with one another. As my Lord Conway had spent a good part of his time among them, his brother, and we with him, were soon introduced into all their assemblies: As soon as you enter, the lady of the house presents each of you a card, and offers you a party at quadrille; you sit down, and play forty deals without intermission, excepting one quarter of an hour, when every body rises to eat of what they call the gouter, which supplies the place of our tea, and is a service of wine, fruits, cream, sweetmeats, crawfish and cheese. People take what they like, and sit down again to play; after that, they make little parties to go to the walks together, and then all the company retire to their separate habitations. Very seldom any suppers or dinners are given; and this is the manner they live among one another; not so much out of any aversion they have to pleasure, as out of a sort of formality they have contracted by not being much frequented by people who have lived at Paris. It is sure they do not hate gaiety any more than the rest of their country-people, and can enter into diversions, that are once proposed, with a good grace enough; for

instance, the other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, at a garden in the town to walk; when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking, Why should not we sup here? Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served up; after which another said, Come, let us sing; and directly began herself: From singing we insensibly fell to dancing, and singing in a round; when somebody mentioned the violins, and immediately a company of them was ordered: Minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country-dances, which held till four o'clock next morning; at which hour the gayest lady there proposed, that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the music in the van; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the city, and waked every body in it. Mr. Walpole had a mind to make a custom of the thing, and would have given a ball in the same manner next week; but the women did not come into it; so I believe it will drop, and they will return to their dull cards, and usual formalities. We are not to stay above a month longer here, and shall then go to Dijon, the chief city of Burgundy, a very splendid and very gay town; at least such is the present design.

## LETTER V.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

*Dijon, Friday, Sept. 11, N.S. 1739.*

WE have made three short days journey of it from Rheims hither, where we arrived the night before last: The road we have passed through has been extremely agreeable: it runs through the most fertile part of Champagne by the side of the river Marne, with a chain of hills on each hand at some distance, entirely covered with woods and vineyards, and every now and then the ruins of some old castle on their tops; we lay at St. Dizier the first night, and at Langres the second, and got hither the next evening time enough to have a full view of this city in entering it: It lies in a very extensive plain covered with vines and corn, and consequently is plentifully supplied with both. I need not tell you that it is the chief city of Burgundy, nor that it is of great antiquity; considering which one should imagine it ought to be larger than one finds it. However, what it wants in extent, is made up in beauty and cleanliness, and in rich convents and churches, most of which we have seen. The palace of the States is a magnificent new building, where the Duke of Bourbon is lodged when he comes every three years to hold that Assembly, as governor of the Province. A quarter of a mile out of the town is a famous Abbey of Carthusians, which we are just returned from seeing. In their chapel are the tombs of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, that were so powerful, till at the death of Charles the Bold, the last of them, this part

of his dominions was united by Lewis XI. to the crown of France. To-morrow we are to pay a visit to the Abbot of the Cistercians, who lives a few leagues off, and who uses to receive all strangers with great civility; his Abbey is one of the richest in the kingdom; he keeps open house always, and lives with great magnificence. We have seen enough of this town already, to make us regret the time we spent at Rheims; it is full of people of condition, who seem to form a much more agreeable society than we found in Champagne; but as we shall stay here but two or three days longer, it is not worth while to be introduced into their houses. On Monday or Tuesday we are to set out for Lyons, which is two days journey distant, and from thence you shall hear again from me.

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## LETTER VI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Lyons, Sept. 18, N. S. 1739.*

SCAVEZ vous bien, mon cher ami, que je vous hais, que je vous deteste? voila des termes un peu forts; and that will save me, upon a just computation, a page of paper and six drops of ink; which, if I confined myself, to reproaches of a more moderate nature, I should be obliged to employ in using you according to your deserts. What! to let any body reside three months at Rheims, and write but once to them? Please to consult Tully de Amicit. page 5, line 25, and you will find it said in express terms, "Ad amicum inter,

Remos relegatum mense uno quinquies scriptum esto;" nothing more plain, or less liable to false interpretations. Now because, I suppose, it will give you pain to know we are in being, I take this opportunity to tell you that we are at the ancient and celebrated Lugdunum, a city situated upon the confluence of the Rhône and Saône (Arar, I should say) two people, who though of tempers extremely unlike, think fit to join hands here, and make a little party to travel to the Mediterranean in company; the lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy, *incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluit judicari non possit*; the gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; and with all her soft airs she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he passes incog. without the walls, but waits for her a little below. The houses here are so high, and the streets so narrow, as would be sufficient to render Lyons the dismallest place in the world, but the number of people, and the face of commerce diffused about it, are, at least, as sufficient to make it the liveliest: Between these two sufficiencies, you will be in doubt what to think of it; so we shall leave the city, and proceed to its environs, which are beautiful beyond expression; it is surrounded with mountains, and those mountains all bedropped and bespeckled with houses, gardens, and plantations of the rich Bourgeois, who have from thence a prospect of the city in the vale below on one hand, on the other the rich plains of the Lyonnais, with the rivers winding among them, and the Alps, with the mountains of Dauphiné, to bound the view. All yesterday morning we were busied in climbing up Mount Fourviere, where the ancient city stood perched at such a height, that nothing but the hopes of gain could certainly ever persuade their neighbours to pay them a visit: Here are the ruins of the Emperor's palaces, that resided here, that is to say, Augustus and Severus; they consist

in nothing but great masses of old wall, that have only their quality to make them respected. In a vineyard of the Minims are remains of a theatre; the Fathers, whom they belong to, hold them in no esteem at all, and would have showed us their sacristy and chapel instead of them: The Ursuline Nuns have in their garden some Roman baths, but we having the misfortune to be men, and heretics, they did not think proper to admit us. Hard by are eight arches of a most magnificent aqueduct, said to be erected by Antony, when his legions were quartered here: There are many other parts of it dispersed up and down the country, for it brought the water from a river many leagues off in La Forez. Here are remains too of Agrippa's seven great roads which met at Lyons; in some places they lie twelve feet deep in the ground: In short, a thousand matters that you shall not know, till you give me a description of the Pais de Tombridge, and the effect its waters have upon you.

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## LETTER VII.

M<sup>r</sup>. WEST. TO M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY.

*Temple, Sept. 28, 1739.*

IF wishes could turn to realities, I would fling down my law books, and sup with you to-night. But, alas, here am I doomed to fix, while you are fluttering from city to city, and enjoying all the pleasures which a gay climate can afford. It is out of the power of my heart to envy your good fortune, yet I cannot help indulging a few natural desires; as for example, to take a walk with you on the banks of the Rhône, and to be climbing up Mount Fourviere;





## LETTER VIII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Lyons, Oct. 13, N. S. 1739.*

IT is now almost five weeks since I left Dijon, one of the gayest and most agreeable little cities of France, for Lyons, its reverse in all these particulars. It is the second in the kingdom in bigness and rank, the streets excessively narrow and nasty; the houses immensely high and large; (that, for instance, where we are lodged, has twenty-five rooms on a floor, and that for five stories) it swarms with inhabitants like Paris itself, but chiefly a mercantile people, too much given up to commerce, to think of their own, much less of a stranger's diversions. We have no acquaintance in the town, but such English as happen to be passing through here, in their way to Italy and the South, which at present happen to be near thirty in number. It is a fortnight since we set out from hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longest road, which lies through Savoy, on purpose to see a famous monastery, called the grande Chartreuse, and had no reason to think our time lost. After having travelled seven days very slow (for we did not change horses, it being impossible for a chaise to go post in these roads) we arrived at a little village, among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horses, who are used to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreuse: It is six miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not six feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine-trees hanging over head; on the other, a monstrous precipice, almost per-

pendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that sometimes tumbling among the fragments of stone that have fallen from on high, and sometimes precipitating itself down vast descents with a noise like thunder, which is still made greater by the echo from the mountains on each side, concurs to form one of the most solemn, the most romantic, and the most astonishing scenes I ever beheld: Add to this the strange views made by the craggs and cliffs on the other hand; the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale, and the river below; and many other particulars impossible to describe; you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St. Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the aforesaid Convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers, who are commissioned to entertain strangers, (for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else) received us very kindly; and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter, and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves: The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery, but the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side. Next day we continued our journey by Chamberry, which, though the chief city of the Dutchy, and residence of the king of Sardinia, when he comes into this part of his dominions, makes but a very mean and insignificant appearance; we lay at Aix, once famous for its hot baths, and the next

night at Annecy; the day after, by noon, we got to Geneva. I have not time to say any thing about it, nor of our solitary journey back again. \* \* \*

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## LETTER IX.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

*Lyons, Oct. 25. N.S. 1739.*

IN my last I gave you the particulars of our little journey to Geneva: I have only to add, that we stayed about a week, in order to see Mr. Conway settled there: I do not wonder so many English choose it for their residence; the city is very small, neat, prettily built, and extremely populous; the Rhône runs through the middle of it, and it is surrounded with new fortifications, that give it a military compact air; which, joined to the happy, lively countenances of the inhabitants, and an exact discipline always as strictly observed as in time of war, makes the little republic appear a match for a much greater power; though perhaps Geneva, and all that belongs to it, are not of equal extent with Windsor and its two parks. To one that has passed through Savoy, as we did, nothing can be more striking than the contrast, as soon as he approaches the town. Near the gates of Geneva runs the torrent Arve, which separates it from the King of Sardinia's dominions; on the other side of it lies a country naturally, indeed, fine and fertile; but you meet with nothing in it but meager, ragged, bare-footed peasants, with their children,

in extreme misery and nastiness; and even of these no great numbers; You no sooner have crossed the stream I have mentioned, but poverty is no more; not a beggar, hardly a discontented face to be seen; numerous and well-dressed people swarming on the ramparts; drums beating, soldiers, well clothed and armed, exercising; and folks, with business in their looks, hurrying to and fro; all contribute to make any person, who is not blind, sensible what a difference there is between the two governments, that are the causes of one view and the other. The beautiful lake, at one end of which the town is situated; its extent; the several states that border upon it; and all its pleasures, are too well known for me to mention them. We sailed upon it as far as the dominions of Geneva extend, that is, about two leagues and a half on each side; and landed at several of the little houses of pleasure, that the inhabitants have built all about it, who received us with much politeness. The same night we eat part of a trout, taken in the lake, that weighed thirty-seven pounds; as great a monster as it appeared to us, it was esteemed there nothing extraordinary, and they assured us, it was not uncommon to catch them of fifty pounds; they are dressed here and sent post to Paris upon some great occasions; nay, even to Madrid, as we were told. The road we returned through was not the same we came by: We crossed the Rhône at Seyssel, and passed for three days among the mountains of Bugey, without meeting with any thing new: At last we came out into the plains of La Bresse, and so to Lyons again. Sir Robert has written to Mr. Walpole, to desire he would go to Italy; which he has resolved to do; so that all the scheme of spending the winter in the South of France is laid aside, and we are to pass it in a much finer country. You may imagine I am not sorry to have this opportunity of seeing the place in the world that best deserves it: Besides as the Pope (who

is eighty-eight, and has been lately at the point of death) cannot probably last a great while, perhaps we may have the fortune to be present at the election of a new one, when Rome will be in all its glory. Friday next we certainly begin our journey; in two days we shall come to the foot of the Alps, and six more we shall be in passing them. Even here the winter is begun; what then must it be among those vast snowy mountains where it is hardly ever summer? We are, however, as well armed as possible against the cold, with muffs, hoods, and masks of beaver, fur-boots, and bear skins. When we arrive at Turin, we shall rest after the fatigues of the journey. \* \* \*

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## LETTER X.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Turin, Nov. 7, N. S. 1739.*

I AM this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days tiresome journey: For the three first we had the same road we before passed through to go to Geneva; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps; the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arc, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks, that have rolled down from the mountain tops. The winter was so far advanced, as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the pros-

pect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horreur of the place: The sixth we began to go up several of these mountains; and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough: Mr. Walpole had a little fat black spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice; it was noon-day, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood-side, (which was as steep upwards, as the other part was downwards) out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute; we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do any thing to save the dog\*. If he had not been there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses; chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice. The seventh we came to Lanebourg, the last town in Savoy; it lies at the foot of the famous mount Cenis, which is so situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules: We ourselves were wrapped up in our furs, and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier, and so begun to ascend by the help of eight men. It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable

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\* This odd incident might have afforded Mr. Gray a subject for an ode, which would have been a good companion to that on the death of a favourite cat.—*Mason*.

depth, from whence a river takes its rise, and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge craggs covered with ice and snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them; and though we had heard many strange descriptions of the scene, none of them at all came up to it. We were but five hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the rapidity of the men's motion. We are now got into Piedmont, and stopped a little while at La Ferriere, a small village about three quarters of the way down, but still among the clouds, where we began to hear a new language spoken round about us; at last we got quite down, went through the Pas de Suse, a narrow road among the Alps, defended by two fortresses, and lay at Bos-solens: Next evening through a fine avenue of nine miles in length, as straight as a line, we arrived at this city, which, as you know, is the capital of the Principality, and the residence of the King of Sardinia. \* \* \* We shall stay here, I believe, a fortnight, and proceed for Genoa, which is three or four days journey to go post.

I am, &c.

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\* \* \* That part of the letter here omitted, contained only a description of the city; which, as Mr. Gray has given it to Mr. West in the following letter, and that in a more lively manner, I thought it unnecessary to insert: A liberty I have taken in other parts of this correspondence, in order to avoid repetitions.—*Mason*.



## LETTER XI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Turin, Nov. 16, N. S. 1739.*

AFTER eight days journey through Greenland, we arrived at Turin. You approach it by a handsome avenue of nine miles long, and quite strait. The entrance is guarded by certain vigilant dragons, called Douâniers, who mumbled us for some time. The city is not large, as being a place of strength, and consequently confined within its fortifications; it has many beauties and some faults; among the first are streets all laid out by the line, regular uniform buildings, fine walks that surround the whole, and in general a good lively clean appearance: But the houses are of brick plaistered, which is apt to want repairing; the windows of oiled paper, which is apt to be torn; and every thing very slight, which which is apt to tumble down. There is an excellent Opera, but it is only in the Carnival: Balls every night, but only in the Carnival: Masquerades too, but only in the Carnival. This Carnival lasts only from Christmas to Lent; one half of the remaining part of the year is passed in remembering the last, the other in expecting the future Carnival. We cannot well subsist upon such slender diet, no more than upon an execrable Italian Comedy, and a Puppet-Show, called *Rappresentazione d'un' anima dannata*, which, I think, are all the present diversions of the place; except the Marquise de Cavallac's *Conversazione*, where one goes to see people play at *Ombre* and *Taroc*, a game with 72 cards all painted

with suns, and moons, and devils and monks. Mr. Walpole has been at court; the family are at present at a country palace, called La Venerie. The palace here in town is the very quintessence of gilding and looking-glass; inlaid floors, carved pannels, and painting, wherever they could stick a brush. I own I have not, as yet, any where met with those grand and simple works of Art, that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for: But those of Nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day; You have Death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe Abelard and Heloïse were not forgot upon this occasion: If I do not mistake, I saw you too every now and then at a distance along the trees; il me semble, que j'ai vu ce chien de visage là quelque part. You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great, that I really could not distinguish what you said; it seemed to have a cadence like verse. In your next you will be so good to let me know what it was. The week we have since passed among the Alps, has not equalled the single day upon that mountain, because the winter was rather too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want its beauties; the savage rudeness of the view is inconceivable

without seeing it: I reckoned, in one day, thirteen cascades, the least of which was, I dare say, one hundred feet in height. I had Livy in the chaise with me, and beheld his “Nives  
 “cœlo propè immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora ju-  
 “mentaque torrida frigore, homines intonsi & inculti, animalia in-  
 “animaque omnia rigentia gelu; omnia confragosa, præruptaque.”\*  
 The creatures that inhabit them are, in all respects, below hu-  
 manity; and most of them, especially women, have the tumidum  
 guttur, which they call goscia. Mont Cenis, I confess, carries  
 the permission † mountains have of being frightful rather too  
 far; and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger  
 to give one time to reflect upon their beauties. There is a  
 family of the Alpine monsters I have mentioned, upon its  
 very top, that in the middle of winter calmly lay in their  
 stock of provisions and firing, and so are buried in their hut  
 for a month or two under the snow. When we were down  
 it, and got a little way into Piedmont, we began to find “Apricos  
 “quosdam colles, rivosque prope sylvas, & jam humano cultu  
 “digniora loca.” ‡ I read Silius Italicus too, for the first time;  
 and wished for you, according to custom. We set out for  
 Genoa in two days time.

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\* See Livii Hist. lib. xxi. cap. xxxii. tom. iii. p. 421. ed. Drakenborch.

† A phrase borrowed from Madame De Sevigné, who quotes a *bon mot* on Pelisson, qu’il abuseit de la permission qu’ont les hommes, d’être laids.—*Mason*.

‡ See Livii Hist. lib. xxi. cap. xxxvii. p. 438.

## LETTER XII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Genoa, Nov. 21, 1739.*

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæq; inquens  
 Regna Taurini fera, molliorem  
 Advhor brumam, Genuæq; amantes  
 Litora soles.

At least if they do not, they have a very ill taste; for I never beheld any thing more amiable: Only figure to yourself a vast semicircular bason, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all round it palaces, and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres. This is the first coup d'œil, and is almost all I am yet able to give you an account of, for we arrived late last night. To-day was, luckily, a great festival, and in the morning we resorted to the church of the Madonna delle Vigne, to put up our little orisons; (I believe I forgot to tell you, that we have been some time converts to the holy Catholic church) we found our Lady richly dressed out, with a crown of diamonds on her own head, another upon the child's, and a constellation of wax lights burning before them: Shortly after came the Doge, in his robes of crimson damask, and a cap of the same, followed by the Senate in black. Upon his approach began a fine concert of music, and among the rest two eunuchs'

voices, that were a perfect feast to ears that had heard nothing but French operas for a year. We listened to this, and breathed nothing but incense for two hours. The Doge is a very tall, lean, stately, old figure, called Constantino Balbi; and the Senate seem to have been made upon the same model. They said their prayers, and heard an absurd white friar preach, with equal devotion. After this we went to the Annonciata, a church built by the family Lomellini, and belonging to it; which is, indeed, a most stately structure, the inside wholly marble of various kinds, except where gold and painting take its place. From hence to the Palazzo Doria. I should make you sick of marble, if I told you how it was lavished here upon the porticoes, the balustrades, and terraces, the lowest of which extends quite to the sea. The inside is by no means answerable to the outward magnificence; the furniture seems to be as old as the founder of the family\*. There great embossed silver tables tell you, in bas-relief, his victories at sea; how he entertained the Emperor Charles, and how he refused the sovereignty of the Commonwealth when it was offered him; the rest is old-fashioned velvet chairs, and gothic tapestry. The rest of the day has been spent, much to our hearts' content, in cursing French music and architecture, and in singing the praises of Italy. We find this place so very fine, that we are in fear of finding nothing finer. We are fallen in love with the Mediterranean sea, and hold your lakes and your rivers in vast contempt. This is

“The happy country where huge lemons grow,”

as Waller says; and I am sorry to think of leaving it in a week for Parma, although it be

The happy country where huge cheeses grow.

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\* The famous Andrea Doria.

## LETTER XIII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Bologna, Dec. 9, N. S. 1739.*

OUR journey hither has taken up much less time than I expected. We left Genoa (a charming place, and one that deserved a longer stay) the week before last; crossed the mountains, and lay that night at Tortona, the next at St. Giovanni, and the morning after came to Piacenza. That city, (though the capital of a Dutchy) made so frippery an appearance, that instead of spending some days there, as had been intended, we only dined, and went on to Parma; stayed there all the following day, which was passed in visiting the famous works of Correggio in the Dome, and other churches. The fine gallery of pictures, that once belonged to the Dukes of Parma, is no more here; the King of Naples has carried it all thither, and the city had not merit enough to detain us any longer, so we proceeded through Reggio to Modena; this, though the residence of its Duke, is an ill-built melancholy place, all of brick, as are most of the towns in this part of Lombardy: He himself lives in a private manner, with very little appearance of a court about him; he has one of the noblest collections of paintings in the world, which entertained us extremely well the rest of that day and a part of the next; and in the afternoon we came to Bologna: So now you may wish us joy of being in the dominions of his Holiness. This is a populous city, and of great extent: All the streets have porticoes on both sides, such as surround a part of Covent-Garden, a great relief in

summer-time in such a climate; and from one of the principal gates to a church of the Virgin, [where is a wonder-working picture, at three miles distance] runs a corridore of the same sort, lately finished, and, indeed, a most extraordinary performance. The churches here are more remarkable for their paintings than architecture, being mostly old structures of brick; but the palaces are numerous, and fine enough to supply us with somewhat worth seeing from morning till night. The country of Lombardy, hitherto, is one of the most beautiful imaginable; the roads broad, and exactly straight, and on either hand vast plantations of trees, chiefly mulberries and olives, and not a tree without a vine twining about it and spreading among its branches. This scene, indeed, which must be the most lovely in the world during the proper season, is at present all deformed by the winter, which here is rigorous enough for the time it lasts; but one still sees the skeleton of a charming place, and reaps the benefit of its product, for the fruits and provisions are admirable; in short you find every thing, that luxury can desire, in perfection. We have now been here a week, and shall stay some little time longer. We are at the foot of the Appennine mountains; it will take up three days to cross them, and then we shall come to Florence, where we shall pass the Christmas. Till then we must remain in a state of ignorance as to what is doing in England, for our letters are to meet us there: If I do not find four or five from you alone, I shall wonder.

## LETTER XIV.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Florence, Dec. 19, N. S. 1739.*

WE spent twelve days at Bologna, chiefly (as most travellers do) in seeing sights; for as we knew no mortal there, and as it is no easy matter to get admission into any Italian house, without very particular recommendations, we could see no company but in public places; and there are none in that city but the churches. We saw, therefore, churches, palaces, and pictures from morning to night; and the 15th of this month set out for Florence, and began to cross the Appennine mountains; we travelled among and upon them all that day, and, as it was but indifferent weather, were commonly in the middle of thick clouds, that utterly deprived us of a sight of their beauties: For this vast chain of hills has its beauties, and all the vallies are cultivated; even the mountains themselves are many of them so within a little of their very tops. They are not so horrid as the Alps, though pretty near as high; and the whole road is admirably well kept, and paved throughout, which is a length of fourscore miles, and more: We left the Pope's dominions, and lay that night in those of the Grand Duke at Fiorenzuola, a paltry little town, at the foot of Mount Giogo, which is the highest of them all. Next morning we went up it; the post-house is upon its very top, and usually involved in clouds, or half-buried in the snow. Indeed there was none of the last at the time we were there, but it was still a dismal habitation. The descent is most excessively steep, and the turnings



very short and frequent; however, we performed it without any danger, and in coming down could dimly discover Florence, and the beautiful plain about it, through the mists; but enough to convince us, it must be one of the noblest prospects upon earth in summer. That afternoon we got thither; and Mr. Mann\*, the resident, had sent his servant to meet us at the gates, and conduct us to his house. He is the best and most obliging person in the world. The next night we were introduced at the Prince of Craon's assembly (he has the chief power here in the Grand Duke's absence). The Princess, and he, were extremely civil to the name of Walpole, so we were asked to stay supper, which is as much as to say, you may come and sup here whenever you please; for after the first invitation this is always understood. We have also been at the Countess Suarez's, a favourite of the late Duke, and one that gives the first movement to every thing gay that is going forward here. The news is every day expected from Vienna of the Great Duchess's delivery; if it be a boy, here will be all sorts of balls, masquerades, operas, and illuminations; if not, we must wait for the Carnival, when all those things come of course. In the mean time it is impossible to want entertainment; the famous gallery, alone, is an amusement for months; we commonly pass two or three hours every morning in it, and one has perfect leisure to consider all its beauties. You know it contains many hundred antique statues, such as the whole world cannot match, besides the vast collection of paintings, medals, and precious stones, such as no other prince was ever master of; in short, all that the rich and powerful house of Medicis has in so many years got together†. And

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\* Now Sir Horace Mann, and Envoy Extraordinary at the same court.—*Mason*.

† He catalogued and made occasional short remarks on the pictures, &c. which he saw here, as well as at other places, many of which are in my possession, but it would have swelled this work too much if I had inserted them.—*Mason*.

besides this city abounds with so many palaces and churches, that you can hardly place yourself any where without having some fine one in view, or at least some statue or fountain, magnificently adorned; these undoubtedly are far more numerous than Genoa can pretend to; yet, in its general appearance, I cannot think that Florence equals it in beauty. Mr. Walpole is just come from being presented to the Electress Palatine Dowager; she is a sister of the late Great Duke's; a stately old lady, that never goes out but to church, and then she has guards, and eight horses to her coach. She received him with much ceremony, standing under a huge black canopy, and, after a few minutes talking, she assured him of her good will, and dismissed him: She never sees any body but thus in form; and so she passes her life, \* poor woman! \* \* \*

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## LETTER XV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Florence, Jan. 15, 1740.*

I THINK I have not yet told you how we left that charming place Genoa: How we crossed a mountain of green marble, called Buchetto: How we came to Tortona, and waded through the mud to come to Castel St. Giovanni, and there eat mustard and sugar with a dish of crows' gizzards: Secondly, how we passed the famous plains; "Quâ Trebie, &c."† Nor,

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\* Persons of very high rank, and withal very good sense, will only feel the pathos of this exclamation.—*Mason*.

† Here follow the Verses beginning Quâ Trebie glaucas, &c. &c.—*Ed.*

thirdly, how we passed through Piacenza, Parma, Modena, entered the territories of the Pope; stayed twelve days at Bologna; crossed the Appennines, and afterwards arrived at Florence. None of these things have I told you, nor do I intend to tell you, till you ask me some questions concerning them. No not even of Florence itself, except that it is as fine as possible, and has every thing in it that can bless the eyes. But, before I enter into particulars, you must make your peace both with me and the Venus de Medicis, who, let me tell you, is highly and justly offended at you for not inquiring, long before this, concerning her symmetry and proportions.\* \* \*

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## LETTER XVI.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

### ELEGIA.\*

ERGO desidïæ videor tibi crimine dignus;  
 Et meritò: victas do tibi sponte manus.  
 Arguor & veteres nimium contemnere Musas,  
 Irata et nobis est Medicæa Venus.  
 Mene igitur statuas & inania saxa vereri!  
 Stultule! marmoreâ quid mihi cum Venere?  
 Hic veræ, hic vivæ Veneres, & mille per urbem,  
 Quarum nulla queat non placuisse Jovi.  
 Cedite Romanæ formosæ et cedite Graiæ,  
 Sintque oblita Helenæ nomen et Hermionæ!

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\* The Letter which accompanied this little Elegy is not extant: Probably it was only inclosed in one to Mr. Walpole.—*Mason*.

Et, quascunque refert ætas. vetus, Heroïnæ :  
 Unus honor nostris jam venit Angliasin.  
 Oh quales vultus, Oh quantum numen ocellis !  
 I nunc & Tuscas improbe confer opes.  
 Ne tamen hæc obtusa nimis præcordia credas,  
 Neu me adeo nullâ Pallade progenitum :  
 Testor Pieridumque umbras & flumina Pindi  
 Me quoque Calliopes semper amasse choros ;  
 Et dudum Ausonias urbes, & visere Graias  
 Cura est, ingenio si licet ire meo :  
 Sive est Phidiacum marmor, seu Mentoris æra,  
 Seu paries Coe nobilis e calamo ;  
 Nec minus artificum magna argumenta recentum  
 Romanique decus nominis & Veneti :  
 Quâ Furor & Mavors & sævo in Marmore vultus,  
 Quaque et formoso mollior ære Venus.  
 Quaque loquax spirat fucus, vivique labores,  
 Et quicquid calamo dulcids ausa manus :  
 Hic nemora, & solâ mærens Melibæus in umbrâ,  
 Lymphaque muscoso prosiliens lapide ;  
 Illic majus opus, faciesque in pariete major  
 Exurgens, Divum & numina Cælicolum ;  
 O vos felices, quibus hæc cognoscere fas est,  
 Et totâ Italiâ, quâ patet usque, frui !  
 Nulla dies vobis eat injucunda, nec usquam  
 Noritis quid sit tempora amara pati.

## LETTER XVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*Proposals for Printing by Subscription, in*

THIS LARGE LETTER,

THE TRAVELS OF T. G. GENT.

WHICH WILL CONSIST OF THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS.

## CHAP. I.

THE Author arrives at Dover ; his conversation with the Mayor of that Corporation. Sets out in the packet boat : grows very sick ; the Author spews ; a very minute account of all the circumstances thereof. His arrival at Calais ; how the inhabitants of that country speak French, and are said to be all Papishes ; the Author's reflections thereupon.

## II.

How they feed him with soupe, and what soupe is. How he meets with a capucin, and what a capucin is. How they shut him up in a post-chaise and send him to Paris ; he goes wondering along during six days ; and how there are trees and houses just as in England. Arrives at Paris without knowing it.

## III.

Full account of the river Seine, and of the various animals and plants its borders produce. Description of the little creature

called an Abbé, its parts, and their uses ; with the reasons why they will not live in England, and the methods that have been used to propagate them there. A cut of the inside of a nunnery ; its structure wonderfully adapted to the use of the animals that inhabit it ; a short account of them, how they propagate without the help of a male ; and how they eat up their own young ones, like cats and rabbits : supposed to have both sexes in themselves like a snail. Dissection of a Dutchess, with copper-plates, very curious.

## IV.

Goes to the opera : grand orchestra or numstrums, bag-pipes, salt-boxes, tabours and pipes. Anatomy of a French ear, showing the formation of it to be entirely different from that of an English one ; and that sounds have a directly contrary effect upon one and the other. Farinelli, at Paris, said to have a fine manner, but no voice. Grand ballet, in which there is no seeing the dance for petticoats. Old women with flowers and jewels stuck in the curls of their grey hair. Red-heeled shoes and roll-ups innumerable ; hoops and panniers immeasurable, paint unspeakable. Tables, wherein is calculated, with the utmost exactness, the several degrees of red, now in use, from the rising blushes of an Advocate's wife, to the flaming crimson of a Princess of the Blood ; done by a limner in great vogue.

## V.

The Author takes unto him a taylour ; his character. How he covers him with silk and fringe, and widens his figure with buckram, a yard on each side. Waistcoat and breeches so strait, he can neither breathe nor walk. How the barber curls him en bequille, and à la negligée, and ties a vast solitaire about his neck. How the milliner lengthens his ruffles to his fingers' ends, and

sticks his two arms into a muff. How he cannot stir; and how they cut him in proportion to his clothes.

## VI.

He is carried to Versailles, despises it infinitely. A dissertation upon taste. Goes to an Installation in the Chapel Royal: enter the King and fifty fiddlers; fiddlers solus; kettle-drums and trumpets; queens and dauphins; princesses and cardinals; incense and the mass; old knights making curtsies; Holy Ghosts and fiery tongues.

## VII.

Goes into the country to Rheims, in Champagne, stays there three months; what he did there (he must beg the reader's pardon but) he has really forgot.

## VIII.

Proceeds to Lyons, vastness of that city. Can't see the streets for houses.\* How rich it is, and how much it stinks. Poem upon the confluence of the Rhone and the Sâone, by a friend of the Author's; very pretty.

## IX.

Makes a journey into Savoy, and in his way visits the Grande Chartreuse: he is set aside upon a mule's back, and begins to climb up the mountains: rocks and torrents beneath, pine trees and snows above: horrors and terrours on all sides. The Author dies of the fright.

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\* When one is misled by a proper name, the only use of which is to direct, one feels like the countryman, who complained—"That the houses hindered him from seeing Paris." The thing becomes an obstruction to itself. Walpole's Fugitive Pieces, Vol. I. p. 222.—*Ed.*

## X.

He goes to Geneva. His mortal antipathy to a presbyterian, and the cure for it. Returns to Lyons; gets a surfeit with eating ortolans and lampreys; is advised to go into Italy for the benefit of the air.

## XI.

Sets out the latter end of November to cross the Alps. He is devoured by a wolf; and how it is to be devoured by a wolf: the seventh day he comes to the foot of Mount Cenis. How he is wrap'd up in \* bear-skins and beaver-skins; boots on his legs; caps on his head; muffs on his hands, and taffety over his eyes. He is placed on a bier, and is carried to heaven by the savages blindfold. How he lights among a certain fat nation called Clouds; how they are always in a sweat, and never speak, but they grunt; how they

\* In a Letter from Walpole to West, dated Turin, Nov. 11, 1737.—‘ So, ’ as the song says, ‘ we are in fair Italy ! ’ I wonder we are, for on the highest precipice of Mount Cenis, the devil of Discord, in the similitude of sour wine, had got amongst our Alpine savages and set them a-fighting, with Gray and me in the chairs: they rushed him by me on a crag where there was scarce room for a cloven foot; the least slip had tumbled us into such a fog, and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons, the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks, and such uncomely inhabitants, my dear West, I hope I shall never see them again. At the foot of Mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low arm-chairs, on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top beheld the snows fallen; and such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glouting, that I thought we never could have waded through them.\* The descent is two leagues, but steep, and rough as O—— father’s face, over which, you know, the devil walked, with hob-nails in his shoes.’—Walpole’s Works, Vol. IV. p. 431.

The simile in the last sentence of this note, belongs to the “ Marcellus of our tongue,” as he has been somewhat singularly called by Dryden.—“ I believe the Devil travels over it in his sleep with hob-nails in his shoes.” See Oldham’s Character. Vol. II. p. 327.—*Ed.*



flock about him, and think him very odd for not doing so too. He falls plump into Italy.

## XII.

Arrives at Turin: goes to Genoa, and from thence to Placentia; crosses the river Tribia. The ghost of Hannibal appears to him, and what it and he say upon the occasion. Locked out of Parma on a cold winter's night; the Author, by an ingenious stratagem, gains admittance. Despises that city, and proceeds through Reggio to Modena. How the Duke and Dutchess lie over their own stables, and go every night to a vile Italian comedy; despises them and it, and proceeds to Bologna.

## XIII.

Enters into the dominions of the Pope o'Rome. Meets the devil, and what he says on the occasion. Very publick and scandalous doings between the vine and the elm trees, and how the olive trees are shocked thereupon. Author longs for Bologna sausages and hams, and how he grows as fat as an hog.

## XIV.

Observations on antiquities. The Author proves that Bologna was the ancient Tarentum; that the battle of Salamis, contrary to the vulgar opinion, was fought by land, and that not far from Ravenna; that the Romans were a colony of the Jews; and that Eneas was the same with Ehud.

## XV.

Arrival at Florence. Is of opinion that the Venus of Medicis is a modern performance, and that a very indifferent one, and much

inferior to the K. Charles at Charing-cross. Account of the city and manners of the inhabitants. A learned Dissertation on the true situation of Gomorrah. . . . .

And here will end the first part of these instructive and entertaining voyages. The Subscribers are to pay twenty guineas, nineteen down, and the remainder upon delivery of the book. N. B. A few are printed on the softest royal brown paper, for the use of the curious.

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MY DEAR, DEAR WHARTON,\*

(WHICH is a dear more than I give any body else. It is very odd to begin with a parenthesis, but) You may think me a beast not having sooner wrote to you, and to be sure a beast I am. Now, when one owns it, I don't see what you have left to say. I take this opportunity to inform you (an opportunity I have had every week this twelvemonth) that I am arrived safe at Calais, and am at present at—Florence, a city in Italy, in I don't know how many degrees of N. latitude. Under the line I am sure it is not, for I am at this instant expiring with cold. You must know, that not being certain what circumstances of my history would particularly suit your curiosity, and knowing that all I had to say to you would overflow the narrow limits of many a good quire of paper, I have taken

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\* Of Old-Park, near Durham. With this gentleman Mr. Gray contracted an acquaintance very early; and though they were not educated together at Eton, yet afterwards at Cambridge, when the Doctor was Fellow of Pembroke Hall, they became intimate friends, and continued so to the time of Mr. Gray's death.—*Mason.*

this method of laying before you the contents, that you may pitch upon what you please, and give me your orders accordingly to expatiate thereupon: for I conclude you will write to me: won't you? oh! yes, when you know that in a week I set out for Rome, and that the Pope is dead, and that I shall be (I should say, God willing; and if nothing extraordinary intervene; and if I am alive and well; and in all human probability) at the coronation of a new one. Now, as you have no other correspondent there, and as if you do not, I certainly shall not write again. (Observe my impudence.) I take it to be your interest to send me a vast letter, full of all sorts of news and politics, and such other ingredients, as to you shall seem convenient with all decent expedition, only do not be too severe upon the Pretender; and if you like my style, pray say so. This is à la Française; and if you think it a little too foolish, and impertinent, you shall be treated alla Toscana with a thousand Signoria Illustrissimas, in the mean time I have the honour to remain

Your loving frind, tell deth,

T. GRAY.

*Florence, March 12, N. S. 1740.*

P. S. This is à l'Angloise. I don't know where you are; if at Cambridge pray let me know all, how, and about it: and if my old friends, Thomson or Clarke, fall in your way, say I am extremely theirs. But if you are in town, I entreat you to make my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Adieu.

Yours, sincerely, a second time.

## LETTER XVIII.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.*Florence, March 19, 1740.*

THE Pope\* is at last dead, and we are to set out for Rome on Monday next. The conclave is still sitting there, and likely to continue so some time longer, as the two French Cardinals are but just arrived, and the German ones are still expected. It agrees mighty ill with those that remain inclosed: Ottoboni is already dead of an apoplexy; Altieri and several others are said to be dying, or very bad: Yet it is not expected to break up till after Easter. We shall lie at Sienna the first night, spend a day there, and in two more get to Rome. One begins to see in this country the first promises of an Italian spring, clear unclouded skies, and warm suns, such as are not often felt in England; yet, for your sake, I hope at present you have your proportion of them, and that all your frosts, and snows, and short breaths are, by this time, utterly vanished. I have nothing new or particular to inform you of; and, if you see things at home go on much in their old course, you must not imagine them more various abroad. The diversions of a Florentine Lent are composed of a sermon in the morning, full of hell and the devil; a dinner at noon, full of fish and meagre diet; and, in the evening, what is called a *Conversazione*, a sort of assembly at the principal people's houses, full of I cannot tell what: Besides this, there is twice a week a very grand concert. \* \* \*

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\* Clement the Twelfth.

## LETTER XIX.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Rome, April 2, N. S. 1740.*

THIS is the third day since we came to Rome, but the first hour I have had to write to you in. The journey from Florence cost us four days, one of which was spent at Sienna, an agreeable, clean, old city, of no great magnificence or extent; but in a fine situation, and good air. What it has most considerable is its cathedral, a huge pile of marble, black and white laid alternately, and laboured with a gothic niceness and delicacy in the old-fashioned way. Within too are some paintings and sculpture of considerable hands. The sight of this, and some collections that were shewed us in private houses, were a sufficient employment for the little time we were to pass there; and the next morning we set forward on our journey through a country very oddly composed; for some miles you have a continual scene of little mountains cultivated from top to bottom with rows of olive-trees, or else elms, each of which has its vine twining about it, and mixing with the branches; and corn sown between all the ranks. This diversified with numerous small houses and convents, makes the most agreeable prospect in the world: But, all of a sudden, it alters to black barren hills, as far as the eye can reach, that seem never to have been capable of culture, and are as ugly as useless. Such is the country for some time before one comes to Mount Radicofani, a terrible black hill, on the top of which we were to lodge that night. It is very high, and difficult of ascent; and at the foot

of it we were much embarrassed by the fall of one of the poor horses that drew us. This accident obliged another chaise, which was coming down, to stop also; and out of it peeped a figure in a red cloak, with a handkerchief tied round its head, which, by its voice and mien, seemed a fat old woman; but, upon its getting out, appeared to be Senesino, who was returning from Naples to Sienna, the place of his birth and residence. On the highest part of the mountain is an old fortress, and near it a house built by one of the Grand Dukes for a hunting-seat, but now converted into an inn: It is the shell of a large fabrick, but such an inside, such chambers, and accommodations, that your cellar is a palace in comparison; and your cat sups and lies much better than we did; for, it being a saint's eve, there was nothing but eggs. We devoured our meagre fare; and, after stopping up the windows with the quilts, we're obliged to lie upon the straw beds in our clothes. Such are the conveniences in a road, that is, as it were, the great thoroughfare of all the world. Just on the other side of this mountain, at Ponte-Centino, one enters the patrimony of the church; a most delicious country, but thinly inhabited. That night brought us to Viterbo, a city of a more lively appearance than any we had lately met with; the houses have glass windows, which is not very usual here; and most of the streets are terminated by a handsome fountain. Here we had the pleasure of breaking our fast on the leg of an old hare and some broiled crows. Next morning, in descending Mount Viterbo, we first discovered (though at near thirty miles distance) the cupola of St. Peter's, and a little after began to enter on an old Roman pavement, with now and then a ruined tower, or a sepulchre on each hand. We now had a clear view of the city, though not to the best advantage, as coming along a plain quite upon a level with it; however it appeared very vast, and surrounded with magnificent villas and gardens. We soon after crossed the

Tiber, a river that ancient Rome made more considerable than any merit of its own could have done: However, it is not contemptibly small, but a good handsome stream; very deep, yet somewhat of a muddy complexion. The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with statues; this brings you into a large square, in the midst of which is a vast obelisk of granite, and in front you have at one view two churches of a handsome architecture, and so much alike that they are called the twins; with three streets, the middlemost of which is one of the longest in Rome. As high as my expectation was raised, I confess, the magnificence of this city infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace, or church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine. We have not yet set about considering its beauties, ancient and modern with attention; but have already taken a slight transient view of some of the most remarkable. St. Peter's I saw the day after we arrived, and was struck dumb with wonder. I there saw the Cardinal D'Auvergne, one of the French ones, who upon coming off his journey, immediately repaired hither to offer up his vows at the high altar, and went directly into the Conclave; the doors of which we saw opened to him, and all the other immature Cardinals came thither to receive him. Upon his entrance they were closed again directly. It is supposed they will not come to an agreement about a Pope till after Easter, though the confinement is very disagreeable. I have hardly philosophy enough to see the infinity of fine things, that are here daily in the power of any body that has money, without regretting the want of it; but custom has the power of making things easy to one. I have not yet seen his majesty of Great-Britain, &c. though I have the two boys in the gardens of the Villa Borgese, where they go a-shooting almost every day; it was at a distance, indeed, for we did not choose

to meet them, as you may imagine. This letter (like all those the English send, or receive) will pass through the hands of that family, before it comes to those it was intended for. They do it more honour than it deserves; and all they will learn from thence will be, that I desire you to give my duty to my father, and wherever else it is due, and that I am, &c.

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## LETTER XX.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Rome, April 15, 1740. Good-Friday.*

TO-DAY I am just come from paying my adoration at St. Peter's to three extraordinary relicks, which are exposed to public view only on these two days in the whole year, at which time all the confraternities in the city come in procession to see them. It was something extremely novel to see that vast church, and the most magnificent in the world, undoubtedly, illuminated (for it was night) by thousands of little crystal lamps, disposed in the figure of a huge cross at the high altar, and seeming to hang alone in the air. All the light proceeded from this, and had the most singular effect imaginable as one entered the great door. Soon after came one after another, I believe, thirty processions, all dressed in linen frocks, and girt with a cord, their heads covered with a cowl all over, only two holes to see through left. Some of them were all black, others red, others white, others party-coloured; these were continually coming and going with their tapers and crucifixes before them; and to



each company, as they arrived and knelt before the great altar, were shewn from a balcony at a great height, the three wonders, which are, you must know; the head of the spear that wounded Christ; St. Veronica's handkerchief, with the miraculous impression of his face upon it; and a piece of the true cross, on the sight of which the people thump their breasts, and kiss the pavement with vast devotion. The tragical part of the ceremony is half a dozen wretched creatures, who with their faces covered, but naked to the waist, are in a side-chapel disciplining themselves with scourges full of iron prickles; but really in earnest, as our eyes can testify, which saw their backs and arms so raw we should have taken it for a red satin doublet torn, and shewing the skin through, had we not been convinced of the contrary by the blood which was plentifully sprinkled about them. It is late; I give you joy of Port-Bello, and many other things, which I hope are all true.\* \* \* \*

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## LETTER XXI.

MR. WALPOLE TO MR. WEST.

*Rome, April 16, N. S. 1740.*

I'LL tell you, West, because one is amongst new things, you think one can always write new things. When I first came abroad every thing struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surprised, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other

people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to write to you of Westminster Abbey. Besides, as one looks at churches, &c. with a book of travels in one's hand, and sees every thing particularized there, it would appear transcribing to write upon the same subjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I used to take it when any body served me so that was travelling. Well, I will tell you something if you will love me: you have seen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you shall only hear its situation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there.

'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little distance are two subterraneous grottos, which were the burial-places of the liberti of Augustus. There are all the niches and covers of the urns with the inscriptions remaining; and in one very considerable remains of an ancient stucco ceiling, with paintings in grotesque.

Some of the walks would terminate upon the Castellum Aquæ Martiæ, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, besides other churches; the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious spot is neglected, and only serves for a small vineyard and kitchen garden.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists; before a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, every thing is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp.

At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, colossal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth: the man that shewed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia*. The Cardinal Corsini has so thoroughly pushed on the misery of Rome by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is reckoned to have amassed three millions of crowns: You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I assure you, that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a testoon a day (eighteen-pence); there are some extend their expence to five pauls, or half-a-crown. Cardinal Albani is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never have any company. The Princesses and Dutchesses, particularly, lead the dismallest of lives. Being the posterity of Popes, though of worse families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater respect than my ladies the Countesses and Marquises will pay them; consequently they consort not, but mope in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three Monsignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do issue forth in a vast unwieldy coach to the Corso.

In short, child, after sun-set one passes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wish for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! how many English I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap! and then French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations swarm here. You will have a great fat French Cardinal, garnished with thirty Abbés, roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn short, and talk of the Chapel of Versailles. I heard one of them say, t'other day, he had

been at the *Capitale*. One asked of course how he liked it—  
*Ah! il y a assez de belles choses.*

Tell Asheton I have received his letter, and will write next post; but I am in a violent hurry and have no more time; so Gray finishes this delicately.

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Not so delicate; nor, indeed, would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received de vos nouvelles, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it, which may seem an odd reason—but they say as how it's fulsome, and every body does it, (and, I suppose, every body says the same thing), else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. A-propos du Colisée, if you don't know what it is, the Prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for,—“ They say 'twas for Christians to “ fight tigers in.”

We are just come from adoring a great piece of the true cross, St. Longinus's spear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief; all which have been this evening exposed to view in St. Peter's. In the same place, and on the same occasion, last night, Walpole saw a poor creature, naked to the waist, discipline himself with a scourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himself a raw doublet, that he took for red satin torn, and shewing the skin through. I should tell you that he fainted away three times at the sight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vast

fiery cross, composed of hundreds of little crystal lamps, which appear through the great altar under the grand tribuna, as if hanging by itself in the air.

All the confraternities of the city resort thither in solemn procession, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to see through. Some of these are all black, others parti-coloured and white; and with these masqueraders that vast church is filled, who are seen thumping their breast, and kissing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am describing—'tis an ill habit, but this, like every thing else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams: I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Asheton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the Admiral.—Adieu!

Ever yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER XXII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Tivoli, May 20, 1740.*

THIS day being in the palace of his Highness the Duke of Modena, he laid his most serene commands upon me to write to Mr. West, and said he thought it for his glory, that I should draw up an inventory of all his most serene possessions for the said West's perusal.—Imprimis, a house, being in circumference a quarter of a mile, two feet and an inch; the said house containing the following particulars, to wit, a great room. Item, another great room; item, a bigger room; item, another room; item, a vast room; item, a sixth of the same; a seventh ditto; an eighth as before; a ninth as abovesaid; a tenth (see No. 1.); item, ten more such, besides twenty besides, which, not to be too particular, we shall pass over. The said rooms contain nine chairs, two tables, five stools, and a cricket. From whence we shall proceed to the garden, containing two millions of superfine laurel hedges, a clump of cypress trees, and half the river Teverone, that pisses into two thousand several chamberpots. Finis.—Dame Nature desired me to put in a list of her little goods and chattels, and, as they were small, to be very minute about them. She has built here three or four little mountains, and laid them out in an irregular semi-circle; from certain others behind, at a greater distance, she has drawn a canal, into which she has put a little river of her's, called Anio; she has cut a huge cleft between the two innermost of her four hills, and there she

has left it to its own disposal; which she has no sooner done, but, like a heedless chit, it tumbles headlong down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaks itself all to shatters, and is converted into a shower of rain, where the sun forms many a bow, red, green, blue, and yellow. To get out of our metaphors without any further trouble, it is the most noble sight in the world. The weight of that quantity of waters, and the force they fall with, have worn the rocks they throw themselves among into a thousand irregular craggs, and to a vast depth. In this channel it goes boiling along with a mighty noise till it comes to another steep, where you see it a second time come roaring down (but first you must walk two miles farther) a greater height than before, but not with that quantity of waters; for by this time it has divided itself, being crossed and opposed by the rocks, into four several streams, each of which, in emulation of the great one, will tumble down too; and it does tumble down, but not from an equally elevated place; so that you have at one view all these cascades intermixed with groves of olive and little woods, the mountains rising behind them, and on the top of one (that which forms the extremity of one of the half-circle's horns) is seated the town itself. At the very extremity of that extremity, on the brink of the precipice, stands the Sybils' temple, the remains of a little rotunda, surrounded with its portico, above half of whose beautiful Corinthian pillars are still standing and entire; all this on one hand. On the other, the open Campagna of Rome, here and there a little castle on a hillock, and the city itself on the very brink of the horizon, indistinctly seen (being 18 miles off) except the dome of St. Peter's; which, if you look out of your window, wherever you are, I suppose, you can see. I did not tell you that a little below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little

ruins which they shew you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

“ Præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, & uda

“ Mobilibus pomaria rivis.”

Mæcenas did not care for such a noise, it seems, and built him a house (which they also carry one to see) so situated that it sees nothing at all of the matter, and for any thing he knew there might be no such river in the world. Horace had another house on the other side of the Teverone, opposite to Mæcenas's; and they told us there was a bridge of communication, by which “ andava il detto Signor per trastullarsi coll istesso Orazio.” In coming hither we crossed the Aquæ Albulæ, a vile little brook that stinks like a fury, and they say it has stunk so these thousand years. I forgot the Piscina of Quintilius Varus, where he used to keep certain little fishes. This is very entire, and there is a piece of the aqueduct that supplied it too; in the garden below is old Rome, built in little, just as it was, they say. There are seven temples in it, and no houses at all: They say there were none.

*May 21.*

We have had the pleasure of going twelve miles out of our way to Palestrina. It has rained all day as if heaven and us were coming together. See my honesty, I do not mention a syllable of the temple of Fortune, because I really did not see it; which, I think, is pretty well for an old traveller. So we returned along the Via Prænestina, saw the Lacus Gabinus and Regillus, where, you know, Castor and Pollux appeared upon a certain occasion. And many a good old tomb we left on each hand, and many an aqueduct,

Dumb are whose fountains, and their channels dry.



There are, indeed, two whole modern ones, works of Popes, that run about thirty miles a-piece in length; one of them conveys still the famous Aqua Virgo to Rome, and adds vast beauty to the prospect. So we came to Rome again, where waited for us a splendidissimo regalo of letters; in one of which came You, with your huge characters and wide intervals, staring. I would have you to know, I expect you should take a handsome crow-quill when you write to me, and not leave room for a pin's point in four sides of a sheet royal. Do you but find matter, I will find spectacles.

I have more time than I thought, and I will employ it in telling you about a ball that we were at the other evening. Figure to yourself a Roman villa; all its little apartments thrown open, and lighted up to the best advantage. At the upper end of the gallery, a fine concert, in which La Diamantina, a famous virtuosa, played on the violin divinely, and sung angelically; Giovannino and Pasqualini (great names in musical story) also performed miraculously. On each side were ranged all the secular grand monde of Rome, the Ambassadors, Princesses, and all that. Among the rest Il Serenissimo Pretendente (as the Mantova gazette calls him) displayed his rueful length of person, with his two young ones, and all his ministry around him. "Poi nacque un grazioso ballo," where the world danced, and I sat in a corner regaling myself with iced fruits, and other pleasant rinfrescatives.

## LETTER XXIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Rome, May, 1740.*

I AM to-day just returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued; for you know the \* Appian is somewhat tiresome †. We dined at Pompey's; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tusculan, but, by the care of his Villicus, we made an admirable meal. We had the dugs of a pregnant sow, a peacock, a dish of thrushes, a noble scarus just fresh from the Tyrrhene, and some conchyliæ of the Lake with garum sauce: For my part I never eat better at Lucullus's table. We drank half-a-dozen cyathi a-piece of ancient Alban to Pholoë's health; and, after bathing, and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our essedum again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The priests there entertained us with an account of a wonderful shower of birds' eggs, that had fallen two days before, which had no sooner touched the ground, but they were converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past, a dreadful voice had been heard out of the Adytum, which spoke Greek during a full half-hour,

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\* *Appia longarum teritur regina viarum.*—Statii Silv. ii. 2. 12.—*Ed.*

† However whimsical this humour may appear to some readers, I chose to insert it, as it gives me an opportunity of remarking that Mr. Gray was extremely skilled in the customs of the ancient Romans; and has catalogued, in his common place book, their various eatables, wines, perfumes, cloaths, medicines, &c. with great precision, referring under every article to passages in the Poets and Historians where their names are mentioned.—*Mason.*

but no body understood it. But quitting my Romanities, to your great joy and mine, let me tell you in plain English, that we come from Albano. The present town lies within the inclosure of Pompey's Villa in ruins. The Appian way runs through it, by the side of which, a little farther, is a large old tomb, with five pyramids upon it, which the learned suppose to be the burying-place of the family, because they do not know whose it can be else. But the vulgar assure you it is the sepulchre of the Curiatii, and by that name (such is their power) it goes. One drives to Castel Gondolfo, a house of the Pope's, situated on the top of one of the Collinette, that forms a brim to the bason, commonly called the Alban lake. It is seven miles round; and directly opposite to you, on the other side, rises the Mons Albanus, much taller than the rest, along whose side are still discoverable (not to common eyes) certain little ruins of the old Alba longa. They had need be very little, as having been nothing but ruins ever since the days of Tullus Hostilius. On its top is a house of the Constable Colonna's, where stood the temple of Jupiter Latialis. At the foot of the hill Gondolfo, are the famous outlets of the lake, built with hewn stone, a mile and a half under ground. Livy, you know, amply informs us of the foolish occasion of this expence, and gives me this opportunity of displaying all my erudition, that I may appear considerable in your eyes. This is the prospect from one window of the palace. From another you have the whole Campagna, the City, Antium, and the Tyrrhene sea (twelve miles distant) so distinguishable, that you may see the vessels sailing upon it. All this is charming. Mr. Walpole says, our memory sees more than our eyes in this country. Which is extremely true; since, for realities, Windsor, or Richmond Hill, is infinitely preferable to Albano or Frascati. I am now at home, and going to the window to tell you it is the most beautiful of Italian nights, which, in truth, are but just begun (so backward has the spring been here, and every where else,

they say.) There is a moon! there are stars for you! Do not you hear the fountain? Do not you smell the orange flowers? That building yonder is the convent of S. Isidore; and that eminence, with the cypress trees and pines upon it, the top of M. Quirinal. This is all true, and yet my prospect is not two hundred yards in length. We send you some Roman inscriptions to entertain you. The first two are modern, transcribed from the Vatican library by Mr. Walpole.

Pontifices olim quem fundaverè priores,  
 Præcipuâ Sixtus perficit arte tholum\*;  
 Et Sixti tantum se gloria tollit in altum,  
 Quantum se Sixti nobile tollit opus :  
 Magnus honos magni fundamina ponere templi,  
 Sed finem captis ponere major honos.  
 Saxa agit Amphion, Thebana ut mœnia condât :  
 Sixtus & immensæ pondera molis agit†.  
 Saxa trahunt ambo longè diversa : sed arte  
 Hæc trahit Amphion ; Sixtus & arte trahit.  
 At tantum exsuperat Dirceum Amphiona Sixtus  
 Quantum hic exsuperat cætera saxa lapis.

Mine is ancient, and I think not less curious. It is exactly transcribed from a sepulchral marble at the villa Giustiniani. I put stops to it, when I understand it.

Dis Manibus  
 Claudiæ, Pistes  
 Primus Conjugi  
 Optumæ, Sanctæ,  
 Et Piae, Benemeritæ.  
 Non æquos, Parcae, statuistis stamina vitæ.  
 Tam bene compositos potuistis sede tenere.  
 Amissa est conjux. cur ego & ipse moror?

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\* Sixtus V. built the dome of St. Peter's.

† He raised the obelisk in the great area.

Si · bella · esse · mi · iste · mea · vivere · debuit ·  
 Tristia contigerunt qui amissâ conjuge vivo.  
 Nil est tam miserum, quam totam perdere vitam.  
 Nec vita enasci dura peregistis crudelia pensa, sorores,  
 Ruptaque deficiunt in primo munere fusi.  
 O nimis injustæ ter denos dare munus in annos,  
 Deceptus · grantus · fatum · sic · pressit · egestas ·  
 Dum vitam tulero, Primus Pistes lugea conjugium.

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## LETTER XXIV.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Naples, June 17, 1740.*

OUR journey hither was through the most beautiful part of the finest country in the world; and every spot of it, on some account or other, famous for these three thousand years past\*. The season has hitherto been just as warm as one would wish it; no unwholesome airs, or violent heats, yet heard of: The people call it a backward year, and are in pain about their corn, wine, and oil; but we, who are neither corn, wine, nor oil, find it very agreeable. Our road was through Velletri, Cisterna, Terracina, Capua, and Aversa, and so to Naples. The

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\* Mr. Gray wrote a minute description of every thing he saw in this tour from Rome to Naples; as also of the environs of Rome, Florence, &c. But as these papers are apparently only memorandums for his own use, I do not think it necessary to print them, although they abound with many uncommon remarks, and pertinent classical quotations. The reader will please to observe throughout this section, that it is not my intention to give Mr. Gray's Travels, but only extracts from the Letters which he writ during his travels.—*Mason.*

minute one leaves his Holiness's dominions, the face of things begins to change from wide uncultivated plains to olive groves and well-tilled fields of corn, intermixed with ranks of elms, every one of which has its vine twining about it, and hanging in festoons between the rows from one tree to another. The great old fig-trees, the oranges in full bloom, and myrtles in every hedge, make one of the delightfulest scenes you can conceive; besides that, the roads are wide, well-kept, and full of passengers, a sight I have not beheld this long time. My wonder still increased upon entering the city, which I think, for number of people, outdoes both Paris and London. The streets are one continued market, and thronged with populace so much that a coach can hardly pass. The common sort are a jolly lively kind of animals, more industrious than Italians usually are; they work till evening; then take their lute or guitar (for they all play) and walk about the city, or upon the sea-shore with it, to enjoy the fresco. One sees their little brown children jumping about stark-naked, and the bigger ones dancing with castanets, while others play on the cymbal to them. Your maps will show you the situation of Naples; it is on the most lovely bay in the world, and one of the calmest seas: It has many other beauties besides those of nature. We have spent two days in visiting the remarkable places in the country round it, such as the bay of Baiæ, and its remains of antiquity; the lake Avernus, and the Solfátara, Charon's grotto, &c. We have been in the Sybil's cave and many other strange holes underground (I only name them, because you may consult Sandy's travels); but the strangest hole I ever was in, has been to-day at a place called Portici, where his Sicilian Majesty has a country-seat. About a year ago, as they were digging, they discovered some parts of ancient buildings above thirty feet deep in the ground: Curiosity led them on, and they have been digging ever since; the passage they have made, with all its

turnings and windings, is now more than a mile long. As you walk, you see parts of an amphitheatre, many houses adorned with marble columns, and incrusted with the same; the front of a temple, several arched vaults of rooms painted in fresco. Some pieces of painting have been taken out from hence, finer than any thing of the kind before discovered, and with these the king has adorned his palace; also a number of statues, medals, and gems; and more are dug out every day. This is known to be a Roman town\*, that in the emperor Titus's time was overwhelmed by a furious eruption of Mount Vesuvius, which is hard by. The wood and beams remain so perfect that you may see the grain; but burnt to a coal, and dropping into dust upon the least touch. We were to-day at the foot of that mountain, which at present smokes only a little, where we saw the materials that fed the stream of fire, which about four years since ran down its side. We have but a few days longer to stay here; too little in conscience for such a place. \* \* \*

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\* It should seem by the omission of its name, that it was not then discovered to be Herculaneum.—*Mason*. This was not the case, see a letter from Walpole to West on this subject, (*Walpole's Works*, Vol. IV. p. 448.) dated Naples, June 14, 1740, where he calls the town by the name of Herculaneum.—*Ed.*

## LETTER XXV.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

*Florence, July 16, 1740.*

AT my return to this city, the day before yesterday, I had the pleasure of finding yours dated June the 9th. The period of our voyages, at least towards the South, is come, as you wish. We have been at Naples, spent nine or ten days there, and returned to Rome, where finding no likelihood of a Pope yet these three months, and quite wearied with the formal assemblies, and little society of that great city, Mr. Walpole determined to return hither to spend the summer, where he imagines he shall pass his time more agreeably than in the tedious expectation of what, when it happens, will only be a great show. For my own part, I give up the thoughts of all that with but little regret; but the city itself I do not part with so easily, which alone has amusements for whole years. However, I have passed through all that most people do, both ancient and modern; what that is you may see, better than I can tell you, in a thousand books. The Conclave we left in greater uncertainty than ever; the more than ordinary liberty they enjoy there, and the unusual coolness of the season, makes the confinement less disagreeable to them than common, and, consequently, maintains them in their irresolution. There have been very high words, one or two (it is said) have come even to blows; two more are dead within this last month, Cenci and Portia; the latter died distracted; and we left another (Altieri) at the extremity: Yet no body dreams of an election till the latter end of September. All this gives



great scandal to all good catholics, and every body talks very freely on the subject. The Pretender (whom you desire an account of) I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball given by Count Patrizii to the Prince and Princess Craon, (who were come to Rome at that time, that he might receive from the hands of the Emperor's minister there the order of the golden fleece) at which he and his two sons were present. They are good fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two, and both danced incessantly all night long. For him he is a thin ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays. The first he does not often, the latter continually. He lives private enough with his little court about him, consisting of Lord Dunbar, who manages every thing, and two or three of the Preston Scotch Lords, who would be very glad to make their peace at home.

We happened to be at Naples on Corpus Christi Day, the greatest feast in the year, so had an opportunity of seeing their Sicilian Majesties to advantage. The King walked in the grand procession, and the Queen (being big with child) sat in a balcony. He followed the Host to the church of St. Clara, where high mass was celebrated to a glorious concert of music. They are as ugly a little pair as one can see: She a pale girl, marked with the small-pox; and he a brown boy with a thin face, a huge nose, and as ungain as possible.

We are settled here with Mr. Mann in a charming apartment; the river Arno runs under our windows, which we can fish out of. The sky is so serene, and the air so temperate, that one

continues in the open air all night long in a slight nightgown without any danger; and the marble bridge is the resort of every body, where they hear music, eat iced fruits, and sup by moon-light; though as yet (the season being extremely backward every where) these amusements are not begun. You see we are now coming northward again, though in no great haste; the Venetian and Milanese territories, and either Germany or the South of France, (according to the turn the war may take) are all that remain for us, that we have not yet seen; as to Loretto, and that part of Italy, we have given over all thoughts of it.

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## LETTER XXVI.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

*Bond-street, June 5, 1740.*

I LIVED at the Temple till I was sick of it: I have just left it, and find myself as much a lawyer as I was when I was in it. It is certain, at least, I may study the law here as well as I could there. My being in chambers did not signify to me a pinch of snuff. They tell me my father was a lawyer, and, as you know, eminent in the profession; and such a circumstance must be of advantage to me. My uncle too makes some figure in Westminster hall; and there's another advantage: Then my grandfather's name would get me many friends. Is it not strange that a young fellow, that might enter the world with so many advantages, will not know his own interest? &c; &c.—What shall I say in answer to all this? For money, I neither doat upon it nor despise it; it is a necessary

stuff enough. For ambition, I do not want that neither; but it is not to sit upon a bench. In short, is it not a disagreeable thing to force one's inclination, especially when one's young? not to mention that one ought to have the strength of a Hercules to go through our common law; which, I am afraid, I have not. Well! but then say they, if one profession does not suit you, you may choose another more to your inclination. Now I protest I do not, yet know my own inclination, and I believe, if that was to be my direction, I should never fix at all: There is no going by a weathercock.—I could say much more upon this subject; but there is no talking tête-à-tête cross the Alps. Oh the folly of young men, that never know their own interest! they never grow wise till they are ruined! and then no body pities them, nor helps them.—Dear Gray! consider me in the condition of one that has lived these two years without any person that he can speak freely to. I know it is very seldom that people trouble themselves with the sentiments of those they converse with; so they can chat about trifles, they never care whether your heart aches or no. Are you one of these? I think not. But what right have I to ask you this question? Have we known one another enough, that I should expect or demand sincerity from you? Yes, Gray; I hope we have; and I have not quite such a mean opinion of myself, as to think I do not deserve it.—But, Signor, is it not time for me to ask something about your further intentions abroad? Where do you propose going next? an in Apuliam? nam illò si adveneris, tanquam Ulysses, cognoscès tuorum neminem. Vale. So Cicero prophesies in the end of one of his letters\*—and there I end.

Yours, &c.

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\* This letter written apparently in much agitation of mind, (which Mr. West endeavours to conceal by an unusual carelessness of manner) is chiefly inserted to

## LETTER XXVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Florence, July 16, 1740.*

YOU do yourself and me justice, in imagining that you merit, and that I am capable of sincerity. I have not a thought, or even a weakness, I desire to conceal from you; and consequently on my side deserve to be treated with the same openness of heart. My vanity perhaps might make me more reserved towards you, if you were one of the heroic race, superior to all human failings; but as mutual wants are the ties of general society, so are mutual weaknesses of private friendships, supposing them mixt with some proportion of good qualities; for where one may not sometimes blame, one does not much care ever to praise. All this has the air of an introduction designed to soften a very harsh reproof that is to follow; but it

introduce the answer to it; which appears to me to be replete with delicate feeling, manly sense, and epistolary ease. If the reader should think as highly of it as I do, let me remind him that the writer was not now quite four and twenty years old.—*Mason.*

In the *Gent. Mag.* for March 1783, is a letter from Mr. Williams who had been Secretary to Chancellor West in Ireland, to West's mother, whom he afterwards married, showing great solicitude about the prospects of young West, giving very sound advice with regard to his choice of a profession, attempting to overcome his dislike of the law, and from his own experience drawing a picture of the uncertainty, disappointment, and wretched dependence, that generally attend those bred to diplomatic pursuits. This was written the year preceding the Letter to Gray on the same subject. It appears from a Letter to Horace Walpole in June, 1741, that West thought of going into the army; as he applies to Walpole for his interest to procure a commission for him. See Walpole's Works, Vol. IV. p. 461.—*Ed.*

is no such matter: I only meant to ask, Why did you change your lodging? Was the air bad, or the situation melancholy? If so, you are quite in the right. Only, is it not putting yourself a little out of the way of a people, with whom it seems necessary to keep up some sort of intercourse and conversation, though but little for your pleasure or entertainment, (yet there are, I believe, such among them as might give you both) at least for your information in that study, which, when I left you, you thought of applying to? for that there is a certain study necessary to be followed, if we mean to be of any use in the world, I take for granted; disagreeable enough (as most necessities are) but, I am afraid, unavoidable. Into how many branches these studies are divided in England, every body knows; and between that which you and I had pitched upon, and the other two, it was impossible to balance long. Examples shew one that it is not absolutely necessary to be a blockhead to succeed in this profession. The labour is long, and the elements dry and unentertaining; nor was ever any body (especially those that afterwards made a figure in it) amused, or even not disgusted in the beginning; yet, upon a further acquaintance, there is surely matter for curiosity and reflection. It is strange if, among all that huge mass of words, there be not somewhat intermixed for thought.\* Laws have been the result of long deliberation, and that not of dull men, but the contrary; and have so close a connection with history, nay, with philosophy itself, that they must partake a little of what they are related to so nearly. Besides, tell me, have you ever made the attempt? Was not you frightened merely with the distant prospect? Had the Gothic character and bulkiness of those volumes (a tenth part of which perhaps it will be no further necessary to consult, than as one

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\* See a Letter by Sir William Jones, in the Life of Sir Eardley Wilmot, p. 117, on this subject.

does a dictionary) no ill effect upon your eye? Are you sure, if Coke had been printed by Elzevir, and bound in twenty neat pocket volumes, instead of one folio, you should never have taken him for an hour, as you would a Tully, or drank your tea over him? I know how great an obstacle ill spirits are to resolution. Do you really think, if you rid ten miles every morning, in a week's time you should not entertain much stronger hopes of the Chancellorship, and think it a much more probable thing than you do at present? The advantages you mention are not nothing; our inclinations are more than we imagine in our own power; reason and resolution determine them, and support under many difficulties. To me there hardly appears to be any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first, must put himself in a way of being serviceable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among them: Nay, he must not refuse being in a certain degree even dependent upon some men who are so already. If he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this: If not, his ambition ought to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for others' service. Such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost always in every one's power, and the proper enjoyment of age, as the other is the employment of youth. You are yet young, have some advantages and opportunities, and an undoubted capacity, which you have never yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours, see how the first year will agree with you, at the end of it you are still the master; if you change your mind, you will only have got the knowledge of a little somewhat that can do no hurt, or give you cause of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing else, it is a symptom that you are not absolutely determined

against this, and warns you not to mistake mere indolence for inability. I am sensible there is nothing stronger against what I would persuade you to, than my own practice; which may make you imagine I think not as I speak. Alas! it is not so; but I do not act what I think, and I had rather be the object of your pity, than you should be that of mine; and, be assured, the advantage that I may receive from it, does not diminish my concern in hearing you want somebody to converse with freely, whose advice might be of more weight, and always at hand. We have some time since come to the southern period of our voyages; we spent about nine days at Naples. It is the largest and most populous city, as its environs are the most deliciously fertile country, of all Italy. We sailed in the bay of Baiæ, sweated in the Solfatara, and died in the grotto del Cane, as all strangers do; saw the Corpus Christi procession, and the King and the Queen, and the city underground, (which is a wonder I reserve to tell you of another time) and so returned to Rome for another fortnight; left it (left Rome!) and came hither for the summer. You have seen \* an Epistle to Mr. Ashton that seems to me full of spirit and thought, and a good deal of poetic fire. I would know your opinion. Now I talk of of verses, Mr. Walpole and I have frequently wondered you should never mention a certain imitation of Spenser, published last year by a † namesake of yours, with which we are all enraptured and enmarvailed.

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\* The reader will find this in Dodsley's Miscellany, and also amongst Mr. Walpole's Fugitive Pieces.—*Mason*.

† Gilbert West, Esq. This poem "On the Abuse of Travelling" is also in Dodsley's Miscellany.—*Mason*.

## LETTER XXVIII.

MR. WALPOLE AND MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*Florence, July 31, 1740. N. S.*

DEAR WEST,

I HAVE advised with the most notable antiquarians of this city, on the meaning of *Thur gut Luetis*; I can get no satisfactory interpretation. In my own opinion 'tis Welsh. I don't love offering conjectures on a language in which I have hitherto made little proficiency, but I will trust you with my explication. You know the famous Aglaughlan, mother of Cadwallador, was renowned for her conjugal virtues, and grief on the death of her royal spouse. I conclude this medal was struck in her regency, by her express order, to the memory of her Lord, and that the inscription, *Thur gut Luetis*, means no more than her dear *Llewis*, or *Llewellin*.

In return for your coins I send you two or three of different kinds. The first is a money of one of the kings of Naples; the device a horse; the motto, '*Equitas regni*.' This curious pun is on a coin in the Great Duke's collection, and by great chance I have met with a second. Another is a satirical medal struck on Lewis XIV.; 'tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-luces, bursting; the motto, *Se ipsissimo*. The last, and almost the only one I ever saw with a text well applied, is a German medal, with a rebellious town besieged and blocked up; the inscription, *This kind is not expelled but by fasting*.



Now I mention medals, have they yet struck the intended one on the taking Porto Bello? Admiral Vernon will shine in our medallic history. We have just received the news of the bombarding Carthagena, and the taking Chagre. We are in great expectation of some important victory obtained by the squadron under Sir John Norris: we are told the Duke is to be of the expedition; is it true? All the letters too talk of France's suddenly declaring war; I hope they will defer it for a season, or one shall be obliged to come through Germany. The Conclave still subsists, and the divisions still increase; it was very near separating last week, but by breaking into two Popes; they were on the dawn of a schism. Aldovrandi had thirty-three voices for three days, but could not procure the requisite two more; the Camerlingo having engaged his faction to sign a protestation against him, and each party were inclined to elect.

I don't know whether one should wish for a schism or not; it might probably rekindle the zeal for the church in the powers of Europe, which has been so far decaying. On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the ladies P—— and W—— are to be joined by the lady M—— W—— M——. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance; we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics; all, except the second, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You shall have the journals of this notable academy. Adieu, my dear West.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

THOUGH far unworthy to enter into so learned and political a correspondence, I am employed pour barbouiller une page de sept pouces et demie en hauteur, et cinq en largeur; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city of Italy, and the capital of Tuscany; the latitude I cannot justly tell, but it is governed by a Prince called Great Duke; an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself; the device is thus, O, and the motto *Nihilissimo*, which I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious successes. If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again.

Labore fessi venimus ad larem nostrum  
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto:  
 Hoc est, quod unum est, pro laboribus tantis.  
 O quid solutis est beatius curis?\*

We shall never come home again; a universal war is just upon the point of breaking out; all outlets will be shut up. I shall be secure in my nothingness, while you that will be so absurd as to exist, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble science of defence. Don't you start still at the sound of a gun? Have you learned to say Ha! ha! and is your neck clothed with thunder? Are your whiskers of a tolerable length? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder? Adieu, noble Captain!

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\* See Catulli Carm. XXXI. v. 7. The order of the lines is somewhat transposed in the quotation in Gray's Letter.—*Ed.*

T. GRAY.

## LETTER XXIX.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Florence, Aug. 21, N. S. 1740.*

IT is some time since I have had the pleasure of writing to you, having been upon a little excursion cross the mountains to Bologna. We set out from hence at sunset, passed the Appennines by moon-light, travelling incessantly till we came to Bologna at four in the afternoon next day. There we spent a week agreeably enough, and returned as we came. The day before yesterday arrived the news of a Pope; and I have the mortification of being within four days journey of Rome, and not seeing his coronation, the heats being violent, and the infectious air now at its height. We had an instance, the other day, that it is not only fancy. Two country fellows, strong men, and used to the country about Rome, having occasion to come from thence hither, and travelling on foot, as common with them, one died suddenly on the road; the other got hither, but extremely weak, and in a manner stupid; he was carried to the hospital, but died in two days. So, between fear and laziness, we remain here, and must be satisfied with the accounts other people give us of the matter. The new Pope is called Benedict XIV. being created Cardinal by Benedict XIII. the last Pope but one. His name is Lambertini, a noble Bolognese, and Archbishop of that city. When I was first there, I remember to have seen him two or three times; he is a short, fat man, about sixty-five years of age, of a hearty, merry countenance, and likely to live some years. He bears a good character for generosity, affability,

and other virtues; and, they say, wants neither knowledge nor capacity. The worst side of him is, that he has a nephew or two; besides a certain young favourite, called Melara, who is said to have had, for some time, the arbitrary disposal of his purse and family. He is reported to have made a little speech to the Cardinals in the Conclave, while they were undetermined about an election, as follows: "Most eminent Lords, here are three Bolognese of different characters, but all equally proper for the Popedom. If it be your pleasures, to pitch upon a Saint, there is Cardinal Gotti; if upon a Politician, there is Aldrovandi; if upon a Booby, here am I." The Italian is much more expressive, and, indeed, not to be translated; wherefore, if you meet with any body that understands it, you may shew them what he said in the language he spoke it. "Emin<sup>ssimi</sup>. Sigr. Ci siamo tré, diversi sì, mà tutti idonei al Papato. Si vi piace un Santo, c' è l'Gotti; se volete una testa scaltra, e Politica, c' è l'Aldrovandé; se un Coglione, ecco mi!" Cardinal Coscia is restored to his liberty, and, it is said, will be to all his benefices. Corsini (the late Pope's nephew) as he has had no hand in this election, it is hoped, will be called to account for all his villanous practices. The Pretender, they say, has resigned all his pretensions to his eldest boy, and will accept of the Grand Chancellorship, which is thirty thousand crowns a year; the pension he has at present is only twenty thousand. I do not affirm the truth of this article; because, if he does, it is necessary he should take the ecclesiastical habit, and it will sound mighty odd to be called his Majesty the Chancellor.—So ends my Gazette.

## LETTER XXX.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. WEST.*Florence, Sept. 25, N. S. 1740.*

What I send you now, as long as it is, is but a piece of a poem. It has the advantage of all fragments, to need neither introduction nor conclusion: Besides, if you do not like it, it is but imagining that which went before, and came after, to be infinitely better. Look in Sandy's Travels for the history of Monte Barbaro, and Monte Nuovo. \*

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\* To save the reader trouble, I here insert the passage referred to:—"West of Cicero's villa stands the eminent Gaurus, a stony and desolate mountain, in which there are diverse obscure caverns, choaked almost with earth, where many have consumed much fruitless industry in searching for treasure. The famous Lucrine Lake extended formerly from Avernus to the aforesaid Gaurus: But is now no other than a little sedgy plash, choaked up by the horrible and astonishing eruption of the new mountain; whereof, as oft as I think, I am easy to credit whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows not, or who elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should arise, (partly out of a lake and partly out of the sea) in one day and a night, unto such a height as to contend in altitude with the high mountains adjoining? In the year of our Lord 1533, on the 29th of September, when for certain days foregoing the country hereabout was so vexed with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had retired two hundred paces from the shore, (leaving abundance of fish, and springs of fresh water rising in the bottom) this mountain visibly ascended, about the second hour of the night, with an hideous roaring, horribly vomiting stones and such store of cinders as overwhelmed all the building thereabout, and the salubrious baths of Tripergula, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines to ashes, killing birds

There was a certain little ode \* set out from Rome, in a letter of recommendation to you, but possibly fell into the enemies' hands, for I never heard of its arrival. It is a little impertinent to inquire after its welfare; but you, that are a father, will excuse a parent's foolish fondness. Last post I received a very diminutive letter: It made excuses for its unentertainingness, very little to the purpose; since it assured me, very strongly, of your esteem, which is to me the thing; all the rest appear but as the petits agrémens, the garnishing of the dish. P. Bougeant, in his langage des Bêtes, fancies that your birds, who continually repeat the same note, say only in plain terms, "Je vous aime, ma chere; ma chere, je vous aime;" and that those of greater genius indeed, with various trills, run divisions upon the subject; but that the *fond*, from whence it all proceeds, is "toujours je vous aime." Now you may, as you find yourself dull or in humour, either take me for a chaffinch or nightingale; sing your plain song, or show your skill in music, but in the bottom let there be, toujours de l'Amitié.

As to what you call my serious letter; be assured, that your future state is to me entirely indifferent. Do not be angry, but hear me; I mean with respect to myself. For whether

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and beasts: the fearful inhabitants of Puzzol flying through the dark with their wives and children; naked, defiled, crying out, and detesting their calamities. Manifold mischiefs have they suffered by the barbarous, yet none like this which Nature inflicted.—This new mountain, when newly raised, had a number of issues; at some of them smoking and sometimes flaming; at others disgorging rivulets of hot waters; keeping within a terrible rumbling; and many miserably perished that ventured to descend into the hollowness above. But that hollow on the top is at present an orchard, and the mountain throughout is bereft of its terrors."

*Sandy's Travels, book 4, page 275, 277, and 278.—Mason.*

\* The Alcaic Ode.

you be at the top of Fame, or entirely unknown to mankind; at the Council-table, or at Dick's coffee-house; sick and simple, or well and wise; whatever alteration mere accident works in you, (supposing it utterly impossible for it to make any change in your sincerity and honesty, since these are conditions sine quâ non) I do not see any likelihood of my not being yours ever.

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## LETTER XXXI.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

*Florence, Oct. 9, 1740.*

THE beginning of next spring is the time determined for our return at furthest; possibly it may be before that time. How the interim will be employed, or what route we shall take is not so certain. If we remain friends with France, upon leaving this country we shall cross over to Venice, and so return through the cities north of the Po to Genoa; from thence take a felucca to Marseilles, and come back through Paris. If the contrary fall out, which seems not unlikely, we must take the Milanese, and those parts of Italy, in our way to Venice; from thence pass through the Tirol into Germany, and come home by the Low-Countries. As for Florence, it has been gayer than ordinary for this last month, being one round of balls and entertainments, occasioned by the arrival of a great Milanese Lady; for the only thing the Italians shine in, is their reception of strangers. At such times every thing is mag-

nificence: The more remarkable, as in their ordinary course of life they are parsimonious, even to a degree of nastiness. I saw in one of the vastest palaces in Rome (that of Prince Pamfilio) the apartment which he himself inhabited, a bed that most servants in England would disdain to lie in, and furniture much like that of a s<sup>oph</sup> at Cambridge, for convenience and neatness. This man is worth £30,000 sterling a year. As for eating, there are not two Cardinals in Rome that allow more than six paoli, which is three shillings a day for the expence of their table: and you may imagine they are still less extravagant here than there. But when they receive a visit from any friend, their houses and persons are set out to the greatest advantage, and appear in all their splendour; it is, indeed, from a motive of vanity, and with the hopes of having it repaid them with interest, whenever they have occasion to return the visit. I call visits going from one city of Italy to another; for it is not so among acquaintance of the same place on common occasions. The new Pope has retrenched the charges of his own table to a sequin (ten shillings) a meal. The applause which all he says and does meets with, is enough to encourage him really to deserve fame. They say he is an able and honest man; he is reckoned a wit too. The other day, when the Senator of Rome came to wait upon him, at the first compliments he made him, the Pope pulled off his cap: His Master of the Ceremonies, who stood by his side, touched him softly, as to warn him that such a condescension was too great in him, and out of all manner of rule: Upon which he turned to him and said, " Oh! I cry you mercy, good Master, it is true, I am but a " Novice of a Pope; I have not yet so much as learned ill " manners." \* \* \*



## LETTER XXXII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

*Florence, \* Jan. 12, 1741.*

WE still continue constant at Florence, at present one of the dullest cities in Italy. Though it is the middle of the Carnival there are no public diversions; nor is masquerading permitted as yet. The Emperor's obsequies are to be celebrated publicly the 16th of this month; and after that, it is imagined every thing will go on in its usual course. In the mean time, to employ the minds of the populace, the Government has thought fit to bring into the city in a solemn manner, and at a great expence, a famous statue of the Virgin called the *Madonna dell'Impruneta*, from the place of her residence, which is upon a mountain seven miles off. It never has been practised but at times of public calamity; and was done at present to avert the ill effects of a late great inundation, which it was feared might cause some epidemical distemper. It was introduced a fortnight ago in procession, attended by the Council of Regency, the Senate, the Nobility, and all the Religious Orders, on foot and bare-headed, and so carried to the great church, where it was frequented by an infinite concourse of people from all the country round. Among the rest I paid my

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\* Between the date of this and the foregoing letter, the reader will perceive an interval of full three months: as Mr. Gray saw no new places during this period, his letters were chiefly of news and common occurrences, and are therefore omitted.—*Mason.*

devotions almost every day, and saw numbers of people possessed with the devil, who were brought to be exorcised. It was indeed in the evening, and the church-doors were always shut before the ceremonies were finished, so that I could not be eye-witness of the event; but that they were all cured is certain, for one never heard any more of them the next morning. I am to-night just returned from seeing our Lady make her exit with the same solemnities she entered. The show had a finer effect than before; for it was dark; and every body (even those of the mob that could afford it) bore a white wax flambeau. I believe there were at least five thousand of them, and the march was near three hours in passing before the window. The subject of all this devotion is supposed to be a large Tile with a rude figure in bas-relief upon it. I say supposed, because since the time it was found (for it was found in the earth in ploughing) only two people have seen it; the one was, by good luck, a saint; the other was struck blind for his presumption. Ever since she has been covered with seven veils; nevertheless, those who approach her tabernacle cast their eyes down, for fear they should spy her through all her veils. Such is the history, as I had it from the Lady of the house where I stood to see her pass; with many other circumstances; all which she firmly believes, and ten thousand besides.

We shall go to Venice in about six weeks, or sooner. A number of German troops are upon their march into this State, in case the King of Naples thinks proper to attack it. It is certain he has asked the Pope's leave for his troops to pass through his country. The Tuscans in general are much discontented, and foolish enough to wish for a Spanish government, or any rather than this. \*\*\*\*

## LETTER XXXIII.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. WEST.*Flerence, April 21, 1741.*

I KNOW not what degree of satisfaction it will give you to be told that we shall set out from hence the 24th of this month, and not stop above a fortnight at any place in our way. This I feel, that you are the principal pleasure I have to hope for in my own country. Try at least to make me imagine myself not indifferent to you; for I must own I have the vanity of desiring to be esteemed by somebody, and would choose that somebody should be one whom I esteem as much as I do you. As I am recommending myself to your love, methinks I ought to send you my picture (for I am no more what I was, some circumstances excepted, which I hope I need not particularize to you); you must add then, to your former idea, two years of age, a reasonable quantity of dullness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles, than is, thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swum before my eyes for some time, a want of love for general society, indeed an inability to it. On the good side you may add a sensibility for what others feel, and indulgence for their faults and weaknesses, a love of truth, and detestation of every thing else. Then you are to deduct a little impertinence, a little laughter, a great deal of pride, and some spirits. These are all the alterations I know of, you perhaps may find more. Think not that I have been obliged for this reformation of manners to reason or reflection, but to a severer school-

mistress, Experience. One has little merit in learning her lessons,<sup>3</sup> for one cannot well help it; but they are more useful than others, and imprint themselves in the very heart. I find I have been haranguing in the style of the Son of Sirach, so shall finish here, and tell you that our route is settled as follows: First to Bologna for a few days, to hear the Viscontina sing; next to Reggio, where is a Fair. Now, you must know, a Fair here is not a place where one eats gingerbread or rides upon hobby-horses; here are no musical clocks, nor tall Leicestershire women; one has nothing but masquing, gaming, and singing. If you love operas, there will be the most splendid in Italy, four tip-top voices, a new theatre, the Duke and Dutchess in all their pomps and vanities. Does not this sound magnificent? Yet is the city of Reggio but one step above Old Brentford. Well; next to Venice by the 11th of May, there to see the old Doge wed the Adriatic Whore. Then to Verona, so to Milan, so to Marseilles, so to Lyons, so to Paris, so to West, &c. in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Eleven months, at different times, have I passed at Florence; and yet (God help me) know not either people or language. Yet the place and the charming prospects demand a poetical farewell, and here it is.

\* \* \* \* \*

I will send you, too, a pretty little Sonnet of a Sigr. Abbate Buondelmonte, with my imitation of it.

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Here comes a letter from you.—I must defer giving my opinion of \*Pausanias till I can see the whole, and only have

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\* Some part of a Tragedy under that title, which Mr. West had begun; but I do not find amongst Mr. Gray's papers either the sketch itself, or Mr. Gray's free critique upon it, which he here mentions.—*Mason*.

said what I did in obedience to your commands. I have spoken with such freedom on this head, that it seems but just you should have your revenge; and therefore I send you the beginning not of an Epic Poem, but of \*a Metaphysic one. Poems and Metaphysics (say you, with your spectacles on) are inconsistent things. A metaphysical poem is a contradiction in terms. It is true, but I will go on. It is Latin too to increase the absurdity. It will, I suppose, put you in mind of the man who wrote a treatise of Canon Law in Hexameters. Pray help me to the description of a mixt mode, and a little Episode about Space.

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Mr. Walpole and Mr. Gray set out from Florence at the time specified in the foregoing Letter. When Mr. Gray left Venice, which he did the middle of July following, he returned home through Padua, Verona, Milan, Turin, and Lyons. From all which places he writ either to his Father or Mother with great punctuality: but merely to inform them of his health and safety; about which (as might be expected) they were now very anxious, as he travelled with only a 'Laquais de Voyage.' These letters do not even mention that he went out of his way to make a second visit to the Grande Chartreuse, † and

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\* The beginning of the first book of a didactic Poem, "De Principiis Cogitandi." The fragment which he now sent contained the first 53 lines.—*Mason*.

† He was at Turin the 15th of August, and began to cross the Alps the next day. On the 25th he reached Lyons; therefore it must have been between these two dates that he made this visit.—*Mason*.

there wrote in the Album of the Fathers the following Alcaic \* Ode, with which I conclude this Section.—*Mason.*

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\* We saw in the 8th and 11th letters how much Mr. Gray was struck with the awful scenery which surrounds the Chartreuse, at a time his mind must have been in a far more tranquil state than when he wrote this excellent Ode. It is marked, I think, with all the finest touches of his melancholy Muse, and flows with such an originality of expression, that one can hardly lament he did not honour his own language by making it the vehicle of this noble imagery and pathetic sentiment.—*Mason.*

\*\* It may perhaps be necessary to observe that all the Poems mentioned as inclosed in these Letters may be found in the First Volume of this Work, in the order in which they occurred here.—*Ed.*

END OF THE SECOND SECTION

## SECTION THE THIRD.

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### LETTER I.\*

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

I WRITE to make you write, for I have not much to tell you. I have recovered no spirits as yet; but, as I am not displeas'd with my company, I sit purring by the fire-side, in my arm-chair, with no small satisfaction. I read too sometimes and have begun Tacitus, but have not yet read enough to judge of him; only his Pannonian sedition in the first book of his annals, which is just as far as I have got, seem'd to me a little tedious. I have no more to say, but to desire you will write letters of a handsome length, and always answer me within a reasonable space of time, which I leave to your discretion.

*Popes, March 28, 1742.*

P. S. The new Dunciad! qu'en pensez vous?

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\* This letter is inserted as introductory only to the answer which follows.—*Mason.*

## LETTER II.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

I TRUST to the country, and that easy indolence you say you enjoy there, to restore you your health and spirits; and doubt not but, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt you from your fire-side, you will (like all other things) be the better for his influence. He is my old friend, and an excellent nurse, I assure you. Had it not been for him, life had often been to me intolerable. Pray do not imagine that Tacitus, of all authors in the world, can be tedious. An annalist, you know, is by no means master of his subject; and I think one may venture to say, that if those Pannonian affairs are tedious in his hands, in another's they would have been insupportable. However, fear not, they will soon be over, and he will make ample amends. A man, who could join the *brilliant* of wit and concise sententiousness peculiar to that age, with the truth and gravity of better times, and the deep reflection and good sense of the best moderns, cannot choose but have something to strike you. Yet what I admire in him above all this, is his detestation of tyranny, and the high spirit of liberty that every now and then breaks out, as it were, whether he would or no. I remember a sentence in his *Agri-cola* that (concise as it is) I always admired for saying much in a little compass. He speaks of Domitian, who upon seeing the last will of that General, where he had made him Coheir with his Wife and Daughter, "Satis constabat lætatum eum, velut  
 " honore, judicioque: tam cæca & corrupta mens assiduis adu-



“lationibus erat, ut nesciret a bono patre non scribi hæredem,  
“ nisi malum principem.”

As to the *Dunciad*, it is greatly admired: The *Genii* of Operas and Schools, with their attendants, the pleas of the *Virtuosos* and *Florists*, and the yawn of dullness in the end, are as fine as any thing he has written. The *Metaphysicians'* part is to me the worst; and here and there a few ill-expressed lines, and some hardly intelligible.

I take the liberty of sending you a long speech of *Agrippina*; much too long, but I could be glad you would retrench it. *Aceronia*, you may remember, had been giving quiet counsels. I fancy, if it ever be finished, it will be in the nature of *Nat. Lee's Bedlam Tragedy*, which had twenty-five acts, and some odd scenes.

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The speech herewith sent to Mr. West was the concluding one of the first scene of *Agrippina*, which I believe was begun the preceding winter.—*Mason*.

## LETTER III.

M<sup>R</sup>. WEST TO M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY.*Popes, April 4, 1742.*

I own in general I think Agrippina's speech too long\*; but how to retrench it, I know not: But I have something else to say, and that is in relation to the style, which appears to me too antiquated. Racine was of another opinion; he no where gives you the phrases of Ronsard: His language is the language of the times, and that of the purest sort; so that his French is reckoned a standard. I will not decide what style is fit for our English stage; but I should rather choose one that bordered upon Cato, than upon Shakespear. One may imitate (if one can) Shakespear's manner, his surprising strokes of true nature, his expressive force in painting characters, and all his other beauties; preserving at the same time our own language. Were Shakespear alive now, he would write a different style from what he did. These are my sentiments upon these matters: Perhaps I am wrong, for I am neither a Tarpa, nor am I quite an Aristarchus. You see I write freely both of you and Shakespear; but it is as good as writing not freely, where you know it is acceptable.

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\* The Editor has obviated this objection, not by retrenching, but by putting part of it into the mouth of Aceronia, and by breaking it in a few other places. Originally it was one continued speech from the line "Thus ever grave and undisturbed Reflection" to the end of the scene; which was undoubtedly too long for the lungs of any Actress.—*Mason*.

I have been tormented within this week with a most violent cough; for when once it sets up its note, it will go on, cough after cough, shaking and tearing me for half an hour together; and then it leaves me in a great sweat, as much fatigued as if I had been labouring at the plough. All this description of my cough in prose, is only to introduce another description of it in verse, perhaps not worth your perusal; but it is very short, and besides has this remarkable in it, that it was the production of four o'clock in the morning, while I lay in my bed tossing and coughing, and all unable to sleep.

Ante omnes morbos importunissima tussis,  
 Quâ durare datur, traxitque sub illa vires.  
 Dura etenim versans imo sub pectore regna,  
 Perpetuo excrecet teneras luctamine costas,  
 Oraque distortet, vocemque immutat anhelam:  
 Nec cessare locus: sed sævo concita motu  
 Molle domat latus, & corpus labor omne fatigat:  
 Unde molesta dies, noctemque insomnia turbant.  
 Nec tua, si mecum Comes hic jucundus adesses,  
 Verba juvare queant, aut hunc lenire dolorem  
 Sufficiant tua vox dulcis, nec vultus amatus.

Do not mistake me, I do not condemn Tacitus: I was then inclined to find him tedious: The German sedition sufficiently made up for it; and the speech of Germanicus, by which he reclaims his soldiers, is quite masterly. Your New Dunciad I have no conception of. I shall be too late for our dinner if I write any more.

Yours.

## LETTER IV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*London, April, Thursday.*

YOU are the first who ever made a Muse of a Cough; to me it seems a much more easy task to versify in one's sleep, (that indeed you were of old famous for\*) than for want of it. Not the wakeful nightingale (when she had a cough) ever sung so sweetly. I give you thanks for your warble, and wish you could sing yourself to rest. These wicked remains of your illness will sure give way to warm weather and gentle exercise; which I hope you will not omit as the season advances. Whatever low spirits and indolence, the effect of them, may advise to the contrary, I pray you add five steps to your walk daily for my sake; by the help of which, in a month's time, I propose to set you on horseback.

I talked of the Dunciad as concluding you had seen it; if you have not, do you choose I should get and send it you? I have myself, upon your recommendation, been reading Joseph Andrews. The incidents are ill laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases even in her lowest shapes. Parson Adams is perfectly well; so is Mrs. Slipslop, and the story of Wilson; and throughout he shews himself well read in Stage-Coaches, Country

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\* I suppose at Eton School.—*Mason.*

Squires, Inns, and Inns of Court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and misses and masters, are very good. However the exaltedness of some minds (or rather as I shrewdly suspect their insipidity and want of feeling or observation) may make them insensible to these light things, (I mean such as characterize and paint nature) yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind\*, the passions, and what not. Now as the paradisaical pleasures† of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

You are very good in giving yourself the trouble to read and find fault with my long harangues. Your freedom (as you call it) has so little need of apologies, that I should scarce excuse your treating me any otherwise; which, whatever compliment it might be to my vanity, would be making a very ill one to my understanding. As to matter of stile, I have this to say: The language of the age‡ is never the language

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\* He seems here to glance at Hutcheson, the disciple of Shaftsbury: of whom he had not a much better opinion, than of his master.—*Mason*.

† Whimsically put.—But what shall we say of the present taste of the French; when a writer whom Mr. Gray so justly esteemed as M. Marivaux is now held in such contempt, that *Marivauder* is a fashionable phrase amongst them, and signifies neither more nor less, than our own fashionable phrase of *prosing*? As to Crebillon, 'twas his "Egaremens du Cœur & de l'Esprit" that our author chiefly esteemed; he had not, I believe, at this time published his more licentious pieces.—*Mason*. See West's Letter to Walpole on Crebillon.—Walpole's Works, Vol. IV. p. 246. "*Crebillon* is entirely out of fashion, and *Marivaux* a Proverb. *Marivauder*, and *Marivaudage* are established terms for being prolix and tiresome." Walpole's Letters, Vol. V. p. 358. When Mr. Walpole was at Paris, he associated much with the younger Crebillon, the Author of these Pieces, and Buffon.—*Ed*.

‡ Nothing can be more just than this observation; and nothing more likely

of poetry; except among the French, whose verse, where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself; to which almost every one, that has written, has added something by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatwes: Nay sometimes words of their own composition or invention. Shakespear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great master of our poetical tongue.—Full of *museful mope-ings*—unlike the *trim* of love—a pleasant *beverage*—a *roundelay* of love—stood silent in his *mood*—with knots and *knaves* deformed—his *ireful mood*—in proud *array*—his *boon* was granted—and *disarray* and shameful rout—*wayward* but wise—*furbished* for the field—the *foiled dodderd* oaks—*disheried*—*smouldring* flames—*retchless* of laws—*crones* old and ugly—the *beldam* at his side—the *grandam-hag*—*villanize* his father's fame.—But they are infinite: And our language not being a settled thing (like the French) has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth, Shakespear's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great excellences you mention. Every word in him is a picture. Pray put me the following lines into the tongue of our modern Dramatics:

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,  
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass:

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to preserve our poetry from falling into insipidity, than pursuing the rules here laid down for supporting the diction of it; particularly with respect to the Drama.—*Mason*.

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph:  
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up—

And what follows. To me they appear untranslatable; and if this be the case, our language is greatly degenerated. However, the affectation of imitating Shakespear may doubtless be carried too far; and is no sort of excuse for sentiments ill-suited, or speeches ill-timed, which I believe is a little the case with me. I guess the most faulty expressions may be these—*silken son of dalliance*—*drowsier pretensions*—*wrinkled beldams*—*arched the hearer's brow* and *riveted his eyes in fearful extasie*. These are easily altered or omitted: and indeed if the thoughts be wrong or superfluous, there is nothing easier than to leave out the whole. The first ten or twelve lines are, I believe, the best\*; and as for the rest, I was betrayed into a good deal of it by Tacitus; only what he has said in five words, I imagine I have said in fifty lines. Such is the misfortune of imitating the inimitable. Now, if you are of my opinion, una litura may do the business better than a dozen; and you need not fear unravelling my web. I am a sort of spider; and have little else to do but spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there. Alas! for one who has nothing to do but amuse himself, I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks. But no matter; it makes the hours pass; and is better than ἐν ἀμαθίᾳ καὶ ἀμωσίᾳ καταβιῶναι.

Adieu.

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\* The lines which he means here are from—*thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection—to Rubellius lives*. For the part of the scene, which he sent in his former letter, began there.—*Mason*.

## LETTER V.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

TO begin with the conclusion of your letter, which is Greek, I desire that you will quarrel no more with your manner of passing your time. In my opinion it is irreproachable, especially as it produces such excellent fruit; and if I, like a saucy bird, must be pecking at it, you ought to consider that it is because I like it. No una litura I beg you, no unravelling of your web, dear Sir! only pursue it a little further, and then one shall be able to judge of it a little better. You know the crisis of a play is in the first act; its damnation or salvation wholly rests there. But till that first act is over, every body suspends his vote; so how do you think I can form, as yet, any just idea of the speeches in regard to their length or shortness? The connection and symmetry of such little parts with one another must naturally escape me, as not having the plan of the whole in my head; neither can I decide about the thoughts whether they are wrong or superfluous; they may have some future tendency which I perceive not. The style only was free to me, and there I find we are pretty much of the same sentiment: for you say the affectation of imitating Shakespear may doubtless be carried to far; I say as much and no more. For old words we know are old gold, provided they are well chosen. Whatever Ennius was, I do not consider Shakespear as a dunghill in the least: On the contrary, he is a mine of ancient ore, where all our great modern poets have found their advantage. I do not know how it is; but his old



expressions\* have more energy in them than ours, and are even more adapted to poetry; certainly, where they are judiciously and sparingly inserted, they add a certain grace to the composition; in the same manner as Poussin gave a beauty to his pictures by his knowledge in the antient proportions: But should he, or any other painter, carry the imitation too far, and neglect that best of models Nature, I am afraid it would prove a very flat performance. To finish this long criticism: I have this further notion about old words revived, (is not this a pretty way of finishing?) I think them of excellent use in tales; they add a certain drollery to the comic, and a romantic gravity to the serious, which are both charming in their kind; and this way of charming Dryden understood very well. One need only read Milton to acknowledge the dignity they give the Epic. But now comes my opinion that they ought to be used in Tragedy more sparingly, than in most kinds of poetry. Tragedy is designed for public representation, and what is designed for that should be certainly most intelligible. I believe half the audience that come to Shakespear's play do not understand the half of what they hear.—But finissons enfin.—Yet one word more.—You think the ten or twelve first lines the best, now I am for the fourteen last†; add, that they contain not one word of antientry.

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\* Shakespear's energy does not arise so much from these old expressions, (most of which were not old in his time) but from his artificial management of them. This artifice in the great Poet is developed with much exactness by Dr. Hurd in his excellent note on this passage in Horace's Ep. ad Pisones.

“Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum.”

See *Hurd's Horace*, Vol. 1st, *Edit. 4th*, p. 49.—*Mason*.

† He means the conclusion of the first scene.—But here and throughout his criticism on old words, he is not so consistent as his correspondent; for he here

I rejoice you found amusement in Joseph Andrews. But then I think your conceptions of Paradise a little upon the Bergerac. Les Lettres du Seraphim R. à Madame la Cherubinesse de Q. What a piece\* of extravagance would there be!

And now you must know that my body continues weak and enervate. And for my animal spirits they are in perpetual fluctuation: Some whole days I have no relish, no attention for any thing; at other times I revive, and am capable of writing a long letter, as you see; and though I do not write speeches, yet I translate them. When you understand what speech, you will own that it is a bold and perhaps a dull attempt. In three words, it is prose, it is from Tacitus, it is of Germanicus. Peruse, perpend, pronounce\*.

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## LETTER VI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*London, April, 1742.*

I should not have failed to answer your Letter immediately, but I went out of town for a little while, which hindered me. Its length (besides the pleasure naturally accompanying a long letter from you) affords me a new one, when I think it

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insists that *all* antientry should be struck out, and in a former passage he admits it may be used sparingly.—*Mason.*

\* This speech I omit to print, as I have generally avoided to publish mere translations either of Mr. Gray or his friend.—*Mason.*

is a symptom of the recovery of your health, and flatter myself that your bodily strength returns in proportion. Pray do not forget to mention the progress you make continually. As to Agrippina, I begin to be of your opinion; and find myself (as women are of their children) less enamoured of my productions the older they grow. \* She is laid up to sleep till next summer; so bid her good night. I think you have translated Tacitus very justly, that is, freely; and accommodated his thoughts to the turn and genius of our language; which, though I commend your judgment, is no commendation of the English tongue, which is too diffuse, and daily grows more and more enervate. One shall never be more sensible of this, than in turning an Author like Tacitus. I have been trying it in some parts of Thucydides (who has a little resemblance of him in his conciseness) and endeavoured to do it closely, but found it produced mere nonsense. If you have any inclination to see what figure Tacitus makes in Italian, I have a Tuscan translation of Davanzati, much esteemed in Italy; and will send you the same speech you sent me; that is, if you care for it. In the mean time accept of † Propertius. \* \* \*

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\* He never after awakened her; and I believe this was occasioned by the strictures which his friend had made on his dramatic style; which (though he did not think them well founded, as they certainly were not) had an effect which Mr. West, we may believe, did not intend them to have. I remember some years after I was also the innocent cause of his delaying to finish his fine ode on the Progress of Poetry. I told him, on reading the part he shewed me, that "though I admired it greatly, and thought that it breathed the very spirit of Pindar, yet I suspected it would by no means hit the public taste." Finding afterwards that he did not proceed in finishing it, I often expostulated with him on the subject; but he always replied, "No, you have thrown cold water upon it." I mention this little anecdote, to shew how much the opinion of a friend, even when it did not convince his judgment, affected his inclination.—*Mason.*

† A translation of the first elegy of the second book in English rhyme; omitted for the reason given in the last note but one.—*Mason.* It is published in the Edition of Mr. Matthias. Vol. II. p. 87.—*Ed.*

## LETTER VII.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

*Popes, May 5, 1742.*

WITHOUT any preface, I come to your verses, which I read over and over with excessive pleasure, and which are at least as good as Propertius. I am only sorry you follow the blunders of Broukhusius, all whose insertions are nonsense. I have some objections to your antiquated words, and am also an enemy to Alexandrines; at least I do not like them in Elegy. But after all, I admire your translation so extremely, that I cannot help repeating I long to shew you some little errors you are fallen into by following Broukhusius\*. \* \* Were I with you now, and Propertius with your verses lay upon the table between us, I could discuss this point in a moment; but there is nothing so tiresome as spinning out a criticism in a letter; doubts arise, and explanations follow, till there swells out at least a volume of undigested observations: and all because you are not with him whom you want to convince. Read only the Letters between Pope and Cromwell in proof of this; they dispute without end. Are you aware now that I have an interest all this while in banishing Criticism from our correspondence? Indeed I have; for I am going to write down a little Ode (if it deserves the

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\* I have omitted here a paragraph or two, in which different lines of the Elegy were quoted, because I had previously omitted the translation of it.—*Mason.*

name) for your perusal, which I am afraid will hardly stand that test. Nevertheless I leave you at your full liberty; so here it follows.

### ODE.

Dear Gray, that always in my heart  
 Possessest far the better part,  
 What mean these sudden blasts that rise  
 And drive the Zephyrs from the skies?  
 O join with mine thy tuneful lay,  
 And invoke the tardy May.

Come, fairest Nymph, resume thy reign!  
 Bring all the Graces in thy train!  
 With balmy breath and flowery tread,  
 Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed;  
 Where, in elysian slumber bound,  
 Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,  
 Recal the Zephyrs from the west;  
 Restore the sun, revive the skies,  
 At mine, and Nature's call, arise!  
 Great Nature's self upbraids thy stay,  
 And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid;  
 The labours of Pomona fade:  
 A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree;  
 Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;  
 The birds forget to love and sing;  
 With storms alone, the forests ring.

Come then, with Pleasure at thy side,  
 Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;  
 Create, where'er thou turn'st thy eye,  
 Peace, Plenty, Love, and Harmony;  
 Till ev'ry being share its part,  
 And Heav'n and Earth be glad at heart.

## LETTER VIII.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. WEST.*London, May 8, 1742.*

I REJOICE to see you putting up your prayers to the May: She cannot choose but come at such a call. It is as light and genteel as herself. You bid me find fault; I am afraid I cannot; however I will try. The first stanza (if what you say to me in it did not make me think it the best) I should call the worst of the five (except the fourth line). The two next are very picturesque, Miltonic, and musical; her bed is so soft and so snug that I long to lie with her. But those two lines, "Great Nature" are my favourites. The exclamation of the flowers is a little step too far. The last stanza is full as good as the second and third; the last line bold, but I think not too bold. Now, as to myself and my translation, pray do not call names. I never saw Broukhusius in my life. It is Scaliger who attempted to range Propertius in order; who was, and still is, in sad condition\*. \* \* \* You see, by what I sent you, that I converse as usual, with none but the dead: They are my old friends, and almost make me long to be with them. You will not wonder therefore, that I, who live only in times past, am able to tell you no news of the present. I have finished the Peloponnesian war much to my honour, and a tight conflict it was, I promise you. I have drank and sung with

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\* Here some criticism on the Elegy is omitted for a former reason.—*Mason.*

Anacreon for the last fortnight, and am now feeding sheep with Theocritus. Besides, to quit my figure, (because it is foolish) I have run over Pliny's Epistles and Martial *ἐκ παρήργης*; not to mention Petrarch, who, by the way, is sometimes very tender and natural. I must needs tell you three lines in Anacreon, where the expression seems to me inimitable. He is describing hair as he would have it painted.

Ἐλικας δ' ἐλευθέρως μοι  
Πλοκάμων ἄτακτα συνθείς  
Ἄφες ὡς θέλωσι κείθαι.

Guess, too, where this is about a dimple.

Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo.  
Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.

## LETTER IX.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.

*Popes, May 11, 1742.*

YOUR fragment is in Aulus Gellius; and both it and your Greek delicious. But why are you thus melancholy? I am so sorry for it, that you see I cannot forbear writing again the very first opportunity; though I have little to say, except to expostulate with you about it. I find you converse much with the dead, and I do not blame you for that; I converse with them too, though not indeed with the Greek. But I must condemn you for your longing to be with them. What, are

there no joys among the living? I could almost cry out with Catullus, "Alphene immemor, atque unanimis false sodalibus!" But to turn an accusation thus upon another, is ungenerous; so I will take my leave of you for the present with a "Vale, et vive paulisper cum vivis."

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## LETTER X.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

*London, May 27, 1742.*

MINE, you are to know, is a white Melancholy, or rather Leucocholy for the most part; which though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls Joy or Pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and ça ne laisse que de s'amuser. The only fault of its insipidity; which is apt now and then to give a sort of Ennui, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, Credo quia impossibile est; for it believes, nay, is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is pleasurable; from this the Lord deliver us! for none but he and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society; so, if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of Hens, "Poulets à la broche, Poulèts en



“Ragout, Poulets en Hâchis, Poulets en Fricasées.” Reading here, Reading there; nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my desert then; for though that be Reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May seems to be come since your invitation; and I propose to bask in her beams and dress me in her roses.

Et Caput in vernâ semper habere rosâ.\*

I shall see Mr. \* \* and his Wife, nay, and his Child too, for he has got a Boy. Is it not odd to consider one's Contemporaries in the grave light of Husband and Father? There is my Lords\* \* and \* \* \*, they are Statesmen: Do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket? As for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then: No, not for having been beyond sea. Pray how are you?

I send you an inscription for a wood joining to a park of mine; (it is on the confines of Mount Cithæron, on the left hand as you go to Thebes) you know I am no friend to hunters, and hate to be disturbed by their noise.†

\* \* \* \* \*

Here follows also the beginning of an Heroic Epistle; but you must give me leave to tell my own story first, because Historians differ. Massinissa was the son of Gala King of the Mas-

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\* Propert. iii. 3. 44.

† In the 12th Letter of the first Section, Mr. Gray says of his friend's translation of an Epigram of Posidippus, “Græcam illam ἀφελείων mirificè sapit.” The learned reader, I imagine, will readily give this tetrastic the same character.—*Mason.*

‡ Here followed the Greek Epigram, printed at the conclusion of the first volume.

syli; and, when very young at the head of his father's army, gave a most signal overthrow to Syphax, King of the Masæ-sylians, then an ally of the Romans. Soon after Asdrubal, son of Gisgo the Carthaginian General, gave the beautiful Sophonisba, his daughter, in marriage to the young prince. But this marriage was not consummated on account of Massinissa's being obliged to hasten into Spain, there to command his father's troops, who were auxiliaries of the Carthaginians. Their affairs at this time began to be in a bad condition; and they thought it might be greatly for their interest, if they could bring over Syphax to themselves. This in time they actually effected; and to strengthen their new alliance, commanded Asdrubal to give his daughter to Syphax. (It is probable their ingratitude to Massinissa arose from the great change of affairs, which had happened among the Massylians during his absence; for his father and uncle were dead, and a distant relation of the royal family had usurped the throne.) Sophonisba was accordingly married to Syphax; and Massinissa, enraged at the affront, became a friend to the Romans. They drove the Carthaginians before them out of Spain, and carried the war into Africa, defeated Syphax, and took him prisoner; upon which Cirtha (his capital) opened her gates to Lælius and Massinissa. The rest of the affair, the marriage, and the sending of poison, every body knows. This is partly taken from Livy, and partly from Appian.

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THE END OF THE THIRD SECTION.

## SECTION THE FOURTH.

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### LETTER I.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

IT is a long time since I ought to have returned you my thanks for the pleasure of your letter, I should say, the prodigy of your letter, for such a thing has not happened above twice within the last age to mortal man, and no one here can conceive what it may portend. Mr. Trollope, I suppose, has told you how I was employed a part of the time; how, by my own indefatigable application for these ten years past, and by the care and vigilance of that worthy Magistrate the Man-in-Blew,\* (who, I'll assure you, has not spared his labour, nor could have done more for his own son.) I am got half way to the Top† of Jurisprudence, and bid as fair as

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\* Servant of the Vice-Chancellor's for the time being, usually known by the name of Blue-coat, whose business it is to attend Acts for Degrees.—*Mason*. It may perhaps hardly be necessary to say, that the word *Blew* is generally so spelt in Mr. Gray's manuscript Letters.—*Ed.*

† i. e. Batchelor of Civil Law.—*Mason*.

another body to open a case of impotency with all decency and circumspection; you see my ambition: I do not doubt, but some thirty years hence I shall convince the world, and you, that I am a very pretty young fellow, and may come to shine in a profession, perhaps the noblest in the world, next to man-midwifery. As for yours; if your distemper and you can but agree about going to London, I may reasonably expect, in a much shorter time, to see you in your three-cornered villa, doing the honours of a well-furnished table with as much dignity, as rich a mien, and as capacious a belly as Dr. Mead. Methinks I see Dr. Askew at the lower end of it, lost in admiration of your goodly person and parts, cramming down his envy (for it will rise) with the wing of a pheasant, and drowning it in neat Burgundy. But not to tempt your asthma too much with such a prospect, I should think you might be almost as happy as this, even in the country: but you know best; and I should be sorry to say any thing that might stop you in the career of glory. Far be it from me to hamper the wheels of your gilded chariot. Go on Sir Thomas; and when you die (for even physicians must die) may the faculty in Warwick Lane erect your statue in Sir John Cutler's own niche.

As to Cambridge it is, as it was, for all the world; and the people are, as they were, and Mr. Trollope, is as he was, that is, half-ill, half-well; I wish with all my heart they were all better, but what can one do? There is no news, only I think I heard a whisper, as if the Vice-Chancellor should be with child; (but I beg you not to mention this, for I may come into trouble about it;) there is some suspicion that the Professor of Mathematicks had a hand in the thing. Dr. Dickens says the University will be obliged to keep it, as it was got in Magistratu.

I was going to tell you how sorry I am for your illness, but, I hope, it is too late to be sorry now; I can only say that I really *was* very sorry: may you live a hundred Christmases, and eat as many collars of brawn stuck with rosemary. Adieu.

I am sincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

*Dec. 27, 1742, Cambridge.*

Won't you come to the jubilee? Dr. Long is to dance a saraband and hornpipe, of his own invention, without lifting either foot once from the ground.\*

## LETTER II.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

THIS is only to entreat you would order mes gens to clean out the apartments, spread the carpets, air the beds, put up the tapestry, unpaper the frames, &c.; fit to receive a great potentate, who comes down in the flying coach, drawn by green dragons, on Friday, the 10th instant. As the ways are bad, and the dragons a little out of repair, (for they don't actually fly, but only go, like a lame ostrich, something between a hop and a trot), it will probably be late when he lands, so he would not chuse to be known, and desires there may be

\* If the Reader will be at the trouble to collate this Letter with Letter I. Sect. IV. of Mason's Edition, he will easily perceive the numerous verbal alterations, and transpositions introduced by the Editor of that volume. They are far too numerous and too important, to be only the effect of a negligent transcription.—*Ed.*

no bells nor bonfires; but as persons incog. love to be seen, he will slip into the coffee house. Is Mr. Trollope among you? good lack! he will pull off my head for never writing to him. oh Conscience, Conscience!

*London, October 8, [44 or 45.]*

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### LETTER III.

#### MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

I AM not lost; here am I at Stoke, whither I came on Tuesday, and shall be again in town on Saturday, and at Cambridge on Wednesday or Thursday, you may be anxious to know what has past. I wrote a note the night I came, and immediately received a very civil answer. I went the following evening to see the *party*, (as Mrs. Foible says) was something abashed at his confidence: he came to meet me, kissed me on both sides with all the ease of one, who receives an acquaintance just come out of the country, squatted me into a Fauteuil, begun to talk of the town, and this and that and t'other, and continued with little interruption for three hours, when I took my leave very indifferently pleased, but treated with monstrous good-breeding, I supped with him next night, (as he desired); Ashton was there, whose formalities tickled me inwardly, for he, (I found) was to be angry about the letter I had wrote him. However in going home together our hackney-coach jumbled us into a sort of reconciliation: he hammered out somewhat like an excuse, and I received it very readily,

because I cared not tyopence, whether it were true or not, so we grew the best acquaintance imaginable, and I sate with him on Sunday some hours alone, when he informed me of abundance of anecdotes much to my satisfaction, and in short opened (I really believe) his heart to me, with that sincerity that I found I had still less reason to have a good opinion of him than (if possible) I ever had before. Next morning I breakfasted alone with Mr. Walpole; when we had all the eclaircissement\* I ever expected, and I left him far better satisfied than I have been hitherto. When I return I shall see him again.

Such is the epitome of my four days. Mr. and Mrs. Simms and Mad<sup>lle</sup>. Nanny have done the honours of Leaden Hall to a miracle, and all join in a compliment to the Doctor. Your brother is well, the books are in good condition. Mad<sup>me</sup>. Chenevix has frighted me with Ecritoires she asks three guineas for, that are not worth three half-pence: I have been in several shops and found nothing pretty. I fear it must be bespoke at last.

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\* It appears by this Letter, that the reconciliation which is mentioned as having taken place between Gray and Walpole, was, (as far at least as the former was concerned,) rather an act of civility and good-manners, than the re-establishment of a cordial and sincere attachment. I am now, by the kindness of a gentleman, to whom I have been more than once obliged, enabled to lay before the public, the real cause of their separation, on the authority of the late Mr. Isaac Reed; in whose hand writing, in Wakefield's Life of Gray, is the following note. "Mr. Roberts, of the Pell-office, who was likely to be well informed, told me at Mr. Deacon's, 19th April, 1799. That the quarrel between Gray and Walpole was occasioned by a suspicion Mr. Walpole entertained, that Mr. Gray had spoken ill of him, to some friends in England. To ascertain this, he clandestinely opened a letter, and resealed it, which Mr. Gray, with great propriety resented; there seems to have been but little cordiality afterwards between them."—*Ed.*

The day after I went you received a little letter directed to me, that seems wrote with a skewer, please to open it, and you will find a receipt of Dan. Adcock for ten pound, which I will beg you to receive of Gillham for me. If the letter miscarried, pray take care the money is paid to no one else. I expect to have a letter from you when I come to town, at your lodgings.

Adieu, Sir, I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

*Stoke, Thursday, 16th Nov. [1744 or 1745.]*

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## LETTER IV.

313- MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Cambridge, February 3, 1746.*

DEAR SIR,

YOU are so good to enquire after my usual time of coming to town: it is a season when even you, the perpetual friend of London, will, I fear, hardly be in it—the middle of June: and I commonly return hither in September; a month when I may more probably find you at home.

Our defeat to be sure is a rueful affair for the honour of the troops; but the Duke is gone it seems with the rapidity of a cannon-bullet to undefeat us again. The common people in



town at least know how to be afraid: but we are such uncommon people here as to have no more sense of danger than if the battle had been fought when and where the battle of Cannæ was.

The perception of these calamities, and of their consequences, that we are supposed to get from books, is so faintly impressed, that we talk of war, famine, and pestilence, with no more apprehension than of a broken head, or of a coach overturned between York and Edinburgh.

I heard three people, sensible middle aged men (when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby,) talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place in the high road) to see the Pretender and the Highlanders as they passed.

I can say no more for Mr. Pope (for what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest.) It is natural to wish the finest writer, one of them, we ever had, should be an honest man. It is for the interest even of that virtue, whose friend he professed himself, and whose beauties he sung, that he should not be found a dirty animal. But however, this is Mr. Warburton's business, not mine, who may scribble his pen to the stumps and all in vain, if these facts are so. It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him, but from a humanity, and goodness of heart, aye, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with those good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher. If you know any thing of Mr. Mann's state of health and happiness, or the motions of Mr. Chute

homewards, it will be a particular favour to inform me of them, as I have not heard this half-year from them.

I am sincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER V.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

YOU write so feelingly to little Mr. Brown, and represent your abandoned condition in terms so touching, that what gratitude could not effect in several months, compassion has brought about in a few days, and broke that strong attachment, or rather allegiance which I and all here owe to our sovereign lady and mistress, the president of presidents, and head of heads (if I may be permitted to pronounce her name, that ineffable Octogrammaton) the power of *Laziness*. You must know she had been pleased to appoint me (in preference to so many old servants of hers, who had spent their whole lives in qualifying themselves for the office) grand picker of straws, and push-pin player in ordinary to her Supinity, (for that is her title) the first is much in the nature of lord president of the council, and the other, like the groom-porter, only without the profit; but as they are both things of very great honour in this country, I considered with myself the load of envy attending such great charges, and besides (between you and I) I found myself unable to support the fatigue of

keeping up the appearance, that persons of such dignity must do, so I thought proper to decline it, and excused myself as well as I could; however as you see such an affair must take up a good deal of time, and it has always been the policy of this court to proceed slowly, like the Imperial, and that of Spain, in the dispatch of business; so that you will the easier forgive me, if I have not answered your letter before.

You desire to know, it seems, what character the Poem of your young friend\* bears here. I wonder to hear you ask the opinion of a nation, where those who pretend to judge, don't judge at all; and the rest (the wiser part) wait to catch the judgment of the world immediately above them, that is, Dick's coffee-house, and the Rainbow; so that the readier way would be to ask Mrs. This and Mrs. T'other, that keeps the bar there. However to shew you I'm a judge, as well as my countrymen, though I have rather turned it over than read it, (but no matter: no more have they) it seems to me above the middleing, and now and then (but for a little while) rises even to the best, particularly in description. It is often obscure, and even unintelligible, and too much infected with the Hutcheson jargon; in short it's great fault is that it was published at least nine years too early; and so methinks in a few words, à la mode du temple, I have very nearly dispatched what may perhaps for several years have employed a very ingenious man, worth fifty of myself. Here is a poem called the †Enthusiast,

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\* Pleasures of the Imagination: from the posthumous publication of Dr. Aken-side's Poems, it should seem that the Author had very much the same opinion afterwards of his own Work, which Mr. Gray here expresses: since he undertook a reform of it which must have given him, had he concluded it, as much trouble as if he had written it entirely new.—*Mason.*

† The Enthusiast, or the Lover of Nature, written in 1740, by Joseph Warton.—*Ed.*

which is all pure description, and as they tell me by the same hand. Is it so or not? Item a more bulky one upon \* Health, wrote by a physician: do you know him? Master Tommy Lucretius † (since you are so good to enquire after the child) is but a puleing chitt yet, not a bit grown to speak of; I believe, poor thing! it has got the worms, that will carry it off at last. Oh Lord! I forgot to tell you, that Mr. Trollope and I are under a course of tar water, he for his present, and I for my future distempers; if you think it will kill me, send away a man and horse directly, for I drink like a fish. I should be glad to know how your —— goes on, and give you joy of it.

You are much in the right to have a taste for Socrates, he was a divine man. I must tell you, by way of the news of the place, that the other day, Mr. Traigneau (entering upon his Professorship) made an apology for him an hour long in the schools, and all the world, except Trinity College, brought in Socrates guilty.

Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me

Your Friend and Servant,

T. G.

*Cambridge, Thursday, April 26, 1746.*

\* The Art of preserving Health, a Didactic Poem, 8vo. by John Armstrong, 1744.—*Ed.*

† Master Tommy Lucretius seems to be the Author's more familiar name for the Poem, 'De Principiis Cogitandi.' The Reader is requested to compare all the latter part of this Letter, with that, which is intended to represent it in Mason's Edition. The passage about Socrates is so altered by Mason, as to be but little short of perfect nonsense.—*Ed.*

## LETTER VI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I AM just returned hither from town, where I have past better than a fortnight, (including an excursion that I made to Hampton-Court, Richmond, Greenwich, and other places,) and am happily met by a letter from you, one from Tuthill, and another from Trollope. As I only run over Dr. Andrew's Answers hastily in a Coffee-house, all I could judge was, that they seemed very unfavourable on the whole to our cause, and threw every thing into the hands of a visitour, for which reason I thought they might have been concealed, till the Attorney-General's opinion arrived, which will perhaps raise the spirits of such, as the other may have damped a little; or leave room at least to doubt, whether the matter be so clear on the Master's side, as Andrew would have it. You can't suppose that I was in the least uneasy about Mr. \*Brown's fortitude, who wants nothing but a foot in height and his own hair, to make him a little old Roman: with two \*dozen such I should not hesitate to face an army of heads, though they were all as tall as Dr. Adams. I only wish every body may continue in as good a disposition as they were; and imagine, if possible; Roger\* will be fool enough to keep them so. I saw Trollope for about an hour in London; and imagining he could not be left in the dark as to your consultations, I mentioned, that I had cast an eye over Andrew's papers, and that it was not

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\* Dr. Roger Long, Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge.

so favourable as we hoped. He spoke however with hor-  
 rour of going to law; with great passion of the master; and with  
 great pleasure of himself for quitting a place, where he had  
 not found a minute's ease in. I know not how long: yet I  
 perceive his thoughts run on nothing else; he trembled while he  
 spoke; he writes to me here on the same subject; and after abusing  
 Roger, he adds, *Whartoni rubro hæc subscribe libello.*

My evenings have been chiefly spent at Ranelagh and Vaux-  
 hall, several of my mornings, or rather noons, in Arlington-  
 street, and the rest at the tryal of the Lords. The first day  
 I was not there, and only saw the Lord High Steward's  
 parade in going; the second and third \* \* \* \* \* Peers were  
 all in their robes \* \* \* \* \* by their wearing bag-wigs and hats  
 instead of coronets. The Lord High-Steward was the least part  
 of the shew, as he wore only his baron's robe, and was always  
 asking the heralds what he should do next, and bowing or  
 smiling about to his acquaintance: as to his speech, you see  
 it; people hold it very cheap, though several incorrectnesses  
 have been altered in the printed copy. Kilmarnock spoke in  
 mitigation of his crime near half an hour, with a decent courage,  
 and in a strong, but pathetic voice. His figure would prejudice  
 people in his favour, being tall and genteel; he is upwards of  
 forty, but to the eye not above thirty-five years of age. What  
 he said appears to less advantage when read. Cromartie, (who  
 is about the same age, a man of lower stature, but much like a  
 gentleman), was sinking into the earth with grief and dejection;  
 with eyes cast down, and a voice so low, that no one heard a  
 syllable that did not sit close to the bar; he made a short  
 speech to raise compassion. It is now I see printed; and is  
 reckoned extremely fine. I believe you will think it touching  
 and well expressed: if there be any meanness in it, it is lost  
 in that sorrow he gives us for so numerous and helpless a family.  
 Lady Cromartie (who is said to have drawn her husband into

these circumstances) was at Leicester House on Wednesday, with four of her children. The Princess saw her, and made no other answer than by bringing in her own children and placing them by her; which (if true) is one of the prettiest things I ever heard. She was also at the Duke's, who refused to admit her; but she waited till he came to his coach, and threw herself at his knees, while her children hung upon him, till he promised her all his interest could do; and before, on several occasions, he has been heard to speak very mildly of Cromartie, and very severely of Kilmarnock; so if any be spared, it will probably be the former, though he had a pension of £600 a year from the government, and the order for giving quarter to no Englishman was found in his pocket. As to Balmerino, he never had any hopes from the beginning. He is an old soldier-like man, of a vulgar manner and aspect, speaks the broadest Scotch, and shows an intrepidity, that some ascribe to real courage, and some to brandy. You have heard perhaps, that the first day, (while the Peers were adjourned to consider of his plea, and he left alone for an hour and a half in the bar) he diverted himself with the ax, that stood by him, played with it's tassels, and tryed the edge with his finger: and some lord, as he passed by him, saying he was surprized to hear him alledge any thing so frivolous, and that could not possibly do him the least service; he answered, that as there were so many ladies present, he thought it would be uncivil to give them no amusement. The Duke of Argyle, telling him, how sorry and how astonished he was to see him engaged in such a cause; My Lord (says he) for the two Kings, and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving; and by God, if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat. The Solicitor-General came up to speak to him too, and he turns about to

old Williamson. Who is that Lawyer that talks to me? My Lord, it is Mr. Murray. Ha! Mr. Murray, my good Friend, (says he, and shook him by the hand) and how does your good mother? oh! she was of admirable service to us; we should have done nothing without her in Perthshire. He recommends (he says) his Peggy ('tis uncertain \* \* \* \* the favour of the Government, for she has \* \* \*.

I have been diverted with an account of Lord Lovat\* in his confinement at Edinburgh. There was a Captain Maggett, that is obliged to lie in the room every night with him. When first he was introduced to him, he made him come to his bed-side, where he lay in a hundred flannel waistcoats, and a furred night-gown, took him in his arms, and gave him a long embrace, that absolutely suffocated him. He will speak nothing but French; insists upon it that Maggett is a Frenchman, and calls him *mon cher Capitaine Magot* (you know *Magot* is a monkey.) At his head lie two Highland women, at his feet two Highland men. By his bed-side is a close-stool, to which he rises two or three times in a night, and always says,—Ah, *mon cher Capitaine Magot!* *vous m'excuserez, mais la Nature demande que je chie!* He is to be impeached by the House of Commons, because not being actually in arms, it would

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\* Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat, beheaded on Tower-hill, the 9th of April, 1747. Thus mentioned in one of Walpole's letters, Ap. 16th, 1747. ' You have heard that old Lovat's Tragedy is over. \* \* \* \* I must tell you an excessive good thing of George Selwyn. Some women were scolding him for going to see the execution, and asked him how he could be such a barbarian, to see the head cut off?' " Nay, (says he) if that was such a crime, I am sure I have made amends, for I went to see it sewed on again." When he was at the undertaker's, as soon as they had stitched him together, and were going to put the body into the coffin, George, in my Lord Chancellor's voice, said,—“ My Lord Lovat, your lordship may rise.”—*Ed.*



otherwise be necessary that the jury of Inverness should find a Bill of Indictment against him, which it is very sure they would not do. When the Duke returned to Edinburgh they refused to admit Kingston's Light Horse, and talked of their privileges, but they came in sword in hand, and replied, that when the Pretender was at their gates, they had said nothing of their privileges. The Duke rested some hours there, but refused to see the magistracy. I believe you may think it full time, that I close my budget of stories: Mr. Walpole I have seen a good deal, and shall do a good deal more, I suppose, for he is looking for a house somewhere about Windsor during the Summer. All is mighty free, and even friendly more than one could expect. You remember a paper in the Museum on \* Message-Cards, which he told me was Fielding's, and asked my opinion about: it was his own, and so was the † Advertisement on Good Breeding, that made us laugh so. Mr. Ashton I have had several conversations with, and do really believe he shews himself to me, such as he really is: I don't tell you, I like him ever the better for it; but that may be my fault, not his. The Pelhams lie very hard at his stomach; he is not 40 yet, but he is 31, he says, and thinks it his duty to be married. One thing of that kind is just broke off; she had £12,000 in her own hands. This is a profound secret, but I not conceiving that he told it me as such, happened to tell it to Stonhewer, who told it to Lyne, who told it to Ashton again, all in the space of three hours, whereby I incurred a scolding; so pray don't let me fall under a second, and lose all my hopes of rising in the church. He is still as I said, resolute to marry out of hand; only

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\* Published in Walpole's Works, Vol. I. p. 132, and No. II. of the Museum, April, 1746.—*Ed.*

† See Walpole's Works, Vol. I. p. 141. and No. V. of the Museum, May, 1746.—*Ed.*

two things he is terrified at, lest she should not breed, and lest she should love him : I comforted him, by saying there was no danger of either.

The Muse I doubt, is gone; and has left me in far worse company: if she returns you will hear of her. You see I have left no room for a catalogue, which is a sort of policy, for its hardly possible my memory should supply one: I will try by next time, which will be soon, if I hear from you. If your curiosity require any more circumstances of these tryals \* \* \* will see \* \* \* find some. \* \* \* My best compliments to the little man of the world. Adieu, my dear Wharton,

Believe me very truly yours,

T. GRAY.

*Stoke, Sunday, 13th August, 1746.*

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## LETTER VII.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

WHAT can one say to these things? if it had been in the power of lawyers to interpret into common sense, statutes made by old monks, or monk-directed old women, we might have hoped for a more favourable answer to our queries; as it is I fear they may have done more hurt than good: all I

know is this, that I should rejoice poor T. had some place to rest the sole of his foot in; and I flatter myself you will never omit any thing in your power to support his little interest, among a people, with whom you first raised it. I would gladly know the time of your audit, for I would be at Cambridge by that time, if I could. Mr. Walpole has taken a house in Windsor, and I see him usually once a week; but I think that will hardly detain me beyond the time I proposed to myself. He is at present gone to town, to perform the disagreeable task of presenting and introducing about a young Florentine, the Marquis Rinuccini, who comes recommended to him. The Duke\* is here at his lodge with three women, and three Aid-de-Camps; and the country swarms with people. He goes to races and they make a ring about him, as at a bear-baiting; and no wonder, for they do the same at Vauxhall and Ranelagh. At this last, somebody was telling me, they heard a man lamenting to some women of his acquaintance, and saying, how he had been up close to him, and he never repented of any thing so much in his life, as that he did not touch him.

I am not altogether of your opinion, as to your Historical consolation in time of trouble. A calm melancholy it may produce, a stiller sort of despair, (and that only in some circumstances and on some constitutions) but I doubt no real content or comfort can ever arise in the human mind, but from Hope.†

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\* The Duke of Cumberland.

† I have not read all the aphorisms, or maxims of Johnson, but several of them, I read, that were trivial enough; for the sake of one however, I forgive him the rest; he advises never to banish *Hope* entirely, because it is the cordial of life, although it be the greatest flatterer in the world. Such a measure of *Hope* as may not endanger my peace, by a disappointment, I would wish to cherish upon every subject, in which I am interested. But there\* lies the difficulty. A

Old Balmerino, when he had read his paper to the people, pulled off his spectacles, spit upon his handkerchief, and wiped them clean for the use of his posterity; and that is the last page of his history. Have you seen Hogarth's † print of Lord Lovat? it is admirable.

I can not help thinking if I had been with you, I should have represented the horror of the thing in such a light, as that you should never have become a prey to Mr. Davie. I know that he'll get you up in a corner some day and pick your bones, and John will find nothing of you, but such a little heap, as a cat that is a good mouser leaves; the head and the tail piled together. My concern for you produced a vision, not such a one as you read in the Spectators, but actually in a dream. I thought I was in t'other world and confined in a little apartment much like a cellar, enlightened by one rush candle that burned blue, on each side of me sate (for my sins) Mr. Davie, and my friend Mr. Ashton, they bowed continually and smiled in my face, and while one filled me out very bitter tea, the other sweetened it with brown sugar: all together it much resembled Syrup of Buckthorn; in the corner sat Tuthill very melancholy, in expectation of the tea-leaves.

I take it very ill you should have been in the twentieth

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cure however, and the only one, for all the irregularities both of Hope and Fear, is found in submission to the will of God. Happy they that have it!— See Cowper's Letters by Hayley. Vol. III. p. 340.—*Ed.*

† “Mr. Walpole once invited Gray the Poet, and Hogarth to dine with him, but what with the reserve of the one, and a want of colloquial talents in the other, he never passed a duller time than between those representations of Tragedy and Comedy; being obliged to rely entirely on his own efforts to support conversation.” Nicholl's Life of Hogarth, p. 97.—*Ed.*

year of the War,\* and yet say nothing of the Retreat before Syracuse: is it, or is it not the finest thing you ever read in your life? and how does Xenophon or Plutarch agree with you? for my part I read Aristotle; his Poeticks, Politicks, and Morals, though I don't well know which is which. In the first place he is the hardest Author by far I ever meddled with. Then he has a dry conciseness that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book; it tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped logick; for he has a violent affection to that art, being in some sort his own invention; so that he oftens loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties, and what is worse leaves you to extricate yourself as you can. Thirdly he has suffered vastly by the Transcribers, as all Authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly and lastly, he has abundance of fine, uncommon things, which make him well worth the pains he gives one. You see what you have to expect. This and a few Autumnal verses are my entertainments during the fall of the leaf. Notwithstanding which my time lies heavy on my hands, and I want to be at home again.

I have just received a visit from Ashton, he tells me we have certainly a peace with Spain very far advanced, which it is likely will produce a general one and that the king; when he has finished it, is determined to pass the rest of his days at Windsor, which to me is strange, however it comes from the Pelhamites. I send you here a page of books: enough I imagine to chuse out of, considering the state of your Coll. Finances. The best Editions of ancient authors should be the first things, I reckon, in a library: but if you think otherwise,

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\* Thucydides, Lib. VII.—*Mason.*

I will send a page of a different kind. Pray write soon, and think me very faithfully,

Yours,

T. G.

*Stoke, September 11, 1746.*

Say many good things to Mr. Brown from me.

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2. Aristotelis Opera, ed. Du Val. 4 Vol. fol. Paris, 1654.  
Gr. Lat. (Fabricius likewise recommends the Edition of Sylburgius, all Greek, 1587. 5 Vol. 4to. apud Wechel.
3. Arrian, Jac. Gronovii. Lugd. Bat. 1704.
4. Apollonius Rhodius, Hoelzlini. Elzev. 1641. 8vo.
5. Arati, atq. Eratosthenis Fragmenta. Oxon. 8vo. 1672.
6. Aristidis Opera, ed. S. Jebb. 2 Vol. 4to. Oxon. 1722-30.
7. M. Aurelius, Gatakeri. Ultraject. fol. 1698.
8. Ammianus Marcellinus. R. Valesii. Par. 1681. fol.
9. Ausonius, Tollii. Amst. Blaew, 1761. 8vo.
10. Antonini Itinerarium. Varior. Wesselingii. 4to. 1735.
11. Bertii Theatrum Geographicum. fol. Amst. 1618. Elzev. (it contains the best edition of Ptolemy by M. Servetus.)
12. Boethius. Varior. Basil, 1650. fol.
13. Corpus Oratorum. Græc. R. Stephani. fol. 1575.
14. Q. Curtius. Snakenborgi. 1724. 4to.
15. Cassiodori Opera, Garetti, Rothomagi, 1679. 2 Vol. fol.
16. Diod. Siculus, the last new edition in 2 Vol. fol.

17. Dionysius Halicarnass. Hudsoni. 2 Vol. fol. Oxon, 1704.
18. Dio Prusæensis. Morelli. Paris, 1604. fol.
19. Dicæarchi Fragmenta. H. Steph. Genevæ. 1589, 8vo.
20. Dio Cassius. Hanoviæ. fol. 1606.
21. Epistolæ Græcæ Antiquæ a Caldorina Societate. fol. Aurel. Allobrogum, 1606.
22. Ennii Fragmenta. Hesselii. 4to. 1707. Amst.
23. Festus. de Verborum Significatione. Dacerii, in Us. Delphini 4to. Paris. 1618.
24. Florus. Varior. 1692. 8vo.
- 25 Geoponica. Cassiani Bassi. ed. P. Needham. Cantab. 1704. 8vo.
26. Aulus Gellius. Orselii, &c. 1706. 4to.
27. Gemistius Pletho. Fol. 1540. Basil.
28. Himerius & Polemo. H. Stephani. 4to. 1567.
29. Hesiodus Grævii. Amst. 8vo. 1667.
30. Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores. Varior. ap. Hackers, 8vo. 1670-1.
31. Hierocles. Mer. Casauboni. 8vo. Lond. 1665.
32. Hist. Byzantinæ Scriptores. Par. & Romæ. from 1645 to 1702. (I think including Banduri's Antiquities, there are 30 vol. fol.
33. Harpocraton. Jac. Gronovii. 1696. Lug. Bat. 4to.
34. Isocrates. H. Wolfii. ap. R. Steph. 1693. fol.
35. Josephus, Hudsoni. 2 Vol. 1726. Amst. fol.
36. Libanius. Morelli. 2 Vol. fol. Paris, 1606-27.
37. Libanii Epistolæ. fol. 1738. Amst.
38. Lycophon. Potteri. Oxon. fol. 1697.
39. Livius. Creverii. 6 Vol. 4to. Par.
40. Lucanus, Oudendorpii. 2 Vol. 4to. 1728.
41. Macrobius. J. F. Gronovii. 1670. 8vo. Lug. Bat. (unfinished.)
42. Nicander. G. Morelli. Par. 4to. 1557.
43. Oppian. Ritterhusii. Lug. Bat. 1597.

44. Pausanias. Kuhnei. Lipsiæ. 1696. fol.
45. Pomponius Mela. Jac. Gronovii. 8vo. 1722.
46. Plinii Hist. Naturalis, Harduini. Par. 5. Vol. 4to. 1685. and  
republished ib. 3 Vol. fol. 1723.
47. Polybius. Varior. 3 Vol. 8vo. 1670. Amst.
48. Philostratorum Opera. Olearii. Lips. fol. 1709.
49. Philo. Judæus ed. Mangey. 2 Vol. fol. Lond. 1742.
50. Pollucis Onomasticon. Varior. fol. 2 Vol. 1706.
51. Prudentius. N. Heinsii. Amst. Elzev. 1667. 12mo.
52. Palladius de Brachmanibus. Ed. Bisse. 4to. 1665. Lond.
53. Plautus. 2 Vol. Gronovii, &c. 8vo. 1684. Amst.
54. Panegyrici Veteres. in Us. Delphini 4to. 1647. Par.
55. Poetæ Minores. ed. P. Burmanni. 2 Vol. 4to. 1731. Lug.  
Bat.
56. Plinii Epistolæ Cortii & Var. 1734. 4to. Amst.
57. Excerpta ex Polybio &c. H. Valesii. 4to. 1634. Par.
58. Rutilii Itinerarium. Grævii. 1687. 8vo. Amst.
59. Sophocles. P. Stephani. 4to. 1603.
60. Suetonius Grævii 1691. 4to. & 1703. Pitisci 2 Vol. 4to.  
Leov<sup>dis</sup>. 1714. (I don't know which is the best Edition.)
61. Stephanus Byzantinus, Ab. Berkelii. 1688. fol. L. Bat.—  
Lucaë Holstenii Notæ. Amst. fol.
62. Sidonius, Sismondi. 1652. Par. 4to. & cum Operibus Sis-  
mondi.
63. Synesius. Pelavii. Par. 1640. fol.
64. Symmachus. J. Parci. Neap. Nemetum. 1617. 8vo.
65. Silius Italicus, Drakenborgi. Ultraj. 1717. 4to.
66. Senecæ Tragediæ, Schroderi 4to. Delf. 1728.
67. Themistius. Harduini. Par. fol. 1684.
68. Theocritus. Varior. 1604. 4to. apud Commelin.
69. Thucydides, Dukeri. fol.
70. Valerius Flaccus Burmanni. L. Bat. 1724. 4to.
71. Aurelius Victor. Arntzenii, 1733. 4to.



72. Valerius Maximus. Torrentii 4to. L. Bat. 1726.  
 73. Xenophon, Leunclavii, fol. 1625, Par. and the three Vol. that Hutchinson has published, 4to. Oxon.

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- Bonanni, delle Antiche Syracuse. 2 Vol. Palermo. 1717.  
 Boissard, Antiquitates Urb. Romanæ. 3 Vol. fol. Francof.  
 Bergier, Hist. des grands Chemins de L'Emp. Romaine. 2 Vol. 4to. Brux. 1728.  
 Bellori, Vet. Philosophorum &c. Imagines 1685. fol. Romæ.  
 Du Cange, Glossarium Latinitatis mediæ, vel infimæ, 3 Vol. fol. ————— Græcum ejusd. ætatis. 3 Vol. fol. 1678.  
 Par. both republished in 1733.  
 Arg. Caninius de Hellenismo. ed. a T. Crenio. 1700. L. Bat. 8vo.  
 Dodwell, de Vet. Græc. & Rom. Cyclo. cum Annal. Thucydideis. Xenophenteis. Oxon. 4to. 1701.  
 ————— Annales Statiani. Velleiani. Quinctilianeî.  
 ————— Prælectiones, in Schol. Camdenianâ. Ox. 1692. 8vo.  
 ————— Exercitationes, de Ætate Phalaridis & Pythagoræ. 1709.  
 Fabretti Inscriptiones. 1691. Romæ. Fol.  
 Fabricii Bibl. Græca. Vol. 14. 4to. 1705. (This I believe you have.)  
 ————— Latina. 3 Vol. 8vo. 1721.  
 ————— Antiquaria. 4to. 1713.  
 Fabretti de Aquæductibus. Rom. 4to. 1680. Romæ.  
 ————— de Columnâ Trajani, &c. 1685. Fol. Romæ.  
 Gruteri Inscriptiones. ed. Grævii. 4 Vol. Fol. 1708.  
 Salengre Thesaurus Antiq. Romanarum. 3 Vol. 1716. Fol. Hagæ.  
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 Gyraldi (Lilii) Opera. ed. Jensii. Fol. 1696. L. Bat.  
 Goldasti Epistolæ Philologicæ. 8vo. Lipsiæ.

Heineccii Antiquum. Romanæ Jurisprudentiæ Syntagma. 2 Vol. 8vo.  
1724.

Hankius de Byzantin. Scriptoribus. 1677. Lips. 4to.

Heindreich de Carthagin. Republicâ. Francof. ad Oderum.

Loydii, Series Olympiadum, &c. Fol. Oxon. 1700.

Martinii Lexicon Philologicum. ed. Grævii. 2 Vol. Fol. 1701.  
Amst.

Montfaucon Paleographia Græca. 1708. Fol. Par.

Notitia Dignitatum utriusq. Imperio. a P. Labbæo. 1651. Par.  
8vo. (This may perhaps be in the Byzantine Collection.)

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Petavii de Doctrinâ Temporum. 2 Vol. 1703. Fol.

Streinnius de Rom. Familiarum Stemmatibus. Fol. 1659. Par.

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—— de Familiis Romanis. 1577. ibid.

Vaillant Ptolemæorum Hist. 1701. Fol. Amst. Seleucidarum.  
4to. Par. 1681. Arsacidarum.—

## LETTER VIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I WOULD make you an excuse (as indeed I ought) if they were a sort of thing I ever gave credit to myself in these cases, but I know they are never true. Nothing so silly as indolence when it hopes to disguise itself, every one knows

it by it's saunter; as they do his Majesty (God bless him) at a Masquerade by the firmness of his tread, and the elevation of his chin. However, somewhat I had to say, that has a little shadow of reason in it. I have been in town (I suppose you know) flaunting about at public places of all kinds with my two Italianized friends. The world itself has some attractions in it to a solitary of six years standing; and agreeable well-meaning people of sense, (thank Heaven there are so few of them) are my peculiar magnet, it is no wonder then, if I felt some reluctance at parting with them so soon; or if my spirits when I returned back to my cell, should sink for a time, not indeed to storm or tempest, but a good deal below changeable. Besides Seneca says (and my pitch of philosophy does not pretend to be much above Seneca) \* “Nunquam mores quos extuli, refero, aliquid ex eo, quod composui, turbatur: aliquid ex his, quæ fugavi, redit.” and it will happen to such as we, mere imps of science; well it may, when Wisdom herself is forced often—

————— † In sweet retired solitude  
 To plume her feathers and let grow her wings  
 That in the various bustle of resort,  
 Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.

It is a foolish thing that one can't only not live as one pleases, but where and with whom one pleases, without money. Swift somewhere says, that money is liberty; and I fear money is friendship too, and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great though illnatured comfort to see most of those, who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.

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\* Vide Senecæ Epistol. vii. p. 17. Ed. Gronovii. 8vo.—*Ed.*

† See Milton's *Comus*, v. 376.—*Ed.*

Mr. Brown (who I assure you holds up his head and his spirits very notably) will give you an account of your college proceedings if they may be so called, when nothing proceeds at all. Only the last week, Roger was so wise to declare *ex motu proprio*, that he took Mr. Delaval (who is now a Fellow: Commoner) into his own tuition. This raised the dirty spirit of his friend Mr. May, (now tutor in Francis's Room) against him, and even gentle Mr. Peele, (who never acts but in conjunction) together with Mr. Brown, (who pretended to be mighty angry, though in reality heartily glad,) and they all came to an *eclaircissement* in the parlour. They abused him pretty reasonably, and it ended in threatening them as usual, with a visitor. In short, they are all as rude as may be, leave him a table by himself, never go into the parlour, till he comes out; or if he enters, when they are there, continue sitting even in his own magisterial chair. May bickers with him publicly about twenty paltry matters, and Roger t'other day told him, he was impertinent. What would you have more? you see they do as one would wish. If you were here, all would be right. I am surprised not to hear you mention when that will be. Pray give an account of yourself.

I am very sincerely your's.

T. G.

P.S. When I went to town, part of my errand was to sell a little stock I had, to pay off Birkett's old debt, due at Christmas. But it was so low, I should have lost near 12 per cent. and so it continues. If you think of being here near that time, and find it not inconvenient to you to lend me £40, you will save me the money I mention, (as I remember you once offered.) But if any inconvenience attend it, you must

imagine I don't by any means desire it. And you need not be at the trouble of any excuse, as I well know, nothing but the not being able, would hinder your doing it immediately. Let me know, because otherwise, I have another journey to make to town.

*Dec. 11, [1746.] Cambridge.*

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## LETTER IX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I HAVE received your bill, and am in confusion to hear you have got into debt yourself in order to bring me out of it: I did not think to be obliged to you so much, nor on such terms: but imagined you would be here, and might easily spare it. The money shall be repaid as soon as ever it is wanted, and sooner if the stocks rise a little higher.

My note you will find at the end of my letter, which you ought to have, *εάν τι κατά τὸ ἀνθρώπινον συμβαίῃ.* The rest of my acknowledgements, are upon record where they ought to be, with the rest of your kindnesses. The bill was paid me here; I suppose there is no likelihood of its being stopped in town. It surprises me to hear you talk of so much business, and the uncertainty of your return; and what not? Sure you will find time to give me an account of your transactions, and your intentions.

For your ears, don't let 'em think of marrying you! for I know if you marry at all, you will be *married*. I mean passively. And then (besides repenting of what you were not guilty of) you will never go abroad, never read any thing more but farriery-books, and justice-books; and so either die of a consumption, or live on, and grow fat, which is worse. For me, and my retirement, (for you are in the right to despise my dissipation de quinze jours) we are in the midst of Diog. Laertius and his philosophers, as a procemium to the series of their works, and those of all the poets and orators, that lived before Philip of Macedon's death: and we have made a great Chronological Table,\* with our own hands, the wonder and amazement of Mr. Brown; not so much for public events, though these too have a column assigned them, but rather in a literary way, to compare the times of all great men, their writings and transactions: it begins at the 30th Olympiad, and is already brought down to the 113th; that is 332 years. Our only modern assistants, are Marsham, Dodwell, and Bentley. Tuthill continues quiet, in his *Læta Paupertas*, and by this time, (were not his friends of it) would have forgot there was any such place as Pembroke in the world. All things there are just in statu quo; only the fellows, as I told you, are grown pretty rudish to their sovereign in general, for Francis is now departed. Poor dear Mr. Delaval indeed has had a little misfortune; intelligence was brought, that he had with him a certain gentlewoman, properly called Nell Burnet (but whose Nom de Guerre was Captain Hargraves) in an officer's habit:

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\* This laborious work was formed much in the manner of the President Heinault's "*Histoire de France*." Every page consisted of nine columns; one for the Olympiad, the next for the Archons, the third for the public affairs of Greece, the three next for the Philosophers, and the three last for Poets, Historians, and Orators. I do not find it carried further than the date above-mentioned.—*Mason*.

whom he had carried all about to see chapels and libraries, and make visits in the face of day. The master raised his Posse comitatus in order to search his chambers, and declared they had certainly been there; which was very true, and the Captain was then locked up in a cupboard there, while his lover stood below in order to convey him out at window, when all was over. However they took care not to discover her, though the master affirmed,—had he but caught her, he would soon have known whether it was a man or a woman. Upon this Mr. Delaval was desired to cut out his name, and did so: next day Dr. Long repented, and wrote a paper to testify he never knew any harm of him; which he brought to Dr. Whaley, who would have directly admitted him here, if Stuart had not absolutely refused. He was offered about at several colleges, but in vain. Then Dr. L. called two meetings to get him re-admitted there, but every one was inexorable; and so he has lost his pupil, who is gone, I suppose, to his aunt Price. Trollope continues in Dev'reux-Court: all our hopes are now in the Commencement.

Have you seen the works of two young authors, a Mr. Warton and Mr. Collins, both writers of Odes? it is odd enough, but each is the half of a considerable man, and one the counterpart of the other. The first has but little invention, very poetical choice of expression, and a good ear. The second, a fine fancy, modelled upon the antique, a bad ear, great variety of words and images, with no choice at all. They both deserve to last some years, but will not.

Adieu! dear Sir, I am very sincerely yours,

T. G.

I was thirty years old yesterday. What is o'clock by you?

*Dec. 27, [1746.]*

## LETTER X.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*January, 1747.*

IT is doubtless an encouragement to continue writing to you, when you tell me you answer me with pleasure. I have another reason which would make me very copious, had I any thing to say: it is, that I write to you with equal pleasure, though not with equal spirits, nor with like plenty of materials. Please to subtract then, so much for spirit, and so much for matter; and you will find me, I hope, neither so slow, nor so short, as I might otherwise seem. Besides, I had a mind to send you the remainder of Agrippina, that was lost in a wilderness of papers. Certainly you do her too much honour; she seemed to me to talk like an old boy, all in figures and mere poetry, instead of nature and the language of real passion. Do you remember "Approchez vous, Néron?"\* Who would not rather have thought of that half line, than all Mr. Rowe's flowers of eloquence? However, you will find the remainder here at the end in an outrageous long speech: it was begun above four years ago, (it is a misfortune you know my age, else I might have added,) when I was very young. Poor West put a stop to that tragic torrent he saw breaking in upon him:—have a care, I warn you, not to set open the flood-gate again, lest it should drown you and me, and the bishop and all.

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\* The Speech of Agrippina in Racine's Tragedy of Britannicus. Act IV. Sc. ii. v. 1.



I am very sorry to hear you treat philosophy and her followers like a parcel of monks and hermits, and think myself obliged to vindicate a profession I honour, *bien que je n'en tiens pas boutique* (as Mad. Sevigné says.) The first man that ever bore the name, if you remember, used to say, that life was like the Olympic games, (the greatest public assembly of his age and country,) where some came to shew the strength and agility of their body, as the champions; others, as the musicians, orators, poets, and historians, to show their excellence in those arts; the traders to get money; and the better sort, to enjoy the spectacle, and judge of all these. They did not then run away from society for fear of its temptations; they passed their days in the midst of it; conversation was their business: they cultivated the arts of persuasion, on purpose to show men it was their interest, as well as their duty, not to be foolish, and false, and unjust; and that too in many instances with success; which is not very strange, for they showed by their life, that their lessons were not impracticable; and that pleasures were no temptations, but to such as wanted a clear perception of the pains annexed to them. But I have done preaching à la Grecque. Mr. Ratcliffe\* made a shift to behave very rationally without their instructions, at a season, which they took a great deal of pains to fortify themselves and others against: one would not desire to lose one's head with a better grace. I am particularly satisfied with the humanity of that last embrace to all the people about him. Sure it must be somewhat embarrassing to die before so much good company!

You need not fear but posterity will be ever glad to know the absurdity of their ancestors: the foolish will be glad to

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\* Brother of the Earl of Derwentwater. He was executed at Tyburn, December, 1746, for having been concerned in the Rebellion in Scotland.—*Ed.*

know they were as foolish as they, and the wise will be glad to find themselves wiser. You will please all the world then; and if you recount miracles you will be believed so much the sooner. We are pleased when we wonder, and we believe because we are pleased. Folly and wisdom, and wonder and pleasure, join with me in desiring you would continue to entertain them: refuse us if you can.

Adieu, dear Sir!

T. GRAY.

## LETTER XI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Cambridge, 1747.*

I HAD been absent from this place a few days, and at my return found Cibber's book\* upon my table: I return you my thanks for it, and have already run over a considerable part; for who could resist Mrs. Letitia Pilkington's recommendation? (by the way is there any such gentlewoman †? or has somebody put on the style of a scribbling woman's panegyric to deceive and laugh at Colley?) He seems to me

\* Entitled "Observations on Cicero's Character," or some such thing; for I have not the book by me, and it has been long since forgot.—*Mason.*

† This Lady made herself more known some time after the date of this letter.—*Mason.*

full as pert and as dull as usual. There are whole pages of common-place stuff, that for stupidity might have been wrote by Dr. Waterland, or any other grave divine, did not the flirting saucy phrase give them at a distance an air of youth and gaiety: It is very true, he is often in the right with regard to Tully's weaknesses; but was there any one that did not see them? Those, I imagine, that would find a man after God's own heart, are no more likely to trust the Doctor's recommendation than the Player's; and as to Reason and Truth would they know their own faces, do you think, if they looked in the glass, and saw themselves so bedizened in tattered fringe and tarnished lace, in French jewels, and dirty furbelows, the frippery of a stroller's wardrobe?

Literature, to take it in its most comprehensive sense, and include every thing that requires invention or judgement, or barely application and industry, seems indeed drawing apace to its dissolution, and remarkably since the beginning of the war. I remember to have read Mr. Spence's pretty book; though (as he then had not been at Rome for the last time) it must have increased greatly since that in bulk. If you ask me what I read, I protest I do not recollect one syllable; but only in general, that they were the best bred sort of men in the world, just the kind of *frinds* one would wish to meet in a fine summer's evening, if one wished to meet any at all. The heads and tails of the dialogues, published separate in 16mo, would make the sweetest reading in *natiur* for young gentlemen of family and fortune, that are learning to dance\*. I rejoice to

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\* This ridicule on the Platonic way of dialogue (as it was aimed to be, though nothing less resembles it) is, in my opinion, admirable. Lord Shaftsbury was the first who brought it into vogue, and Mr. Spence (if we except a few Scotch writers) the last who practised it. As it has now been laid aside some years, we may hope,

hear there is such a crowd of dramatical performances coming upon the stage. Agrippina can stay very well, she thanks you, and be damned at leisure: I hope in God you have not mentioned, or shewed to any body that scene (for trusting in its badness, I forgot to caution you concerning it); but I heard the other day, that I was writing a Play, and was told the name of it, which nobody here could know, I am sure. The employment you propose to me much better suits my inclination; but I much fear our joint-stock would hardly compose a small volume; what I have is less considerable than you would imagine, and of that little we should not be willing to publish all. \* \* \* †

This is all I can any where find. You, I imagine, may have a good deal more. I should not care how unwise the ordinary run of Readers might think my affection for him, provided those few, that ever loved any body, or judged of any thing rightly, might, from such little remains, be moved to consider what he would have been; and to wish that heaven had granted him a longer life and a mind more at ease.

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for the sake of true taste, that this frippery mode of composition will never come into fashion again; especially since Dr. Hurd has pointed out, by example as well as precept, wherein the true beauty of Dialogue-writing consists.—*Mason*.

† What is here omitted was a short catalogue of Mr. West's Poetry then in Mr. Gray's hands; the reader has seen as much of it in the three foregoing sections as I am persuaded his friend would have published, had he prosecuted the task which Mr. Walpole recommended to him, that of printing his own and Mr. West's Poems in the same volume; and which we also perceive from this letter, he was not averse from doing. This therefore seems to vindicate the Editor's plan in arranging these papers; as he is enabled by it not only to shew what Mr. West would have been, but what Mr. Gray was, I mean not as a Poet, for that the world knew before, but as an universal Scholar, and (what is still of more consequence) as an excellent moral man.—*Mason*.

I send you a few lines, though Latin, which you do not like, for the sake of the subject\*; it makes part of a large design, and is the beginning of the fourth book, which was intended to treat of the passions. Excuse the three first verses; you know vanity, with the Romans, is a poetical licence.

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## LETTER XII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Cambridge, 1747.*

I HAVE abundance of thanks to return you for the entertainment Mr. Spence's book has given me, which I have almost run over already; and I much fear (see what it is to make a figure) the breadth of the margin, and the neatness of the prints, which are better done than one could expect, have prevailed upon me to like it far better than I did in manuscript; for I think it is not the very genteel deportment of Polymetis, nor the lively wit of Mysagetes, that have at all corrupted me.

There is one fundamental fault, from whence most of the little faults throughout the whole arise. He professes to neglect the Greek writers, who could have given him more instruction on the very heads he professes to treat, than all the others put

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\* The admirable Apostrophe to Mr. West, with which the Fragment of the 4th. Book de Principiis Cogitandi opens.—*Ed.*

together; who does not know, that upon the Latin, the Sabine and Hetruscan mythology (which probably might themselves, at a remoter period of time, owe their origin to Greece too) the Romans ingrafted almost the whole religion of Greece to make what is called their own? It would be hard to find any one circumstance that is properly of their invention. In the ruder days of the republic, the picturesque part of their religion (which is the province he has chose, and would be thought to confine himself to) was probably borrowed entirely from the Tuscans, who, as a wealthy and trading people, may be well supposed, and indeed are known, to have had the arts flourishing in a considerable degree among them. What could inform him here, but Dio. Halicarnassus (who expressly treats of those times with great curiosity and industry) and the remains of the first Roman writers? The former he has neglected as a Greek; and the latter, he says, were but little acquainted with the arts, and consequently are but of small authority. In the better ages, when every temple and public building in Rome was peopled with imported deities and heroes, and when all the artists of reputation they made use of were Greeks, what wonder, if their eyes grew familiarised to Grecian forms and habits (especially in a matter of this kind, where so much depends upon the imagination); and if those figures introduced with them a belief of such fables, as first gave them being, and dressed them out in their various attributes, it was natural then, and (I should think) necessary, to go to the source itself, the Greek accounts of their own religion; but to say the truth, I suspect he was little conversant in those books and that language; for he rarely quotes any but Lucian, an author that falls in every body's way, and who lived at the very extremity of that period he has set to his enquiries, later than any of the poets he has meddled with, and for that reason ought to have been regarded as but an indifferent authority; especially being a Syrian

too. His book (as he says himself) is, I think, rather a beginning than a perfect work; but a beginning at the wrong end: For if any body should finish it by enquiring into the Greek mythology, as he proposes, it will be necessary to read it backward.

There are several little neglects, that one might have told him of, which I noted in reading it hastily; as page 311, a discourse about orange-trees, occasioned by Virgil's "inter odoratum lauri nemus," where he fancies the Roman *Laurus* to be our Laurel; though undoubtedly the bay-tree, which is *odoratum*, and (I believe) still called *Lauro*, or *Alloro*, at Rome; and that the "*Malum Medicum*" in the *Georgick* is the orange; though *Theophrastus*, whence *Virgil* borrowed it, or even *Pliny* whom he himself quotes, might convince him it is the *cedrato* which he has often tasted at Florence. Page 144 is an account of *Domenichino's* Cardinal Virtues, and a fling at the Jesuits, neither of which belong to them: The painting is in a church of the *Barnabiti*, dedicated to *St. Carlo Borromeo*, whose motto is *HUMILITAS*. Page 151, in a note, he says, the old Romans did not regard *Fortune* as a Deity; tho' *Servius Tullius* (whom she was said to be in love with; nay, there was actually an affair between them) founded her temple in *Foro Boario*. By the way, her worship was Greek, and this king was educated in the family of *Tarquinius Priscus*, whose father was a *Corinthian*; so it is easy to conceive how early the religion of Rome might be mixed with that of Greece, &c. &c.

*Dr. Middleton* has sent me to-day a book on the Roman Senate, the substance of a dispute between *Lord Hervey* and him, though it never interrupted *their* friendship, he says, and I dare say not.

## LETTER XIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Cambridge, March 1, 1747.*

AS one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima, (Selima, was it? or Fatima?) or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome Cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor: Oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry;

“Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris.”

Which interval is the more convenient, as it gives time to rejoice with you on your new honors\*. This is only a beginning; I reckon next week we shall hear you are a Free-Mason, or

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\* Mr. Walpole was about this time elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.



a Gormogon\* at least.—Heigh ho! I feel (as you to be sure have done long since) that I have very little to say, at least in prose. Somebody will be the better for it; I do not mean you, but your Cat, feuë Mademoiselle Selime, whom I am about to immortalize for one week or fortnight, as follows \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*  
There's a Poem for you, it is rather too long for an Epitaph.

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## LETTER XIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

YOU ask me, what I should answer in case any one should ask me a certain question concerning you. In my conscience I should say, yes; and the readier as I have had a revelation about it, it was in a dream that told me you had taken a fancy to one of the four last letters in the alphabet. I think it can't be X, nor Z (for I know of no female Zeno, or Xenophon) it may be Y perhaps, but I have somehow a secret partiality for W, am I near it, or no? by this time I suppose, 'tis almost a done thing. There is no struggling with Destiny, so I acquiesce. Thus far only I should be glad to know with certainty, whether it be likely [ ] should continue in statu quo, till the Commencement (which I don't conceive) for [ ] I should think it rather better for T. to give up his pretensions with a good grace, than to wait the pleasure

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\* See some account of the 'Gormogons' in Nicholls's *Life of Hogarth*, p. 424. There is a Print of Hogarth's with the title—'The Mystery of Masonry brought to light by the Gormogons.' There is also a Poem, by Harry Carey, called—*The Moderator between the Free Masons and Gormogons.*—*Ed.*

of those dirty cubs, who would infallibly prefer the first that offers of their own people, but I submit this to your judgement, you (as you first made him a competitor) ought to determine at what time he may most decently withdraw. I have some uneasiness too on Brown's account, who has sacrificed all his interests with so much frankness, and is still so resolute to do every thing for us without reserve, that I should see him with great concern under the paw of a fell visitor, and exposed to the insolence of that old rascal, the master. Trollope (if you remember) would engage himself no longer than the end of this year: 'tis true he has never said any thing since, tending that way, but he is not unlikely to remember it at a proper time. And as to \*Smart, he must necessarily be abîmé, in a very short time. His debts daily increase (you remember the state they were in, when you left us) Addison, I know, wrote smartly to him last week; but it has had no effect, that signifies, only I observe he takes hartshorn from morning to night lately: in the mean time he is amusing himself with a Comedy of his own writing, which he makes all the boys of his acquaintance act, and intends to borrow the Zodiack room, and have it performed publickly, our friend Lawman, the mad attorney, is his copyist; and truly the author himself is to the full as mad as he. His piece, he says, is inimitable, true sterling wit, and humour by God; and he can't hear the Prologue without being ready to die with laughter. He acts five parts himself,

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\* The person mentioned here, is Smart the Poet. It appears in Anderson's Life of him, that he was admitted of Pembroke Hall, Oct. 30th, 1739, elected Fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and M. A. 1747. The Comedy to which Gray alludes, was called a 'Trip to Cambridge, or the grateful Fair.' Which was acted in Pembroke College Hall, the parlour of which, made the green room. No remains of this play have been found, but a few of the Songs, and the "Soliloquy of the Princess Periwinkle sola, attended by fourteen Maids of great Honour," containing the well known simile of the Collier, Barber, and the Brick-dust man. Thus when a Barber and a Collier fight, &c.—*Ed.*



and is only sorry, he can't do all the rest. He has also advertised a collection of Odes; and for his Vanity and Faculty of Lying, they are come to their full maturity. All this, you see, must come to a Jayl, or Bedlam, and that without any help, almost without pity. By the way, now I talk of a Jayl, please to let me know, when and where you would have me pay my own debts.

Chapman, I suppose you know, is warm in his mastership; soon after his accession, I was to see him: there was a very brilliant (Cambridge) assembly, Middleton, Rutherford, Heberden, Robinson, Coventry, and various others. He did the honours with a great deal of comical dignity, assisted by a Bedmaker in greasy leather breeches, and a livery, and now he is gone to town to get preferment. But what you'll wonder at, and what delights me, Coventry is his particular confidant (tho' very disagreeably to himself,) he can't open his door, but he finds the master there, who comes to set with him at all hours, and brings his works with him, for he is writing a great book on the \*Roman Constitution. Well, upon the strength of this, I too am grown very great with Coventry, and to say the truth (bating his nose, and another circumstance, which is nothing to me) he is the best sort of man in this place. Middleton has published a small octavo on the Roman Senate, well enough, but nothing of very great consequence, and is now gone to be inducted into a Sine-cure (not £100 a year) that Sir J. Frederick gave him. What's worse, for the sake of this little nasty thing (I am told) he is determined to suppress a work.

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\* An Essay on the Roman Senate by Thomas Chapman, D. D. Master of Magdalen College in Cambridge, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, 1750. 8vo. A Review of this Book, as well as of Middleton's, and other writers on the same subject was published by Hooke, 4to. 1758.—*Ed.*

that would have made a great noise, or publish it all mangled or disfigured, and this when he has (I am assured) near £700 a year of his own already, and might live independent, and easy, and speak his mind, in the face of the whole world Clerical and Laical, such a passion have some men to lick the dust, and be trampled upon. The Fellow Commoners (the bucks) are run mad, they set women upon their heads in the streets at noon-day, break open shops, game in the coffee-houses on Sundays, and in short act after my own heart.

My works are not so considerable as you imagine. I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through, and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar and Lysias: for I take Verse and Prose together like bread and cheese.

The Chronology is growing daily, the most noble of my performances latterly is a Pôme on the uncommon death of Mr. Walpole's Cat, which being of a proper size and subject for a gentleman in your condition to peruse, (besides that I flatter myself Miss — will give her judgement upon it too) I herewith send you, it won't detain you long.

Adieu, my dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. G.

*Camb. March [1747] Tuesday Night.*

Trollope is in town, still at his lodgings, and has been very ill. Brown wrote a month ago to Hayes and Christopher; but has had no answer whether or no they shall be here at the Commencement, can you tell? Morley is going to be married to a grave and stayed Maiden of 30 years old with much pelf, and his own relation. Poor Soul!

## LETTER XV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I REJOICE to hear you are safe arrived, though drawn by *four wild horses*, like people one reads of in the book of martyrs, yet I cannot chuse but lament your condition, so cooped up in the Elvet-House, with spirits and hobgoblins about you, and pleasure at one entrance quite shut out; you must so much the more set open all the other avenues to admit it, open your folios, open your De L'Isle, and take a prospect of that world, which the cruel architect has hid from your corporeal eyes, and confined them to the narrow contemplation of your own *backside*, and kitchen-garden.

Mr. Keene has been here, but is now gone to town for a little while, and returns to pass the winter with us. We are tolerably gracious, and he speaks mighty well of you; but when I look upon his countenance and his ways, I can never think of bestowing my poor Tuthill upon him (though it were never so advantageous, and they both had a mind to it) and so I have said nothing to either of them. I found, he had no hopes of your petition; and believe you are right in thinking no farther of it. Your mention of Mr. Vane, reminds me of poor Smart (not that I, or any other mortal, pity him,) about three weeks ago he was arrested here at the suit of a taylor in London for a debt of about £50 of three years standing. The College had

about £28 due to him in their hands, the rest (to hinder him from going to the castle, for he could not raise a shilling) Brown, May, and Peele, lent him upon his note. Upon this he remained confined to his room, lest his creditors here should snap him; and the fellows went round to make out a list of his debts, which amount in Cambridge to above £350; that they might come the readier to some composition, he was advised to go off in the night, and lie hid somewhere or other. He has done so, and this has made the creditors agree to an assignment of £50 per annum out of his income, which is above £140, if he lives at Cambridge, not else.) But I am apprehensive, if this come to the ears of Mr. Vane, he may take away the £40 hitherto allowed him by the Duke of Cleveland; for before all this (last summer) I know they talked of doing so, as Mr. Smart (they said) was now settled in the world. If you found an opportunity, possibly you might hinder this (which would totally ruin him now) by representing his absurdity in the best light it will bear: but at the same time they should make this a condition of its continuance; that he live in the College, soberly, and within bounds, for that upon any information to the contrary it shall be undoubtedly stopped. This would be doing a real service, though against the grain: yet I must own if you heard all his lies, impertinence, and ingratitude in this affair, it would perhaps quite set you against him, as it has his only friend (Mr. Addison) totally, and yet one would try to save him, for drunkenness is one great source of all this, and he may change it. I would not tell this matter in the north, were I you, till I found it was known by other means. We have had an opinion from the Attorney General in a manner directly contrary to the former. He does not seem to have been clear then; so that he may possibly not be so now. The King's Bench (he says) can take no cog-

nizance of it; the visitor must do all, and he is the Vice Chancellor by King James's Charter, which is good. This is sad indeed, and the fellows, before they acquiesce in it, seem desirous of consulting Dr. Lee, who is well acquainted with College matters.

Have you seen Lyttleton's Monody on his wife's death? there are parts of it, too stiff and poetical; but others truly tender and elegiac, as one would wish. Dodsley is publishing three miscellaneous volumes; some new, many that have been already printed. Lyttleton, Nugent, and G. West have given him several things of theirs. Mr. Walpole has given him three odes of mine (which you have seen before) and one of Mr. West's (my friend who is dead) which in spite of the subject is excellent: it is on the late queen's death. There is a Mr. Archibald Bower\*, a Scotchman bred in Italy, Professor in three Universities there, and of the Inquisition, he was employed by the Court of Rome to write a history of the Popes. As he searched into the materials, his eyes were opened: he came to England, has changed his religion, and continues his work in our language under the patronage of Mr. Pitt, the Yorks, &c. The preface is come out with the proposals, and promises exceeding well, doubtless there is no part of history more curious, if it be well performed.

My best wishes wait upon Mrs. Wharton, and ———. My

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\* A full account of Mr. Archibald Bower, and his history of the Popes, may be seen in the Biographical Dictionary. To the detection of his forgeries and mistakes by Dr. Douglas, the late Bishop of Salisbury, Goldsmith alludes in the Retaliation.

"New Lawders and Bowers the Tweed shall cross over,  
No countryman living their tricks to discover."—*Ed.*

compliments to Miss Wharton, and to King Harry the 8th. Brown will write; he's the \* \* little man and always \* \*.

Adieu, I am ever yours,

T. G.

*Novr. 30, Cambridge, [1747.]*

P. S. I said something to Stonhewer, who (I believe) will do what he can. He is now in London.

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## LETTER XVI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

Though I have been silent so long, do not imagine I am at all less sensible to your kindness, (which, to say the truth,) is of a sort, that however obvious and natural it may seem, has never once occurred to any of my good friends in town, where I have been these seven weeks. Their methods of consolation were indeed very extraordinary; they were all so sorry for my loss\* that I could not chuse but laugh: one offered me opera tickets, insisted upon carrying me to the grand masquerade, desired me to sit for my picture; others asked me to their concerts, or dinners and suppers at their houses; or hoped I would

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\* The destruction of his house, in Cornhill, by fire.



drink chocolate with them while I stayed in town. All my gratitude, (or, if you please, my revenge,) was to accept of every thing they offered me: if it had been but a shilling I would have taken it; thank Heaven, I was in good spirits, else I could not have done it. I profited all I was able of their civilities, and am returned into the country loaded with their Bontés and Politesses, but richer still in my own reflections, which I owe in great measure to them too. Suffer a great master to tell them you, for me, in a better manner.

Aux sentimens de la Nature,  
 Aux plaisirs de la Verité  
 Préférant le goût frelaté  
 Des plaisirs, qu'a fait l'Imposture  
 Ou qu'inventa la Vanité,  
 Voudrois-je partager ma vie  
 Entre les jeux de la Folie,  
 Et l'ennui de l'Oisiveté,  
 Et trouver la Melancolie,  
 Dans le sein de la Volupté? &c. \*

Your friendship has interested itself in my affairs so naturally, that I cannot help troubling you with a little detail of them. The house I lost was insured for £500, and with the deduction of three per cent. they paid me £485, with which I bought, when Stocks were lower, £525. The rebuilding will cost £590, and the other expences, that necessarily attend it, will mount that sum to £650. I have an aunt that gives me £100; and another that I hope will lend me what I shall want: but if (contrary to my expectation) I should be forced to have recourse to your assistance, it can not be for above £50; and that about Christmas next, when the thing is to be finished:

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\* These verses are extracted from the Poem called "La Chartreuse," by Gresset. London Edition. Vol. I. p. 66.—*Ed.*

and now, my dear Wharton, why must I tell you a thing so contrary to my own wishes, and to yours, I believe? It is impossible for me to see you in the north, or to enjoy any of those agreeable hours I had flattered myself with. I must be in town several times during the Summer, in August particularly, when half the money is to be paid: the relation that used to do things for me is, from illness, now quite incapable; and the good people here would think me the most careless and ruinous of mortals, if I should think of such a journey at this time. The only satisfaction I can pretend to, is that of hearing from you; and particularly about this time I was bid to expect good news.

Your opinion of Diodorus is doubtless right; but there are things in him very curious, got out of better authors, now lost. Do you remember the Egyptian History, and particularly the account of the gold-mines? \* My own readings have been cruelly interrupted: what I have been highly pleased with, is the new comedy from Paris, by Gresset; *le Méchant*, one of the very best dramas I ever met with: if you have it not, buy his works altogether, in two little volumes. They are collected by the Dutch booksellers, and consequently there is some trash; but then there are the *Ver-vert*, the epistle to P. Bougeant, the *Chartreuse*, that to his sister, an ode on his country, and another on *Mediocrity*, and the *Sidnei*, another comedy, which have great beauties; there is a poem by Thomson, the *Castle of Indolence*, with some good stanzas. Mr. Mason is my acquaintance: I liked that ode † very much, but

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\* This curious passage of Diodorus, to which Gray alludes, may be found in Vol. I. Lib. iii. Cap. 12. p. 181. Ed. Wesseling.—*Ed.*

† Ode to a Water Nymph, published about this time in Dodsley's Miscellany. On reading what follows, many readers, I suspect, will think me as simple as

have found no one else that did. He has much fancy, little judgement, and a good deal of modesty. I take him for a good and well-meaning creature; but then he is really in simplicity a child, and loves every body he meets with: he reads little or nothing, writes abundance, and that with a design to make his fortune by it. There is now, I think, no hopes of the Pembroke business coming to any thing: my poor Tuthill will be in a manner destitute (even of a curacy) by Midsummer. I need not bid you think of him, if any probable means offer of doing him good: I fear he was not made to think much for himself, pray let me hear from you soon; I am at Mrs. Rogers's of Stoke, near Windsor, Bucks.

My thanks, and best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and your family. Does that name include any body, that I am not yet acquainted with? Adieu! I am ever,

Truly yours

T. GRAY.

*June 5, 1748.*

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ever, in forbearing to expunge the paragraph: But as I publish Mr. Gray's sentiments of Authors, as well living as dead, without reserve, I should do them injustice, if I was more scrupulous with respect to myself. My friends, I am sure, will be much amused with this and another passage hereafter of a like sort. My enemies, if they please, may sneer at it; and say (which they will very truly) that twenty-five years have made a very considerable abatement in my general philanthropy. Men of the world will not blame me for writing from so prudent a motive, as that of making my fortune by it; and yet the truth, I believe, at the time was, that I was perfectly well satisfied, if my publications furnished me with a few guineas to see a Play or an Opera.—*Mason.*

## LETTER XVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*Stoke, August 19, 1748.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

AFTER having made my compliments to the god-mothers of the little Doctress, who are to promise and vow for her that she shall understand, and be grateful some twelve or fifteen years hence: I congratulate Mrs. Wharton and your family, on this occasion, and doubtless desire nothing more than to see you all next summer; though as to promises, I dare not, lest some unlucky event again come across, and put the performance out of my power. I am not certain whether I shall be obliged to have recourse to your assistance or no, about Christmas: but if I am, I will be sure to give you notice in due time.

I am glad you have had any pleasure in Gresset: he seems to be a truly elegant and charming writer; the Méchant is the best comedy I ever read. Edward I could scarce get through, it is puerile; though there are good lines; such as this for example.

*Le jour d'un nouveau regne est le jour des ingrats.*

But good lines will make any thing rather than a good Play. However you are to consider, this is a collection made by the Dutch booksellers; many things unfinished, or wrote in his youth, or designed not for the world, but to make a few friends laugh, as the *Lutrin vivant*, &c. there are two noble verses,

which as they are in the middle of an ode to the King, may perhaps have escaped you.

Le cri d'un peuple heureux, est la seule eloquence  
Qui sçait parler des Rois.

which is very true, and should have been a hint to himself not to write odes to the king at all.

My squabble with the Professor I did not think worth mentioning to you. My letter was by no means intended as a composition, and only designed to be showed to some, who were witnesses to the impertinence that gave occasion for it. But he was fool enough by way of revenge to make it mighty publick.

I don't wonder your Mr. Bolby disapproves Mr. [ ] conduct at Rome: it was indeed very unlike his own. But when every body there of our nation was base enough either to enter into an actual correspondence with a certain most serene person, or at least to talk carelessly and doubtfully on what was then transacting at home, sure it was the part of a man of spirit to declare his sentiments publickly, and warmly. He

was so far from making a party, that he and Mr. [ ] were the only persons that were of that party. As to his ends in it; from his first return to England he has always frequented the Prince's court, had been the open friend of Mr. H. Walpole, which would certainly be no way to recommend himself to the minstry; unless you suppose his views were very distant indeed.

I should wish to know (when you can find time for a letter) what you think of my young friend, Stonhewer, and what company he is fallen into in the North. I fill up with the be-

ginning of a sort of Essay, what name to give it I know not, but the subject is, the Alliance of Education and Government; I mean to shew that they must necessarily concur to produce great and useful men.

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I desire your judgement upon so far, before I proceed any farther. Adieu,

I am ever yours,

T. G.

Pray shew it to no one (as it is a fragment) except it be Stonhewer, who has seen most of it already I think.

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## LETTER XVIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

SHALL I be expeditious enough to bring you the news of the peace, before you meet with it in the Papers? not the Peace of Aix la Chapelle, mother of proclamations and of fireworks, that lowers the price of oranges and Malaga-sack, and enhances that of Poor Jack and Barrell'd Cod: no, nor the Peace between Adil-Shah and the Great Mogol; but the Peace of Pembroke, signed between the high and mighty Prince Roger surnamed the Long, Lord of the great Zodiack, the

Glass Uranium, and the Chariot that goes without horses, on the one part; and the most noble James Brown, the most serene Theophilus Peele, and the most profound Nehemiah May, &c.: on the other.

In short without farther preliminaries Knowles, Mason, and Tuthill are elected, and the last of them is actually here upon the spot, as you will shortly hear from himself. The negotiations, that preceded this wonderful event, are inexplicable. The success of the affair was extremely uncertain but the very night before it, and had come to nothing, if Brown fixed and obstinate as a little rock had not resisted the solicitations of Smith, and Smart, almost quarrelled with Peele and May, and given up as in a huff, the living of Tilney, to which he had that morning been presented. I say this seemed to them to be done in a huff, but was in reality a thing he had determined to do, be the event of the Election what it would; they were desirous of electing two, as the master proposed, Knowles and Mason, or Mason and Gaskarth, for they were sure he would never admit Tuthill, as he had so often declared it. However, I say, Brown continued stedfast, that all three should come, or none at all; and when they met next day, he begun by resigning Tilney, and then desired the master would either put an end to their long disputes himself, as they intreated him; or else they would refer the whole to a visitor, and did conjure him to call one in, as soon as possible. The rest did not contradict him, though the proposal was much against their real inclinations. So Roger believing them unanimous (after some few Pribbles and Prabbles,) said, well then, if it be for the good of the College—but you intend Knowles shall be senior?—To be sure master—well then—and so they proceeded to Election and all was over in a few minutes. I do believe, that Roger despairing now of a visitor to his mind, and ad-

vised by all his acquaintance (among whom I reckon Keene, whose acquaintance I have cultivated with the same views you mentioned in your letter to Brown) to finish the matter, had been for some months determined to do so, but not till he made a last effort. He made it indeed, but not having sagacity enough to find out, how near carrying his point he was; being ignorant of the weakness of a part of his College, and they not cunning, or perhaps not dishonest enough, to discover it to him; he thought he had missed his aim, and so gave it up without farther struggling. I hope you will be glad to see so good an end of an affair, you gave birth to: Brown is quite happy, and we vastly glad to be obliged to the only man left among them, that one would care to be obliged to. There are two more Fellowships remain to be filled up at the Commencement. By the way Tuthill has been just holding a candle—not to the devil, but to the master, as he was reading some papers in Hall; and the boys peep'd in at the screens to see it, and to laugh.

Keene is most sadly *implicated* in the beginning of his reign about an Election, and I am of his Cabinet-council, hitherto for the reasons you wot of, and now because I can't help it, but I am rather tired of College details (as I doubt not, you are) and so I leave this story to be recorded by the Annalists of Peter-house; and let historians of equal dignity tell of the triumphs of Chappy, the installations, the visitations, and other memorable events that distinguish and adorn his glorious reign.

You ask for some account of books. The principal I can tell you of is a work of the president Montesquieu's, the labour of twenty years, it is called, *L'Esprit des Loix*, 2 vols. 4to. printed at Geneva. He lays down the principles on which are founded the three sorts of government, Despotism, the limited



Monarchic, and the Republican, and shews how from thence are deducted the laws and customs, by which they are guided and maintained; the education proper to each form, the influences of climate, situation, religion, &c.: on the minds of particular nations, and on their policy. The subject (you see) is as extensive as mankind; the thoughts perfectly new, generally admirable, as they are just; sometimes a little too refined: in short there are faults, but such as an ordinary man could never have committed: the style very lively and concise (consequently sometimes obscure) it is the gravity of Tacitus (whom he admires) tempered with the gayety and fire of a frenchman.

The time of night will not suffer me to go on, but I will write again in a week. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and your family,

I am ever,

Most sincerely yours,

T. GRAY

*March 9th, [1748—9] Thursday, Cambridge.*

## LETTER XIX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*April 25th, Cambridge [1749.]*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I PERCEIVE that second parts are as bad to write, as they can be to read. For this, which you ought to have had a week after the first, has been a full month in coming forth. The spirit of Laziness, (the spirit of the place) begins to possess even me, that have so long declaimed against it. Yet has it not so prevailed, but that I feel that discontent with myself, that *Ennuy*, that ever accompanies it in it's beginnings. Time will settle my conscience, time will reconcile my languid companion; we shall smoke, we shall tipple, we shall doze together, we shall have our little jokes, like other people, and our long stories. Brandy will finish what Port begun; and a month after the time you will see in some corner of a London Evening Post, yesterday, died the Rev. Mr. John Grey, Senior-Fellow of Clare-hall, a facetious companion, and well-respected by all that knew him. His death is supposed to have been occasioned by a fit of an apoplexy, being found fallen out of bed with his head in a chamber-pot.

I am half ashamed to write university news to you, but as perhaps you retain some little leven of Pembroke-Hall, your nursing mother, I am in hopes you will not be more than half-ashamed to read it. Pembroke then is all harmonious and

delightful since the pacification: but I wish you would send them up some boys, for they are grown extremely thin from their late long indisposition. Keene's *Implications* have ended queerly, for contrary to all common-sense Péter Nourse and two others have joined Rogers, and brought in a shameful low creature by a majority. The Master appeals to the Visitor against their choice as of a person not qualified, he has received the appeal, and I suppose will put in Brocket (Dr. Keene's man) by main force. Chapman is at present in town in waiting; he has just married a Miss Barnwell, niece to one Dr. Barnwell who was minister of Trompington, with £2000, a plain woman, and about his own age. I hear that when he went to Leicester-house to know when the Prince would be waited upon with the book of verses on the peace, the Prince appointed no day at all; but ordered the verses to be sent, and left there. The design of receiving the University at Newcastle-house is said to be altered; the Duke intending to come hither (I imagine) after the Parliament is risen. \*Ross's Epistles

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\* Concerning Ross's Edition of the *Epistolæ Familiares* of Cicero, I am tempted to mention the opinion of Markland, especially as the passage has never been alluded to in print, and the name of Ross, or his book not being mentioned, it might escape the readers of the learned and interesting volume in which it is to be found.—“I thank you for the first volume of the book you sent me, and wait with somewhat of impatience for the second, in which I want to see several places. It fully answers the expectations which I had formed from his former performance, and I have had a very full and very innocent revenge upon him for his pertness and want of judgment, in undertaking what I then saw he knew nothing of, and now see so many instances of his ignorance, and want of skill and taste in these matters, as, if I could shew them to you, would make you laugh, even though you had a moderate fit of the colic upon you. But this between ourselves, for this is the *Esoteric* Doctrine, which I shall communicate only to Mr. Clarke and yourself, the *Exoteric* is, that the English is very good and the Notes (scarce one of them his own, but taken from men, without any acknow-

of Tully ad Familiares will come out in about a week. It is in two handsome 8vo. Volumes, with an Introduction and Notes in English, but no translation, dedicated to Lord Gower. Now I am come to books there is a new edition of Montesquieu's Work (which I mentioned to you before) publishing in 2 vols. 8vo. Have you seen old Crebillon's *Catilina*, a Tragedy which has had a prodigious run at Paris? historical truth is too much perverted in it, which is ridiculous in a story so generally known: but if you can get over this, the sentiments and versification are fine, and most of the characters (particularly the principal one) painted with great spirit. Observe, if you chuse to send for it, not to have Brindley's edition, which is all false prints, but Vaillant's. There is a Work publishing in Denmark by subscription (4 guineas) *Travels in Egypt* by Captain Norden. He was once in England (as tutor to a young Count Daniskiold, hereditary Admiral of Denmark) and known to many persons as a man of sense, and that understood drawing extremely well; accordingly it is the plates that raise it to such a price, and are said to be excellent. The author himself is dead, and his papers are published by the Academy at Copenhagen. Mr. Birch, the indefatigable, has just put out a thick 8vo. of original papers of Queen Elizabeth's time, there are many curious things in it, particularly Letters from Sir Robert Cecil (Salisbury) about his Negotiations with Henry IVth of France; the Earl of Monmouth's odd account of Queen Elizabeth's death, several peculiarities of James Ist, and Prince Henry, &c.; and above all an excellent account of

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ledgment for the most part) very useful and such as I could wish might be read by every body. I do not doubt, but he will get a great deal of reputation from this Work."

*Extracts from Markland's Letters, in Miscellaneous Tracts of Bowyer,*  
p. 513, 514, 516.

the State of France with characters of the King, his Court and Ministry by Sir G. Carew, ambassador there. This, I think, is all new worth mentioning, that I have seen or heard of, except a Natural History of Peru in Spanish, printed at London by Don — something, a man of learning sent thither by that court on purpose.

I shall venture to accept of a part of that kind offer you once made me (for my finances are much disordered this year) by desiring you to lend me twenty guineas. The sooner you can do this, the more convenient it will be to me, and if you can find a method to pay it here; still more so. But if any thing should happen, that may defer it, or make this method troublesome; then I will desire you to make it payable in town after the first week in June, when I shall be obliged to go thither.

I want to hear from you, to know of your health and that of your family. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Mr. Brown comes and throws in his *little compliments* too, and we are both very truly

Yours,

T. G.

## LETTER XX.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I PROMISED Dr. Keene long since to give you an account of our magnificences here,\* but the news-papers and he himself in person have got the start of my indolence, so that by this time you are well acquainted with all the events that adorned that week of wonders, thus much I may venture to tell you, because it is probable nobody else has done it, that our friend Chappy's zeal and eloquence surpassed all power of description. Vesuvio in an eruption was not more violent than his utterance, nor (since I am at my mountains) Pelion with all its pine trees in a storm of wind more impetuous than his action, and yet the Senate-house still stands, and (I thank God) we are all safe and well at your service. I was ready to sink for him and scarce dared to look about me, when I was sure it was all over; but soon found I might have spared my confusion, for all people joined to applaud him: every thing was quite right; and I dare swear, not three people here but think him a model of oratory. For all the Duke's little court came with a resolution to be pleased; and when the tone was once given, the University, who ever wait for the judgement of their betters, struck into it with an admirable harmony. For the rest of the performances they were

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\* The Duke of Newcastle's Installation as Chancellor of the University.—*Mason*.

(as usual) very ordinary. Every one, while it lasted, was very gay and very busy in the morning, and very owlish and very tipsey at night. I make no exceptions from the Chancellour to Blew-coat. Mason's Ode was the only entertainment, that had any tolerable elegance: and for my own part I think it (with some little abatements) uncommonly well on such an occasion, pray let me know your sentiments, for doubtless you have seen it. The author of it grows a pace in my good graces: he is very ingenious, with great good-nature and simplicity. A little vain, but in so harmless and so comical a way, that it does not offend one at all; a little ambitious, but withal so ignorant in the world and its ways, that this does not hurt him in one's opinion. So sincere and so undisguised, that no mind with a spark of generosity would ever think of hurting him, he lies so open to injury, but so indolent that if he cannot overcome this habit, all his good qualities will signify nothing at all. After all I like him so well, I could wish you knew him.

Tuthill who was here at the Installation and in high spirits, will come to settle in Cambridge at Michaelmas, and I have hopes, that these two, with Brown's assistance, may bring Pembroke into some esteem: but then there is no making bricks without straw. They have no boys at all, and unless you can send us a hamper or two out of the north to begin with, they will be like a few rats straggling about an old deserted mansion-house.

I should be glad (as you will see Keene often) if you could throw in a word, as of your own head merely, about a Fellowship for Stonhewer: he has several times mentioned it himself, as a thing he would try to bring about either at Queen's or Christ's, where he has interest: but I know not how, it has

gone off again, and we have heard no more lately about it. I know it is not practicable here at Peter-house, because of his county; and though at Pembroke we might possibly get a majority, yet Roger is an animal, that might play over again all his old game, and with a better appearance than before. You would therefore oblige me, if you would sound him upon this subject, for it is Stonhewer's wish, and (I think) would be an advantage to him, if he had a reason for continuing here some time longer: if you can get Keene to be explicit about it (but it must seem to be a thought entirely of your own) I will desire you to let me know the result. My best wishes, dear Sir, ever attend on you and Mrs. Wharton.

I am most sincerely and unalterably yours,

T. G.

*August 8th, [1749] Cambridge.*

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## LETTER XXI.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

*Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1749.*

THE unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprizes and afflicts me\*. I have lost a person I

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\* The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November, and was buried in a vault in Stoke church-yard near the chancel door, in which also his mother and himself (according to the direction in his will) were afterwards buried.—*Mason.*



loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was his pleasure, has taken her from us to himself: and perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this as an instance of his goodness both to her, and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

## LETTER XXII.

5. 172-386 M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. WALPOLE.

Stoke, June 12, 1750.

DEAR SIR,

AS I live in a place, where even the ordinary tattle of the town arrives not till it is stale, and which produces no events of its own, you will not desire any excuse from me for writing so seldom, especially as of all people living I know you are the least a friend to letters spun out of one's own brains, with all the toil and constraint that accompanies sentimental productions. I have been here at Stoke, a few days, (where I shall continue good part of the summer;) and having put an end to a thing,\* whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it: a merit that most of my writings have wanted, and are like to want, but which this epistle I am determined shall not want, when it tells you that I am ever

Yours,

T. GRAY.

Not that I have done yet; but who could avoid the temptation of finishing so roundly and so cleverly, in the manner of good

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\* This was the Elegy in a Country Church-yard.—*Ed.*

Queen Anne's days? Now I have talked of writings, I have seen a book which is by this time in the press, against Middleton (though without naming him,) by Asheton. As far as I can judge from a very hasty reading, there are things in it new and ingenious, but rather too prolix, and the style here and there savouring too strongly of sermon. I imagine it will do him credit. So much for other people, now to *self* again. You are desired to tell me your opinion, if you can take the pains, of these lines. I am once more,

Ever yours.

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### LETTER XXIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*Stoke, Aug. 9, 1750.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

ARISTOTLE says\* (one may write Greek to you without scandal) that Ὅτι [γὰρ] τόποι οὐ διαλύουσι τὴν Φιλίαν ἀπλῶς, ἀλλὰ τὴν ἐνεργείαν. Εἰδὸν δὲ χρόνιος ἢ ἀπουσία γενήται, καὶ τῆς Φιλίας δοκεῖ λήθην ποιῆν. ὅθεν εἴρηται,

πολλὰς δὲ Φιλίας ἀπροσηγορία διέλυσε.

But Aristotle may say whatever he pleases, I do not find myself at all the worse for it. I could, indeed, wish to refresh

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\* Vide Aristotelis Ethic. Nicomach. Lib. 9. cap. 5, p. 350. ed. Wilkinson.

my ἐνεργεία a little at Durham by a sight of you, but when is there a probability of my being so happy? It concerned me greatly when I heard the other day, that your asthma continued at times to afflict you, and that you were often obliged to go into the country to breathe. You cannot oblige me more than by giving me an account of the state both of your body and mind; I hope the latter is able to keep you cheerful and easy in spite of the frailties of its companion. As to my own, it can do neither one, nor the other; and I have the mortification to find my spiritual part the most infirm thing about me. You have doubtless heard of the loss I have had in Dr. Middleton, whose house was the only easy place one could find to converse in at Cambridge. For my part I find a friend so uncommon a thing, that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it, and though I don't approve the spirit of his books, methinks 'tis pity the world should lose so rare a thing as a good writer\*.

My studies cannot furnish a recommendation of many new books to you; there is a *defence de l'Esprit des Loix*, by Montesquieu himself. It has some lively things in it, but is very short, and his adversary appears to be so mean a bigot, that he deserved no answer. There are three Vols. in 4to. of *Histoire du Cabinet du Roi*, by Messrs. Buffons, and D'Aubenton. The first is a man of character, but (I am told) has hurt it by this work. It is all a sort of introduction to natural history. The weak part of it is a love of system, which runs through it, the most contrary thing in the world to a science entirely grounded upon experiments, and that has nothing to do with

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\* Mr. Gray used to say, that good writing not only required great parts, but the very best of those parts.—*Mason*.

\* vivacity of imagination. There are some microscopical observations, that seemed curious to me, on those animalculæ to which we are supposed to owe our origin; and which he has discovered of like figure in females not pregnant, and in almost every thing we use for nourishment, even vegetables, particularly in their fruits and seeds. Not that he allows them to be animated bodies, but *molecules organisées*. If you ask what that is, I cannot tell; no more than I can understand a new system of generation which he builds upon it. But what I was going to commend, is a general view he gives of the face of the earth, followed by a particular one of all known nations, their peculiar figure and manners, which is the best epitome of Geography I ever met with, and wrote with sense and elegance; in short, these books are well worth turning over. The *Mémoires* of the Abbé de Mongon, in 5 Vol., are highly commended, but I have not seen them. He was engaged in several Embassies to Germany, England, &c. during the course of the late war. The *Presid. Henault's Abrégé Chronologique de l'Hist. de France*, I believe I have before mentioned to you, as a very good book of its kind.

You advised me in your last to be acquainted with Keene, and we are accordingly on very good and civil terms: but to love one another (I reckon) you hardly proposed. I always placed the service he did me about Tuthill to your account. This latter has done him some service, about his regulations. If you will give me the pleasure of a letter, while I continue here, it will be a great satisfaction to me. I shall stay a month longer. My best wishes to Mrs. Wharton and your family.

I am ever yours,  
T. GRAY.

Do not imagine I have forgot my debts, I hope to replace them this year.

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\* One cannot therefore help lamenting, that Mr. Gray let his imagination lie dormant so frequently, in order to apply himself to this very science.—*Mason*.

## LETTER XXIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

A LITTLE kind of reproach, that I saw the other day in a letter of yours to Mr. Brown, has made my guilt fly in my face, and given me spirit to be a beast no longer. I desired him to tell you in the beginning of the summer, that I feared my journey into the north would be prevented by the arrival of my cousin, Mrs. Forster (whom you remember by the name of Pattinson) from India; she came in August; and I continued in town with her a month, in order to do what little services I could to a person as strange, and as much to seek, as though she had been born in the Mud of the Ganges. After this the year was too far advanced to undertake such an expedition; and the thought of seeing you here in the spring, in some measure comforts me for the disappointment; for I depend upon your coming then, when it will be far easier to confer together, and determine about a thing, in which (I fear) I am too much interested to deserve having any great share in the determination \* \* \* \* \*

You are aware undoubtedly, that a certain deference, not to say servility, to the heads of colleges, is perhaps necessary to a physician, that means to establish himself here: you possibly may find a method to do without it. Another inconvenience, your wife, rather than you, will feel, the want of company of her own sex; as the women are few here, squeezy and formal,

and little skilled in amusing themselves or other people. All I can say is, she must try to make up for it among the men, who are not over-agreeable neither. I much approve of your settling seriously to your profession; but as your father is old, if you should lose him, what becomes of your interest, and to whom is it then to be transferred? Would you leave London and your practice again to canvass an election for yourself? It seems to me, that if you execute your present scheme, you must (in case of Mr. Wharton's death) entirely lay aside all views of that kind. The gradual transition you propose to make through Bath or Cambridge to London, is very well judged, and likely enough to succeed. For Bath, I am wholly unacquainted with it, and therefore can say little to the purpose. The way of life there, might be more amusing to Mrs. Wharton, than this; but to you, I think, would be less satisfactory. I sincerely congratulate you on the good effects of your new medicine, which is indeed a sufficient recompense for any pains you have taken in that study. But to make a just trial of its efficacy, and of your own constitution, you certainly ought to pass a little time at London, (a month or so.) \* \* \* \* \*

Our good Mr. Brown goes out of his office to day, of which he is not a little glad. His college which had much declined for some time, is picking up again: they have had twelve admissions this year; and are just filling up two fellowships with a Mr. Cardell, whom I do not know, but they say he is a good scholar; and a Mr. Delaval, a Fellow Commoner (a younger son to old Delaval of Northumberland) who has taken a degree in an exemplary manner, and is very sensible and knowing. The appeal, which has been so long contended for, will, I believe, at last be yielded to with a good grace; or rather bestowed, by the advice of the D. of Newcastle, and

my Lord Chr., and will be the best, the most popular thing they can do. But you must not mention it, till it is actually done. I am sorry your friend Chapman will lose all the merit of his pamphlet, which (by the way) has been answered exceedingly well, and with all due contempt. He seems much mortified, and was preparing a reply, but this event I doubt will cut him short.

I know of nothing new in the literary way, but the history of Lewis 14th by Voltaire; not that I have yet seen it, but my expectations are much raised. Adieu, my dear Wharton,

Most truly yours,

T. G.

P. S. I am ready to pay my debts, if you will tell me to whom. My compliments and good wishes to Mrs. Wharton and the little gentry.

[Oct. 10, 1750.]

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## LETTER XXV.

*To Mr. Walpole*  
*1751*  
MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, Feb. 11, 1751.

AS you have brought me into a little sort of distress, you must assist me, I believe, to get out of it as well as I can. Yesterday I had the misfortune of receiving a letter from



certain gentlemen (as their bookseller expresses it), who have taken the Magazine of Magazines into their hands: They tell me that an *ingenious* Poem, called reflections in a Country Church-yard, has been communicated to them, which they are printing forthwith; that they are informed that the *excellent* author of it is I by name, and that they beg not only his *indulgence*, but the *honour* of his correspondence, &c. As I am not at all disposed to be either so indulgent, or so correspondent, as they desire, I have but one bad way left to escape the honour they would inflict upon me; and therefore am obliged to desire you would make Dodsley print it immediately (which may be done in less than a week's time) from your copy, but without my name, in what form is most convenient for him, but on his best paper and character; he must correct the press himself, and print it without any interval between the stanzas, because the sense is in some places continued beyond them; and the title must be,—Elegy, written in a Country Church-yard. If he would add a line or two to say it came into his hands by accident, I should like it better. If you behold the Magazine of Magazines in the light that I do, you will not refuse to give yourself this trouble on my account, which you have taken of your own accord before now. If Dodsley do not do this immediately, he may as well let it alone.

## LETTER XXVI.

1751  
 MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Ash-Wednesday, Cambridge, 1751.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU have indeed conducted with great decency my little *misfortune*: you have taken a paternal care of it, and expressed much more kindness than could have been expressed from so near a relation. But we are all frail; and I hope to do as much for you another time.

Nurse Dodsley has given it a pinch or two in the cradle, that (I doubt) it will bear the marks of as long as it lives. But no matter: we have ourselves suffered under her hands before now; and besides, it will only look the more careless and by *accident* as it were. I thank you for your advertisement, which saves my honour, and in a manner *bien flatteuse pour moi*, who should be put to it even to make myself a compliment in good English.

You will take me for a mere poet, and a fetcher and carrier of sing-song, if I tell you that I intend to send you the beginning of a drama,\* not mine, thank God, as you will believe, when you hear it is finished, but wrote by a person whom I have a very good opinion of. It is (unfortunately) in the manner

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\* This was the *Elfrida* of Mr. Mason.

of the ancient drama, with choruses, which I am to my shame the occasion of; for, as great part of it was at first written in that form, I would not suffer him to change it to a play fit for the stage, and as he intended, because the lyric parts are the best of it, they must have been lost. The story is Saxon, and the language has a tang of Shakespear, that suits an old-fashioned fable very well. In short I don't do it merely to amuse you, but for the sake of the author, who wants a judge, and so I would lend him *mine*: yet not without your leave, lest you should have us up to dirty our stockings at the bar of your house, for wasting the time and politics of the *nation*. Adieu, Sir!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER XXVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Cambridge, March 3d, 1751.*

ELFRIDA (for that is the fair one's name) and her author are now in town together. He has promised me, that he will send a part of it to you some morning while he is there; and (if you shall think it worth while to descend to particulars) I should be glad you would tell me very freely your opinion about it; for he shall know nothing of the matter, that is not fit for the ears of a *tender parent*—though by the way, he has

ingenuity and merit enough (whatever his drama may have) to bear hearing his faults very patiently.

I must only beg you not to show it, much less let it be copied; for it will be published, though not as yet.

I do not expect any more editions;\* as I have appeared in more magazines than one. The chief errata† were *sacred* bower for *secret*; *hidden* for *kindred* (in spite of dukes and classicks); and *frowning* as in scorn for *smiling*. I humbly propose, for the benefit of Mr. Dodsley and his matrons, that take †*awake* for a verb, that they should read *asleep*, and all will be right. Gil Blas is the Lying Valet in five acts. The fine lady has half-a-dozen good lines dispersed in it. Pompey is the hasty production of a Mr. Coventry (cousin to him you knew) a young clergyman; I found it out by three characters, which once \*made part of a comedy that he shewed me of his own writing. Has that miracle of *tenderness and sensibility* (as she calls it) Lady Vane given you any amusement? Peregrine, whom she uses as a vehicle, is very poor indeed, with a few exceptions. In the last volume is a character of Mr. Lyttleton, under the name of Gosling Scrag, and a parody of part of his Monody, under the notion of a Pastoral on the death his grandmother.

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

\* Of the Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

† Besides these errors of the text, in the Magazine of Magazines, the following occurred.—“their *harrow* oft the stubborn glebe has broke.”—“And read their *destiny* in a nation’s eyes.”—“With uncouth rhymes and shapeless *culture* decked.”—“Slow through the churchway *pass* we saw him borne,”—and many others of less consequence.—*Ed.*

‡ ‘Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.’

## LETTER XXVIII.

5/11/1730  
 MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

Cambridge, Oct. 8, 1751.

I SEND you this\* (as you desire) merely to make up half-a-dozen; though it will hardly answer your end in furnishing out either a head or a tail-piece. But your own †fable may much better supply the place. You have altered it to its advantage; but there is still something a little embarrassed here and there in the expression. I rejoice to find you apply (pardon the use of so odious a word) to the history of your own times. Speak, and spare not. Be as impartial as you can; and after all, the world will not believe you are so, though you should make as many protestations as bishop Burnet. They will feel in their own breast, and find it very possible to hate fourscore persons, yea, ninety and nine: so you must rest satisfied with the testimony of your own conscience. Somebody has laughed at Mr. Dodsley, or at me, when they talked of the *bat*: I have nothing more either nocturnal or diurnal, to deck his miscellany with. We have a man here that writes a good hand; but he has little failings that hinder my recommending him to you.‡ He is lousy, and he is mad: he sets out this

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\* The Hymn to Adversity.

† The Entail, see Walpole's Works, Vol. I. p. 28.

‡ As an Amanuensis.

week for Bedlam ; but if you insist upon it, I don't doubt he will pay his respects to you. I have seen two of Dr. Middleton's unpublished works. One is about 44 pages in 4to. against Dr. Waterland, who wrote a very orthodox book on the Importance of the Doctrine of the Trinity, and insisted that Christians ought to have no communion with such as differ from them in fundamentals. Middleton enters no farther into the doctrine itself than to show that a mere speculative point can never be called a fundamental : and that the earlier fathers, on whose concurrent tradition Waterland would build, are so far, when they speak of the three persons from agreeing with the present notion of our church, that they declare for the inferiority of the Son, and seem to have no clear and distinct idea of the Holy Ghost at all. The rest is employed in exposing the folly and cruelty of stiffness and zealotism in religion, and in showing that the primitive ages of the church, in which tradition had its rise, were (even by the confession of the best scholars and most orthodox writers) *the æra of nonsense and absurdity*. It is finished and very well wrote ; but has been mostly incorporated into his other works, particularly the enquiry ; and for this reason, I suppose, he has writ upon it, "*This wholly laid asid*." The second is in Latin, on miracles ; to show, that of the two methods of defending Christianity, one from its intrinsic evidence, the holiness and purity of its doctrines, the other from its external, the miracles said to be wrought confirm it ; the first has been little attended to by reason of its difficulty ; the second much insisted upon, because it appeared an easier task ; but that, in reality, it can prove nothing at all. "*Nobilis illa quidem defensio (the first) quam si obtinere potuissent, rem simul omnem expediisse, causamque penitus vicisse videntur. At causa hujus defendendæ labor cum tantâ argumendi cavillandique molestiâ conjunctus ad alteram, quam dixi,*

defensionis viam, ut commodiorem longè et faciliorem, plerosque adegit—ego verò istiusmodi defensione religionem nostram non modo non confirmari, sed dubiam potiùs suspectamque reddi existimo.” He then proceeds to consider miracles in general, and afterwards those of the Pagans compared with those of Christ. I only tell you the plan, for I have not read it out (though it is short); but you will not doubt to what conclusion it tends. There is another thing, I know not what, I am to see. As to the Treatise on Prayer, they say it is burnt indeed. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER XXIX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

YOUR pen was too rapid to mind the common form of a direction, and so, by omitting the words *near Windsor*, your letter has been diverting itself at another Stoke, near Ailesbury, and came not to my hands till to-day.

The true original chairs were all sold, when the Huntingdon's broke; there are nothing now but Halsey chairs, not adapted to the squareness of gothic dowager's rump. And by the way I do not see how the uneasiness and uncomfortable-ness of a coronation-chair can be any objection with you: every chair that is easy is modern, and unknown to our an-

cestors. As I remember there were certain low chairs, that looked like ebony, at Esher, and were old and pretty. Why should not Mr. Bentley improve upon them?—I do not wonder at Dodsley. You have talked to him of six *Odes*, for so you are pleased to call every thing I write, though it be but a receipt to make apple-dumplings. He has reason to gulp when he finds one of them only a long story. I don't know but I may send him very soon (by your hands) an ode to his own tooth, a high Pindaric upon stilts, which one must be a better scholar than he is to understand a line of, and the very best scholars will understand but a little matter here and there.

It wants but seventeen lines of having an end, I don't say of being finished. As it is so unfortunate to come too late for Mr. Bentley, it may appear in the 4th volume of the *Miscellanies*, provided you don't think it execrable, and suppress it. Pray when the fine\* book is to be printed, let me revise the press, for you know you can't; and there are a few trifles I could wish altered.

I know not what you mean by hours of love, and cherries, and pine-apples. I neither see nor hear any thing here, and am of opinion that is the best way. My compliments to Mr. Bentley, if he be with you.

I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

I desire you would not show that Epigram I repeated to you, as mine. I have heard of it twice already as coming from you.

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\* The Edition of his *Odes* printed at Strawberry-hill.



## LETTER XXX.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. WALPOLE.

I AM obliged to you for Mr. Dodsley's book,\* and having pretty well looked it over, will (as you desire) tell you my opinion of it. He might, methinks, have spared the graces in his frontispiece, if he chose to be economical, and dressed his authors in a little more decent raiment—not in whited-brown paper, and distorted characters, like an old ballad. I am ashamed to see myself; but the company keeps me in countenance: so to begin with Mr. Tickell. This is not only a state-poem (my ancient aversion), but a state-poem on the peace of Utrecht. If Mr. Pope had wrote a panegyric on it, one could hardly have read him with patience: but this is only a poor short-winded imitator of Addison, who had himself not above three or four notes in poetry, sweet enough indeed, like those of a German flute, but such as soon tire and satiate the ear with their frequent return. Tickell has added to this a great poverty of sense, and a string of transitions that hardly become a school-boy. However I forgive him for the sake of his ballad,† which I always thought the preittest in the world.

All there is of M. Green here, has been printed before;

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\* His collection of Poems.

† Colin and Lucy, beginning—

“ Of Leinster fam'd for maiden's fair.”

there is a profusion of wit every where; reading would have formed his judgement, and harmonized his verse, for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music. The School Mistress is excellent in its kind and masterly; and (I am sorry to differ from you, but) London is to me one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of an original. The same man's verses\* on the opening of Garrick's theatre are far from bad. Mr. Dyer (here you will despise me highly) has more of poetry in his imagination than almost any of our number; but rough and injudicious. I should range Mr. Bramston only a step or two above Dr. King, who is as low in my estimation as in yours. Dr. Evans is a furious madman; and pre-existence is nonsense in all her altitudes. Mr. Lyttleton is a gentle elegiac person. Mr. Nugent† sure did not write his own Ode. I like Mr. Whitehead's little poems, I mean the Ode on a Tent, the Verses to Garrick, and particularly those to Charles Townsend, better than any thing I had seen before of him. I gladly pass over H. Browne and the rest, to come at you. You know I was of the publishing side, and thought your reasons against it none; for though, as Mr. Chute said extremely well, the *still small voice* of Poetry was not made to be heard in a crowd; yet satire will be heard,

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\* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

† The Ode addressed to Mr. Pulteney, by Mr. Nugent, (afterwards Earl Nugent), was distinguished for the following spirited stanza; which has since received the honour of being quoted by Mr. Gibbon, in his character of Brutus.

“What! tho' the good, the brave, the wise,  
 With adverse force undaunted rise  
 To break th' eternal doom;  
 Though Cato liv'd, though Tully spoke,  
 Though Brutus dealt the god-like stroke,  
 Yet perished fated Rome.”—*Ed.*

for all the audience are by nature her friends; especially when she appears in the spirit of Dryden, with his strength, and often with his versification, such as you have caught in those lines on the Royal Union, on the Papal Dominion, and Convents of both Sexes; on Henry VIII. and Charles II. for these are to me the shining parts of your Epistle.\* There are many lines I could wish corrected, and some blotted out, but beauties enough to atone for a thousand worse faults than these. The opinion of such as can at all judge, who saw it before in Dr. Middleton's hands, concurs nearly with mine. As to what any one says, since it came out; our people (you must know,) are slow of judgement; they wait till some bold body saves them the trouble, and then follow his opinion; or stay till they hear what is said in town, that is at some Bishop's table, or some coffee-house about the Temple. When they are determined I will tell you faithfully their verdict. As for the beauties† I am their most humble servant. What shall I say to Mr. Lowth, Mr. Rildley, Mr. Rolle, the Reverend Mr. Brown, Seward, &c.? If I say Messieurs! this is not the thing; write prose, write sermons, write nothing at all; they will disdain me and my advice. What then would the sickly Peer ‡ have done, that spends so much time in admiring every thing that has four legs, and fretting at his own misfortune in having but two; and cursing his own politic head and feeble constitution, that won't let him be such a beast as he would wish? Mr. S. Jenyns now and then can write a good line or two—such as these—

Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,  
Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear, &c.

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\* Walpole's Epistle to Thomas Asheton, from Florence.

† The Epistle to Mr. Eckardt, the Painter. See Walpole's Works. Vol. I. p. 19.

‡ Lord Hervey.

I like Mr. Aston Hervey's Fable; and an Ode (the last of all) by Mr. Mason, a new acquaintance of mine, whose Musæus too seems to carry with it a promise at least of something good to come. I was glad to see you distinguished who poor West was, before his charming Ode,\* and called it any thing rather than a Pindaric. The town is an owl, if it don't like Lady Mary, † and I am surprised at it: we here are owls enough to think her eclogues very bad; but that I did not wonder at. Our present taste is Sir T. Fitz-Osborne's Letters.

I send you a bit of a thing for two reasons: first, because it is of one of your favourites, Mr. M. Green; and next, because I would do justice. The thought on which my second Ode ‡ turns is manifestly stole from hence; not that I knew it at the time, but having seen this many years before, to be sure it imprinted itself on my memory, and, forgetting the Author, I took it for my own. The subject was the Queen's Hermitage.

\* \* \* \* \*

Tho' yet no palace grace the shore,  
To lodge the pair you § should adore,  
Nor abbeys great in ruins rise,  
Royal equivalent for vice;  
Behold a grot in Delphic grove,  
The Graces' and the Muses' love,  
A temple from vain-glory free;  
Whose goddess is Philosophy;  
Whose sides such licens'd idols || crown,  
As Superstition would pull down:

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\* Monody on the Death of Queen Caroline.

† Lady Mary W. Montagu's Poems.

‡ The Ode to Spring.

§ Speaking to the Thames.

|| The four Busts.

The only pilgrimage I know,  
 That men of sense would choose to go.  
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,  
 Urania cheers, with heavenly voice;  
 While all the Virtues gather round  
 To see her consecrate the ground.

If thou, the God with winged feet,  
 In council talk of this retreat;  
 And jealous Gods resentment show  
 At altars rais'd to men below.  
 Tell those proud lords of heaven 'tis fit  
 Their house our heroes should admit.  
 While each exists (as poets sing)  
 A lazy, lewd, immortal thing;  
 They must, or grow in disrepute,  
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is, in terms unskill'd,  
 To praise whatever Boyle shall build.  
 Needless it is the busts to name  
 Of men, monopolists of fame;  
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone,  
 For virtue, as for learning known:  
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise  
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:  
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,  
 There silence speaks, and shade gives light:  
 While insects from the threshold preach,  
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach;  
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,  
 They perish by the slightest bruise;  
 Or maladies begun within  
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine:  
 From maggot-youth, thro' change of state,  
 They feel like us the turns of fate:  
 Some born to creep have lix'd to fly,  
 And chang'd earth's cells for dwellings high:  
 And some that did their six wings keep,  
 Before they died, been forced to creep.

They politics, like ours, profess ;  
 The greater prey upon the less.  
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring,  
 Some toil incessant on the wing :  
 Nor from their vigorous schemes desist  
 Till death ; and then they are never mist.  
 Some frolick, toil, marry, increase,  
 Are sick and well, have war and peace ;  
 And broke with age in half a day,  
 Yield to successors, and away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Adieu ! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER XXXI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Nov. Tuesday, Cambridge.*

IT is a misfortune to me to be at a distance from both of you at once. A letter can give one so little idea of such matters, \* \* \* \* I always believed well of his heart and temper, and would gladly do so still. If they are as they should be, I should have expected every thing from such an explanation ; for it is a tenet with me (a simple one, you'll perhaps say) that if ever two people, who love one another, come to breaking, it is for want of a timely eclairsissement, a full and precise one, without witnesses or mediators,

and without reserving any one disagreeable circumstance for the mind to brood upon in silence.

I am not totally of your mind as to Mr. Lyttleton's elegy, though I love kids and fawns as little as you do. If it were all like the fourth stanza, I should be excessively pleased. Nature and sorrow, and tenderness, are the true genius of such things; and something of these I find in several parts of it (not in the orange-tree:) poetical ornaments, are foreign to the purpose; for they only show a man is not sorry;—and devotion worse; for it teaches him that he ought not to be sorry, which is all the pleasure of the thing. I beg leave to turn your weathercock the contrary way. Your epistle\* I have not seen a great while, and Doctor M— is not in the way to give me a sight of it: but I remember enough to be sure all the world will be pleased with it, even with all its *faults upon its head*, if you don't care to mend them. I would try to do it myself, (however hazardous) rather than it should remain unpublished. As to my Eton ode, Mr. Dodsley is *padrone*. The second† you had, I suppose you do not think worth giving him: otherwise, to me it seems not worse than the former. He might have Selima‡ too, unless she be of too little importance for his patriot-collection; or perhaps the *connections* you had with her may interfere. *Che so io?* Adieu!

I am yours ever,

T. G.

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\* From Florence to Thomas Asheton. See Walpole's Works, Vol. I, p. 4.

† The Ode on Spring.

‡ The Ode on Mr. Walpole's Cat, drowned in a tub of gold-fishes.

## LETTER XXXII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Cambridge, Dec. Monday.*

THIS comes du fond de ma cellule to salute Mr. H. W. not so much him that visits and votes, and goes to White's and to Court; as the H. W. in his rural capacity, snug in his tub on Windsor-hill, and brooding over folios of his own creation: him that can slip away, like a pregnant beauty, (but a little oftener,) into the country, be brought to bed perhaps of twins, and whisk to town again the week after, with a face as if nothing had happened. Among the little folks, my godsons and daughters, I cannot choose but enquire more particularly after the health of one; I mean (without a figure) the *Memoires*: Do they grow? Do they unite, and hold up their heads, and dress themselves? Do they begin to think of making their appearance in the world, that is to say, fifty years hence, to make posterity stare, and all good people cross themselves? Has Asheton (who will then be Lord Bishop of Killaloe, and is to publish them) thought of an *aviso all' lettore*. to prefix to them yet, importing, that if the words church, king, religion, ministry, &c. be found often repeated in this book,\* they are not to be taken literally, but poetically, and as may be most strictly reconcileable to the faith then established;—that he knew the author well when he was a young man; and can testify upon the honour of his function, that he said his prayers regularly and devoutly, had a profound reverence for



the clergy, and firmly believed every thing that was the fashion in those days?

When you have done impeaching my Lord Lovat, I hope to hear *de vos nouvelles*, and moreover, whether you have got Colonel Conway yet? Whether Sir C. Williams is to go to Berlin? What sort of a prince Mitridate may be?—and whatever other tidings you may chuse to refresh an anchoret with. *Frattanto* I send you a scene in a tragedy: \* if it don't make you cry it will make you laugh; and so it moves some passion, that I take to be enough. Adieu, dear Sir!

I am sincerely yours,

T. GRAY.

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## LETTER XXXIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

YOU are apprised by this time, (I don't doubt) that your Mr. Spencer is chose at Pembroke. I received, while I was at Stoke, a letter from Tuthill, wherein were these words, 'Spencer, will, I am almost persuaded, be chose at this audit, and perhaps without a quarrel. I shall vote for him with great

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\* The first Scene in Agrippina.

pleasure, because I believe he may justly claim it; and because I believe, Dr. Wharton would, if he knew of our election, desire it; for *he* was maintained by his Mr. Wilkinson.' Dr. Long did not make any resistance, when he saw how it would go, so Chapman had little occasion for his *effectual interest*. Oh! by the way I give you joy of that agreeable creature, who has got one of your Prebends of £400 a year, and will visit you soon, with that dry piece of goods, his wife.

Of my house\* I cannot say much. I wish I could! but for my heart it is no less your's, than it has long been: and the last thing in the world, that will throw it into tumults is a fine Lady; the verses† you so kindly try to keep in countenance were wrote to divert that particular family; and succeeded accordingly; but being shewed about in town, are not liked there at all.

Mrs. French, a very fashionable personage, told Mr. Walpole that she had seen a thing by a friend of his, which she did not know what to make of, for it aimed at every thing and meant nothing, to which he replied, that he had always taken her for a woman of sense, and was very sorry to be undeceived;—on the other hand the stanzas‡ which I now enclose to you, have had the misfortune, by Mr. Walpole's fault, to be made still, more public, for which they certainly were never meant: but it is too late to complain. They have been so applauded, it is quite a shame to repeat it. I mean not to be modest; but I mean, it is a shame for those who have said such superlative

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\* The house he was rebuilding in Cornhill.—*Mason*.

† The long story.

\* The Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

things about them, that I can't repeat them. I should have been glad that you and two or three more people had liked them, which would have satisfied my ambition on this head amply.—I have been this month in town, not at Newcastle-house, but diverting myself among my gay acquaintance, and return to my cell with so much the more pleasure. I do not speak of my future excursion to Durham, for fear—but at present it is my full intention. His Prussian Majesty has published the *Suite des Memoires* pour servir à l'Histoire de la Maison de Brandebourg, which includes a very free account of his Grandfather's Life, who was the first king of that House, reflections on the gradual advance in science, commerce, &c. of his subjects, and on their changes in religion—it is much in Voltaire's manner. The book itself is at present hard to be got; but you may see a good extract of it in the *Mercure Historique*, a work published monthly. Whether it is in that for October or September I cannot justly say. There is also an account of the History of Crusades, which seems to be Voltaire's, and promises well. I hear talk of a Pamphlet, called *Voix du Sage, et du Peuple*, ascribed to Montesquieu; and a book styled only *Lettres*, by the Procureur General, Fleury, on the power of the clergy in France, but have not seen either of them, being very scarce as yet. Mr. de Buffon has discovered the Speculum of Archimedes, which burns at 200 feet distance.

\* \* You mention Stonhewer, I should be glad to know whether he frequents you? whether you find him improved? and what sort of life he leads, among you country-folks? Brown who has been in the midst of tumults and mutinies lately, and Tuthill, desire their best compliments to you. Mine ever wait on Mrs. Wharton. Adieu!

Believe me, most truly yours.

December 18, [1751,] Cambridge.

## LETTER XXXIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I SHOULD not have made this little journey to town, if I had not imagined the situation of your affairs (after the loss you have lately had) would have prevented your design of coming to Cambridge. The pleasure I have here, is not sufficient, I am sure, to balance a much slighter than I shall have in seeing you again; my stay, therefore, will at farthest not be longer than Wednesday next, when my business will be over, and we shall have time, I hope, to make up in some degree for so many years' separation.

My thanks to Mr. Brown for his letter, and I will trouble you to tell him, I see no reason why the person he mentions, should refuse the proposal made him. He must necessarily, and I think, in prudence sooner or later enter into the profession, that qualifies him for it, and this is perhaps as creditable a way of doing it as ever will offer; besides that it need not oblige him to any thing he dislikes, and may perhaps lead to great advantages.

I need not tell you that I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

[April, 1752.]

## LETTER XXXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

\* \* \* \* \*

I AM sorry to tell you a sad story of our friend over the way. Young Vane, who is now Chaplain to your new Bishop, and has had the promise of it some time, applied to his little red Lordship, as a friend to him and to his family, to put him into Orders. He begun by a direct lie, and told him, he knew the bishop was absolutely engaged to two people of Oxford, whom he named. Then he drilled him on with various trifling pretences, and at last went to town without ordaining him, or appointing any time when he would; in the mean time Vane being pressed by letters from home, went to town and was immediately ordained by the Archbishop of York, and soon after appointed Chaplain. He was informed from a very sure hand, that all this time his friend of Chr had been making interest for Ross against him, and particularly had said, that Vane could not have it, for he was a young man *not in Orders yet*: I assure you they are very angry, and with reason, at Raby Castle; \* \* \* \* \*

*I am reading\** de Maintenon's Letters; they are undoubtedly genuine. They begin very early in her life, before she married Scarron, and continue after the King's death to within a little

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\* "*I am reading.*"—I have inserted these words, necessary to supply the sense; the Manuscript being torn in this place.—*EJ.*

while of her own. They bear all the marks of a noble spirit, (in her adversity particularly) of virtue, and unaffected devotion, insomuch that I am almost persuaded she indulged Lewis XIV. in no liberties, till he actually married her, and this not out of policy and ambition, but conscience: for she was what we should call a Bigot; yet with great good-sense: in short she was too good for a court; misfortunes in the beginning of her life had formed her mind (naturally lively and impatient) to reflexion, and a habit of piety; she was always miserable while she had the care of Mad. de Montespan's children, timid and very cautious of making use of that unlimited power she rose to afterwards, for fear of trespassing on the king's friendship for her; and after his death, not at all afraid of meeting her own. I don't know what to say to you with regard to Racine: it sounds to me as if any body should fall upon Shakespear, who indeed lies infinitely more open to criticism of all kinds, but I should not care to be the person that undertook it. If you don't like Athaliah, or Britannicus, there is no more to be said. I have done.

Ross bears, or dissembles his disappointment better than I expected of him: perhaps indeed it may not turn out to his disadvantage at the end. He is in London about something. Have you seen Bishop Hall's Satyres, called *Virgidemiæ*, republished lately,\* they are full of spirit and poetry; as much of the first as Dr. Donne, and far more of the latter. They were wrote at this University, when he was about 23 years

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\* This Edition of Hall's Satires was printed at Oxford in 1753; the Editor was Dr. Dodd; or rather the Rev. W. Thompson, of Queen's College, as Mr. Reeed appears to have suggested to Dr. Farmer. See Ritson's *Bibl. Poetica*, p. 233.—*Ed.*

old, in Queen Elizabeth's time†. Adieu, [ ] Brown and Tuthill send their best compliments, with mine, to you and Mrs. Wharton.

I am ever very sincerely yours,

T. G.

[December 19, 1752.]

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## LETTER XXXVI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Stoke, Jan. 1753.*

I AM at present at Stoke, to which place I came at half an hour's warning upon the news I received of my mother's illness, and did not expect to have found her alive; but when I arrived she was much better, and continues so. I shall therefore be very glad to make you a visit at Straw-

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† Mr. Mason has finished this letter with the following Paragraph.—“You do not say whether you have read the Crito; I only recommend the dramatic part of the Phædo to you, not the argumentative. The subject of the Erastre is good, it treats of that peculiar character and turn of mind which belongs to a true Philosopher, but it is shorter than one would wish. The Euthyphro I would not read at all.”—This paragraph did not stand, in the situation in which he placed it, as the letter concludes exactly as I have printed it.—*Ed.*

berry-hill, whenever you give me notice of a convenient time. I am surprised at the print,\* which far surpasses my idea of London gravings: The drawing itself was so finished, that I suppose it did not require all the art I had imagined to copy it tolerably. My aunts seeing me open your letter, took it to be a burying-ticket, and asked whether any body had left me a ring; and so they still conceive it to be, even with all their spectacles on. Heaven forbid they should suspect it to belong to any verses of mine, they would burn me for a poet. On my own part I am satisfied, if this design of yours succeed so well as you intend it; and yet I know it will be accompanied with something not at all agreeable to me.—While I write this, I receive your second letter.—Sure, you are not out of your wits! This I know, if you suffer my head to be printed, you will infallibly put me out of mine. I conjure you immediately to put a stop to any such design. Who is at the expense of engraving it, I know not; but if it be Dodsley, I will make up the loss to him. The thing as it was, I know, will make me ridiculous enough; but to appear in proper person, at the head of my works, consisting of half a dozen ballads in thirty pages, would be worse than the pillory. I do assure you, if I had received such a book, with such a

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\* A proof print of the *Cul de Lampe*, which Mr. Bentley designed for the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, and which represents a village-funeral; this occasioned the pleasant mistake of his two aunts. The remainder of the letter relates entirely to the projected publication of Mr. Bentley's designs, which were printed after by Dodsley this same year. The latter part of it, where he so vehemently declares against having his head prefixt to that work, will appear highly characteristic to those readers, who were personally acquainted with Mr. Gray. The print, which was taken from an original picture, painted by Echart, in Mr. Walpole's possession, was actually more than half engraved; but afterwards on this account suppressed.—*Mason*.



frontispiece, without any warning, I believe it would have given me a palsy: Therefore I rejoice to have received this notice, and shall not be easy till you tell me all thoughts of it are laid aside. I am extremely in earnest, and cannot bear even the idea.

I had written to Dodsley if I had not received yours, to tell him how little I liked the title which he meant to prefix; but your letter has put all that out of my head. If you think it necessary to print these explanations for the use of people that have no eyes, I should be glad they were a little altered. I am to my shame in your debt for a long letter, but I cannot think of any thing else, till you have set me at ease on this matter.

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## LETTER XXXVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I JUDGE by this time you are in town: the reason that I thought would have deprived me of the pleasure of seeing you is now at an end. My poor mother, after a long and painful struggle for life, expired on Sunday morning: when I have seen her buried, I shall come to London; and it will be a particular satisfaction to me to find you there. If you can procure me a tolerable lodging near you, be so good (if you can conveniently) to let me know the night you receive

this; if not, I shall go to my old landlord in Jermyn Street. I believe I shall come on Tuesday, and stay a few days, for I must return hither to pay my aunt her arrears, which she will demand with great exactness. Adieu, dear Sir,

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

To me at Mrs. Rogers's of Stoke, near Windsor, Bucks.

*March 15, [1753.] Stoke.*

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## LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

YOU may well suppose me no longer here, as I have neglected thus long to answer two very kind letters, and (which is more) to congratulate you on what most of your friends regard as a very happy event; but to me, I own, it has another face, as I have a much greater regard for you than for the young gentleman, whom I never saw; and foresee, that from this time you will never part with your bottle, which is properly the father of this boy. All my rhetoric will be thrown away, the gout may groan at you, and brandish its crutches, the stone rattle, and the palsy shake it's head unheeded. We shall be no match for claret if it can get an heir, as

well as carry an election; now I talk of elections, we have a report here that your friend Mr. V. (I mean Lord Barnard) means to bring in his son-in-law at Durham. Is this true? H. Vane sets out for the North on Saturday, so I suppose the Bishop's entry will be over next week: and next Monday fortnight I hope to set out myself with Stonehewer, who is going down to his father's, in a post-chaise. We shall not come very fast, as I propose to see Burleigh, Bevoir Castle, &c. by the way. But I shall write again, before I come, to tell you exactly what day we shall be at York. If the time does not suit you, you will inform me as soon as possible. I did not run away from his Grace, but followed your advice, had a very affectionate squeeze by the hand, and a fine compliment in a corner. Many people here have been curious to know what it was; but I have kept my own secret, for indeed I do not know myself; only I remember it felt warm, and sweated a little. Adieu! You will not fail to present my compliments to Mrs. Wharton. If she drank as much claret as you have done, we shall have the boy stand for the county, as soon as he can walk alone. Mr. Brown (I believe) will be engaged here with Plummer greatest part of the summer; he and Tuthill desire to be remembered to you both. I am ever,

Truly yours,

T. GRAY.

*Camb. June 28th, 1753. Thursday.*

## LETTER XXXIX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*Cambridge, Saturday, July 14, 1753.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

THIS is only to tell you that we set out on Monday morning, and shall travel leisurely, not by the direct road, for we intend to see several houses and places as we go; on Thursday we see York, and next morning as early as we can, (certainly before ten o'clock) shall hope to meet you at Studley. You will understand all this with Arch-Bishop Potter's Proviso; God willing, and provided nothing hinder, for if we are overturned and *tous fracassés*, or if the mob at Leeds cut us off as friends to turnpikes; or if the waters be out, and drown us; or (as Herodotus says) if we can go no further for *feathers*\*; in all these cases, and many more, we may chance to fail you. My respects to Mrs. Wharton.

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

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\* This passage from the 4th Book of Herodotus is humorously applied, by Swift, to the number of Authors existing in England. "A happiness (he says) derived to us, with a great many others, from our Scythian ancestors, among whom the number of pens was so infinite, that the Grecian eloquence had no other way of expressing it than by saying—'That in the regions far to the North it was hardly possible for a man to travel; the very air was so replete with feathers.'"—*Tale of a Tub*. Sect. vii.

## LETTER XL.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*Oct. 18, [1753.] Stoke.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

YOU will wonder not to have heard sooner of me. The reason has been the instability of my own situation. As soon as I arrived at Cambridge, I found a letter informing me my aunt Rogers had had a stroke of the palsy, so that I stayed only a single day, and set out for this place. I found her recovered surprisingly from the greatest danger, her speech only is not yet quite restored; but it is easily intelligible to such as are used to her. Is not this something extraordinary at seventy-seven?

I met Mason at York, and passed that evening with him.  
 \* \* \* \* \* has absolutely no support at present but his Fellowship; yet he looks more like a hero, than ever I knew him, like one that can stare poverty in the face without being frightened; and instead of growing little and humble before her, has fortified his spirit, and elevated his brow, to meet her like a man. In short if he can hold it, I shall admire him; for I always maintained, that nobody has occasion for pride, but the poor; and that every where else it is a sign of folly.

My journey was not so bad as usual in a stage-coach. There was a Lady Swinburne, a Roman-Catholick, not young that had been much abroad, seen a great deal, knew a great many people, very chatty and communicative, so that I passed

my time very well; and on the third day left them at Stilton, and got to Cambridge that night. As I know and have heard mighty little to entertain you with, I can only tell you my observations on the face of the country, and the season in my way hither, that you may compare them with what you see at Durham. Till I came to York, I thought the face of every thing rather altered for the worse, certainly not better than that corner of the Bishoprick about Darlington. At Topcliff I saw a large vine full of black grapes, that seemed ripe. At Helperby met a flock of geese in *full song*: if their person had not betrayed them, one might have taken them for nightingales. At York walnuts ripe, twenty for a penny. From thence especially, South of Tadcaster, I thought the country extremely beautiful, broke into fine hills covered with noble woods, (particularly towards the east) and every thing as verdant almost, as at midsummer: this continued to Doncaster, the hazle and white-thorn were turning yellow in the hedges, the sycamore, lime, and ash, where it was young or much exposed, are growing rusty, but far greener, than in your county. The old ash, the oak and other timber, shewed no signs of winter: some few of the lands were even in stubble, but for the most part they were ploughed up, or covered with turnips. I find Mr. Evelyn in his book of forest trees, published in Queen Anne's time, takes notice—'That Shropshire, and several other counties, and rarely any beyond Stamford to Durham, have the vernacular, (or French elm) growing for many miles together.' I cannot say I saw any, but about Scrubey, in Nottinghamshire, and they were young ones newly planted, near a hedge row. He also mentions the elm of a more scabrous leaf, harsh and very large, which becomes a huge tree; *mentioned in the Statute-Books under the name\* of the Wych-Hayle.* For my part, I could

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\* These words in Italics are supplied; the manuscript being imperfect.—*Ed.*

find no sort but the last, at least of any size, or growing in a wild way, till I came into Northamptonshire. I thought the winter more advanced in Lincolnshire, and so on till I had passed Huntingdon, than it was in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In Northamptonshire I first observed the appearances of a long drought, which continued quite hither. The turf is every where brown and burnt up, as in Italy; even the low meadows want their usual verdure. At Cambridge the finest grapes I ever saw there. The lime-trees were only changing colour, but had dropped few of their leaves. In the smoke of London they had almost lost their old leaves, but made fresh shoots as green as in April; and here, before my window, are two young sycamores, which have done the same, but still retain all their old leaves too, without any change of colour. At Trompington the new rye was green in the fields, and three inches high: it is the same in this county. We are here upon a loam with a bed of gravel below, and rag-stone beneath that. The hay is usually all in by Old Midsummer, this year it was all cut by New Midsummer, but a great deal of it lost for want of rain, which likewise spoiled the tares and peas. In the beginning of August was rain for near three weeks, which saved the corn. Oats were in some places cut before the wheat, which was all got in by the 20th of August. Barley, beans, &c. by the 7th of September. I came hither the 6th of October, and they had then, within a mile of the Thames (where the soil is better than here) begun to sow wheat. For six weeks before my arrival it had been continued fine weather, and the air, till sun-set, was like July. Never almost was such a year known for fruit. The nectarines and best peaches had been all gathered three weeks before. The grapes were then perfectly ripe, and still continue the best I ever eat in England. October 9th, it began to rain, and we have had showers every day

since, with brisk winds in the S. and S. W. ; to-day it is in the North, clear sunshine, but cold, and a little wintry : and so ends my Georgick in prose. Excuse me if I had nothing better to send you ; it is partly from my own eye-sight, and partly from the report of such as have no prejudice in favour of their county, because they hardly know there is any other. I write chiefly to draw on a letter from you, for I am impatient to know many things : but remember this election-time letters are apt to be opened at the offices. Pray make my sincere acknowledgements to my *kind Hostess* ; I trust she was not the worse for her journey. I hope you know that

I am ever yours,

T. G.

*At Mrs. Rogers's, of Stoke,  
near Windsor, Bucks.*

P. S. Every thing resounds with the wood-lark and robin ; and the voice of the sparrow is heard in our land. Remember me to all that remember there is such a person.

Adieu !



## LETTER XLI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*Sept. 29, [1753,] Stoke.*

MY DEAR WHARTON,

I SHALL be in town on Monday next, for Mr. Brown informed me you would arrive there on the 30th, and I ordered my matters here accordingly. You will see me the instant I come, having (I need not tell you) not only nothing I like better to do there, but literally nothing else, than to see you. I have not time to enlarge, as I send this by a person who is just going from our house to Uxbridge; though, to my shame, I stand indebted to you for a very kind letter I received long ago. Adieu!

I am always very truly yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER XLII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

*Durham, Dec. 26, 1753.*

A LITTLE while before I received your melancholy letter, I had been informed by Mr. Charles Avison of one of

the sad events you mention.\* I know what it is to lose persons that one's eyes and heart have long been used to; and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish you should. It is something that you had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea before-hand; and that your Father suffered but little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible. After I have said this, I cannot help expressing my surprize at the disposition he has made of his affairs. I must (if you will suffer me to say so) call it great weakness; and yet perhaps your affliction for him is heightened by that very weakness; for I know it is possible to feel an additional sorrow for the faults of those we have loved, even were that fault has been greatly injurious to ourselves.—Let me desire you not to expose yourself to any further danger in the midst of that scene of sickness and death; but withdraw as soon as possible to some place at a little distance in the country; for I do not, in the least, like the situation you are in. I do not attempt to console you on the situation your fortune is left in; if it were far worse, the good opinion I have of you tells me, you will never the sooner do any thing mean or unworthy of yourself; and consequently I cannot pity you on this account, but I sincerely do on the new loss you have had of a good and friendly man, whose memory I honour. I have seen the scene you describe, and know how dreadful it is: I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraved the better.

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\* The death of my Father, and of Dr. Marmaduke Pricket, a young Physician of my own age, with whom I was brought up from infancy, who died of the same infectious fever.—*Mason*.

## LETTER XLIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*Stoke, Aug. 13, [1754.]*

MY DEAR SIR,

HAVING been some little time absent from hence, I missed of your letter, or I had answered it as soon as you desire me. The opportunity of a good house, I hope you will not suffer to escape you, whether the rent be too high, you alone can properly judge. There is a great comfort to be sure in a good house. Some appearance of economy, I should think would give you credit, in that part of the town, you are to be well with: they pride themselves in living much within their income;—upon the whole I seem to have a partiality for Mr. Crumpe, but be sure never to repent; if you think you shall, by all means settle yourself in the great house. Beside I do not know, but some great old Doctor may come and squat himself down there at your elbow (for I suppose there may be some convenience in succeeding to a house of the same profession) and then you would be horridly out of humour. In short you see with your own eyes, you know the quarter, and must necessarily be best qualified to decide. Dr. Fothergill's invitation is very civil. As to the depth of science which you seem to dread, it always grows shallower, as one comes nearer, though it makes a great noise at a distance. The design of the society at least is a good one; but if they are warm and professed enemies of the College, I should think the same reason that makes Heberden withdraw himself, should prevent your ad-

mission in it. It will be easy to delay it however, on various pretences, without disobliging any one.

I am glad you agree with me in admiring Mr. Southcote's Paradise, which whenever you see it again, will improve upon you. Do you know, you may have it, for £20,000, but I am afraid the lands are not very improvable. You don't say enough of Esher, it is my other favourite place. It was a Villa of Cardinal Wolsey's, of which nothing but the gateway remained. Mr. Kent supplied the rest, but I think with you, that he had not read the Gothic Classics with taste or attention. He introduced a mixed style, which now goes by the name of the *Batley-Langley manner*. He is an architect, that has published a book of bad designs;—if you have seen Mr. Walpole's, pray let me hear your opinion, which I will not anticipate by saying any thing about it. To be sure its extreme littleness will be the first thing that strikes you. By all means see Lord Radnor's again. He is a simple old Phobus, but nothing can spoil so glorious a situation, which surpasses every thing round it. I take it ill you should say any thing against the Mole; it is a reflection, I see, cast at the Thames. Do you think that rivers which have lived in London, and its neighbourhood all their days, will run roaring and tumbling about, like your Tramountane torrents in the North. No, they only glide and whisper. In your next expedition, you will see Claremont, and Lord Portman's, which joins my Lord Lincoln's, and above all Mr. Hamilton's, at Cobham, in Surrey, which all the world talks of, and I have seen seven years ago. The year indeed does not behave itself well, but think what it must be in the North. I suppose the roads are impassable with the deep snow still.

I could write abundance more, but am afraid of losing this

post. Pray let me hear from you, as soon as you can, and make my compliments to Mrs. Wharton: Mason is by this time in town again. Tuthill, \* \* \* \* Brown, I believe, at Cambridge. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. G.

I am obliged to you for sending the tea, which is excellent.

## LETTER XLIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

*Stoke, Sept. 18, 1754.*

DEAR SIR,

I REJOICE to find you at last settled to your heart's content, and delight to hear you talk of giving your house some *Gothic ornaments* already. If you project any thing, I hope it will be entirely within doors, and don't let me (when I come gaping into Coleman-street) be directed to the gentleman's at the ten Pinnacles, or with the church porch at his door. I am glad you enter into the spirit of Strawberry-castle;—it has a purity and propriety of Gothicism in it, (with very few exceptions) that I have not seen elsewhere. The eating-room and library were not compleated when I was there, and I want to know what effect they have. My Lord Radnor's Vagaries (I see) did not keep you from doing justice to his situation, which far

surpasses every thing near it, and I do not know a more *laughing* scene, than that about Twickenham and Richmond. Dr. Aken-side (I perceive) is no conjuror in Architecture, especially when he talks of the ruins of Persepolis, which are no more Gothic, than they are Chinese. The Egyptian style (see Dr. Poccoke, not his discourses, but his prints) was apparently the mother of the Greek, and there is such a similitude between the Egyptian and those Persian ruins, as gave room to \*Diodorus to affirm that the old buildings of Persia, were certainly performed by Egyptian Artists. As to the other parts of his opinion, that the Gothic manner is the Saracen or Moorish, he has a great authority to support him, that of Sir Christopher Wren, and yet (I cannot help thinking) is undoubtedly wrong. The Palaces in Spain, I never saw, but in description, which gives us little or no idea of things; but the Doge's palace at Venice I have seen (which is in the Arabesque manner) and the houses of Barbary you may see in Dr. Shaw's book, not to mention abundance of other eastern buildings in Turkey, Persia, &c. that we have views of, and they seem plainly to be corruptions of the Greek architecture, broke into little parts indeed, and covered with little ornaments, but in a taste very distinguishable from what we call Gothic. There is one thing that runs through the Moorish buildings, that an imitator would certainly have been first struck with, and would have tried to copy, and that is the Cupolas, which cover every thing, baths, apartments, and even kitchens—yet who ever saw a Gothic cupola; it is a thing plainly of Greek original. I do not see any thing but the slender spires, that serve for steeples, which may perhaps be borrowed from the Saracen minarets or their mosques.

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\* See Diodori Hist. ed. Wesseling. Lib. I. c. 46. v. i. p: 55. Diodorus says, that the Royal Palaces in Persepolis, in Susa, and those in Media, were built by Egyptian Architects, when Cambyses burnt the temples of Egypt, carried their riches into Asia, and transported their Artificers there.—*Ed.*

I was in Northamptonshire when I received your letter, but am now returned hither. I have been at Warwick, which is a place worth seeing. The town is on an eminence, surrounded every way with a fine cultivated valley, through which the Avon winds, and at the distance of five or six miles, a circle of hills well wooded, and with various objects crowning them, that close the prospect. Out of the town on one side of it, rises a rock that might remind one of your rocks at Durham, but that it is not so savage or so lofty, and that the river which washes its foot, is perfectly clear, and so gentle that its current is hardly visible. Upon it stands the castle, the noble old residence of the Beauchamps and Nevilles, and now of Earl Brooke. He has sashed the great apartment that's to be sure, (I can't help these things) and being since told that square sash windows were not Gothic, he has put certain whim-whams within side the glass, which appearing through, are to look like fret-work. Then he has scooped out a little burrough in the massy walls of the place, for his little self, and his children, which is hung with paper, and printed linen, and carved chimney-pieces, in the exact manner of Berkley-square, or Argyle-buildings. What in short can a Lord do now a days, that is lost in a great old solitary Castle, but skulk about, and get into the first hole he finds, as a rat would do in like case. A pretty long old stone-bridge leads you into the town, with a mill at the end of it, over which the rock rises with the Castle upon it, with all its battlements, and queer-ruined towers, and on your left hand the Avon strays through the park, whose ancient elms seem to remember Sir Philip Sidney (who often walked under them) and talk of him to this day. The Beauchamp Earls of Warwick, lie under stately monuments in the choir of the great church, and in our lady's chapel adjoining to it. There also lie Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and his brother, the famous Lord Leicester, with Lettice, his Countess.

This chapel is preserved entire, though the body of the church was burnt down sixty years ago, and rebuilt by Sir C. Wren. I had heard often of Guy-Cliff, two miles from the town, so I walked to see it; and of all improvers commend me to Mr. Greathead, its present owner. He shewed it me himself, and is literally a fat young man, with a head and face much bigger than they are usually worn. It was naturally a very agreeable rock, whose cliffs covered with large trees hung beetling over the Avon, which twists twenty ways in sight of it; there was the cell of Guy Earl of Warwick cut in the living stone, where he died a hermit (as you may see in a penny history, that hangs upon the rails in Moorfields); there were his fountains bubbling out of the cliff;—there was a chantry founded to his memory in Henry the VIth's. time, but behold the trees are cut down to make room for flowering shrubs, the rock is cut up till it is as smooth and as sleek as satin; the river has a gravel-walk by its side; the cell is a grotto with cockle-shells and looking-glass; the fountains have an iron gate before them, and the chantry is a barn, or a little house. Even the poorest bits of nature that remain, are daily threatened; for he says, (and I am sure, when the Greatheads are once set upon a thing, they will do it) he is determined it shall be *all new*. These were his words, and they are fate. I have also been at Stow, at Woburn (the Duke of Bedford's), and at Moxton (Duke of Guilford's), but I defer these chapters till we meet. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that the parts of Northamptonshire where I have been, is in fruits, in flowers, and in corn, very near a fortnight behind this part of Buckinghamshire; that they have no nightingales, and that the other birds are almost as silent as at Durham. It is rich land, but upon a clay, and in a very bleak, high, exposed situation. I hope you have had some warm weather, since you last complained of the south. I have thought of seeing you about Michaelmas, though I shall



not stay long in town; I should have been at Cambridge before now, if the Duke of Newcastle and his foundation-stone would have let me, but I want them to have done before I go. I am sorry Mr. Brown should be the only one that has stood upon punctilios with me, and would not write first; pray tell him so. Mason is (I believe) in town, or at Chiswick. No news of Tuthill. I wrote a long letter to him in answer to one he wrote me, but no reply. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. G.

Brown called here this morning before I was up, and breakfasted with me.

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## LETTER XLV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

ODE IN THE GREEK MANNER.

\* \* \* [THE ODE ON THE PROGRESS OF POESY.] \* \* \*

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IF this be as tedious to you, as it is grown to me, I shall be sorry that I sent it you. I do not pretend to *deballate*\* any one's pride, I love my own too well to attempt

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\* *Humble* any one's pride.—*Ed. Mason.*

it. As to mortifying their vanity, it is too easy and too mean a task for me to delight in. You are very good in shewing so much sensibility on my account, but be assured my taste for praise is not like that of children for fruit; if there were nothing but medlars and blackberries in the world, I could be very well content to go without any at all. I dare say Mason (though some years younger than I) was as little elevated with the approbation of Lord D. and Lord M. as I am mortified by their silence. I desire you would by no means suffer this to be copied, nor even shew it, unless to very few, and especially not to new scholars, that can scan all the measures in Pindar, and say the Scholia by heart. The oftener, (and in spite of poor Trollope) the *more* you write to me, the happier I shall be. I envy your opera. Your politicks I don't understand, but I think matters can never continue long in the situation they now are. \*Barbarossa I have read, but I did not cry; at a modern tragedy, it is sufficient not to laugh. I had rather the King's Arms looked askew upon me, than the Mitre; it is enough to be well bred to both of them. You

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\* Barbarossa. This play was written by Dr. Brown, the admirer and friend of Warburton; and author of the Estimate, Essay on Satire, Garrick wrote the Epilogue, the following line of which gave the greatest offence to the Author.

“ Let the poor devil eat, allow him that,” &c.

“ A very indifferent new Tragedy (says Mr. Walpole, in a letter to Mr. Bentley, p. 305) now making: the author unknown, but believed to be Garrick himself. There is not one word of Barbarossa's real story, but almost the individual history of Merope. Not one new thought, and which is the next material want, but one line of perfect nonsense.

“ And rain down transports in the shape of sorrow.”

To complete it, the manners are so ill observed, that a Mahometan Princess Royal is at full liberty to visit her lover in Newgate, like the Banker's Daughter, in George Barnwell.”—*Ed.*

do not mention Lord Strathmore, so that I doubt if you received my little letter about him. Mason is still here: we are all mighty glad he is in orders, and no better than any of us. Pray inform me if Dr. Clarke is come to town, and where he is fixed, that I may write to him, angry as he is. My compliments to my friend Mrs. Wharton, to your mother, and all the little gentry. I am ever, dear Doctor,

Most sincerely yours.

*Camb. Dec. 26, 1754.*

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## LETTER XLVI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*March 9, 1755. Cambridge.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR, - - -

ACCORDING to my reckoning, Mrs. Wharton should have been brought to bed before this time; yet you say not a syllable of it. If you are so loth to publish *your productions*, you cannot wonder at the repugnance I feel, to spreading abroad mine. But in truth, I am not so much against publishing, as against publishing *this\* alone*. I have two or three ideas more in my head; what is to come of them? must they too come out in the shape of little sixpenny flams, dropping one after another, till Mr. Dodsley thinks fit to collect them

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\* His Ode on the Progress of Poetry.—*Mason*.

with Mr. this's song, and Mr. t'other's epigram, into a pretty volume! I am sure Mason must be sensible of this, and therefore can never mean what he says. To be sure, Doctor, it must be owned, that physick, and indeed all professions, have a bad effect upon the mind. This it is my duty, and interest to maintain. But I shall still be very ready to write a satire upon the clergy, and an epode against historiographers, whenever you are hard-pressed: and (if you flatter me) may throw in a few lines with somewhat handsome, upon *Magnesia alba*, and *Alicant-soap*. As to humanity you know my aversion to it, which is barbarous and inhuman; but I cannot help it, God forgive me. I am not quite of your opinion, with regard to *Strophe*\* and *Antistrophe*, setting aside the difficulties, methinks it has little or no effect upon the ear, which scarce perceives the regular return of metres, at so great a distance from one another. To make it succeed, I am persuaded the stanzas must not consist of above nine lines each at the most. Pindar has several such odes.

Lord Strathmore is come, and makes a tall genteel figure

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\* He often made the same remark to me in conversation, which led me to form the last Ode of *Caractacus* in shorter stanzas: But we must not imagine that he thought the regular Pindaric method without its use; though, as he justly says, when formed in long stanzas, it does not fully succeed in point of effect on the ear: For there was nothing, which he more disliked than that chain of irregular stanzas which Cowley introduced, and falsely called Pindaric; and which from the extreme facility of execution, produced a number of miserable imitators. Had the regular return of *Strophe*, *Antistrophe*, and *Epode* no other merit than that of extreme difficulty, it ought on this very account, to be valued; because we well know that "Easy writing is no easy reading." It is also to be remarked, that Mr. Congreve, who (though without any lyrical powers) first introduced the regular Pindaric form into the English language, made use of the short stanzas which Mr. Gray here recommends.—See his Ode to the Queen: Works, vol. III. p. 438, Ed. Birm. *Mason*.

in our eyes. His tutors and he appear to like one another mighty well. When we know more of him than his outside, you and the historian shall hear of it. I am going to ask a favour of you, which I have no better pretence for doing; than that I have long been used to give you trouble. It is that you would go to the London Insurance office, in Birchin-lane, for me, and pay two insurances; one of my house at Wanstead, (Policy, No. 9675.) the other of that in Cornhill (No. 23470.) from Lady-day next, to Lady-day, 1756. The first is twenty shillings, the second, twelve shillings; and be pleased to enclose the two receipts (stamped) in a cover, and send them to me. The sooner the better, for I am always in a little apprehension, during this season of conflagrations. I know you will excuse me, and therefore will make no excuses. I cannot think of coming to town till some time in April, myself.

I know you have wrote a very obliging letter to Tuthill, but as I have not seen it, and he is not in my way at present, I leave him to answer for himself. Adieu, dear Sir, and make my compliments to your family.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

## LETTER XLVII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Aug. 6, 1755. Stoke.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I WAS just returned from my Hampshire\* expedition, and going to enquire after your little family, and how they had got over the measles, when I found a letter from Stonehewer, in which he says nothing on that head, whence I conclude they are out of danger, and you free from anxiety about them. But he tells me you expect me in town, for which I am at a loss to account, having said nothing to that purpose, at least, I am sure nothing with that meaning. I said I was to go to Twickenham, and am now expecting a letter from Mr. Walpole, to inform me, when he shall be there. My stay will be at farthest a week with him, and at my return I shall let you know, and if the season be better than it now is, enquire, if you continue inclined to visit Windsor and its environs. I wished for you often on the Southern coast, where I have been, and made much the same tour that Stonehewer did before me. Take notice that the oaks grow quite down to the beach, and that the sea forms a number of bays little and great, that appear glittering in the midst of thick groves

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\* Mr. Gray went on the 15th of July, to Mr. Chute's eat the Vine, from thence he went to Portsmouth, and returned to Stoke on the 31st of July, as appears by a journal which he kept.—*Ed.*

of them. Add to this the Fleet (for I was at Portsmouth two days before it sailed) and the number of vessels always passing along, winding up Southampton river, (which is the largest of these bays I mention) and enters about ten miles into the land, and you will have a faint idea of the *South*. From Fareham to Southampton, where you are upon a level with the coast, you have a thousand such peeps and delightful openings; but would you see the whole at once, you must get upon Ports-down, five miles upon this side Portsmouth. It is the top of a ridge that forms a natural terrass three miles long, literally not three times broader than Windsor-terrass, with a gradual fall on both sides, and covered with a turf like Newmarket. To the North, opens Hampshire and Berkshire, covered with woods, and interspersed with numerous gentlemen's houses and villages, to the South, Portsmouth, Gosport, &c. just at your foot in appearance, the Fleet, the sea winding and breaking in bays into the land, the deep shade of tall oaks in the enclosures, which become blue, as they go off to distance. Porchester-castle, Calshot-castle, and all the Isle of Wight, in which you plainly distinguish the fields, hedge-rows, and woods, next the shore, and a back ground of hills behind them. I have not seen a more magnificent or more varied prospect. I have been also at Tichfield, at Netly-abbey (a most beautiful ruin in as beautiful a situation) at Southampton, at Bevis-mount, at Winchester, &c. My gout is gone, but I am not absolutely well yet. I heard Mason was expected on Monday last, but was not to speak of it, therefore you will say nothing till you see him. I do not understand this; nor what he means by coming, it seems wrong to me. What did you think of the *Morceau*\*

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\* A copy of the *first* part of the Bard, but which, I am sorry to say, is not preserved among Dr. Wharton's MSS.—*Ed.*

I sent you. Pray speak your mind. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Adieu..

I am ever yours,

T. G.

## LETTER XLVIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Stoke, Aug. 21, 1755.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

INSTEAD of going to Twickenham I was obliged to send my excuses, and the same day Mr. Walpole sent a messenger to say he was confined in town with a fever, and a rash. He has since wrote me word, that he is well again. But for me, I continue much as I was, and have been but once out of the house to walk, since I returned from Hampshire. Being much inclined to bleeding myself, I yet was fearful to venture, lest it should bring on a regular fit of the gout, so I sent for advice at last, and expected Dr. Hayes should tell me presently whether it were Gout or Rheumatism; in his talk, he treated it rather as the former, but his prescription appears to me to be meant for the latter. You will judge, he took away 10 or 11 oz. of blood, and ordered these draughts night and morning. *Sal. Absinth. Succ. Limon finitá effervescentiá add. Aqua. Alexit. Simpl. Menth. Piperit, Magnes. alb., Tinct. G. Guiac. Spirituos.* The quantities I can't read; only I think there



is a drachm of the Tincture, and half a drachm of Magnesia in each draught. The blood had no sign of Inflammation, but of a bright red; the serum of a dark yellow with little transparency, not viscid to the touch. The draughts (which I took over night only) made me sweat almost immediately, and opened a little in the morning, the consequence is, that I have still many slight complaints, broken and unrefreshing sleeps, as before, less feverish than I was in a morning. Instead of it a sensation of weariness and soariness in both feet, which goes off in the day, a frequent dizziness and lightness of head, easily fatigued with motion. Sometimes a little pain in my breast, as I had in the winter. These symptoms are all too slight to make an illness, but they do not make perfect health, that is sure.

Though I allow abundance for your kindness and partiality to me, I am much pleased with the good opinion you seem to have of the *Bard*. You may alter that, '*Robed in the sable, &c.*' almost in your own words, thus,

With fury pale, and pale with woe,  
Secure of Fate, the Poet stood, &c.

Though *haggard*, which conveys to you the idea of a *Witch*, is indeed only a metaphor taken from an unreclaimed Hawk, which is called a *haggard*, and looks wild and *farouche*, and jealous of its liberty. I have sent now to Stonehewer a bit more of the *Prophecy*, and desire him to shew it you immediately: it is very rough and unpolished at present. Adieu, Dear Sir,

I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

\* \* \* \* \*

She-wolf of France with unrelenting fangs,  
 That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate;  
 From thee he born, who o'er thy country hangs  
 The scourge of Heaven; what terrors round him wait;  
 Amazement in his van, with flight combined,  
 And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

## ANT. 2.

victor  
 Mighty Conqu'ror, mighty Lord,  
his  
 Low on the funeral couch he lies;  
No no  
 What pitying heart, what eye afford  
 A tear to grace his obsequies.  
 Is the sable warrior fled?  
 Thy son is gone, he rests among the dead,  
in thy noontide beam were born,  
 The swarm that hover'd in thy noontide ray,  
morn.  
 Gone to salute the rising day.\*

## EPODE 3.

Fill high the sparkling bowl,  
 The rich repast prepare,  
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast.  
 Close by the regal chair.

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\* Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,  
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm,  
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
 Youth in the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;  
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,  
 That hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

Fell Thirst and Famine scowl  
 A *smile of horror* on their baffled guest.  
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,  
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse!  
 Long years of havock urge their destined course,  
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.

Ye

Grim towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,  
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,  
 Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,  
 And spare the meek Usurper's *hallow'd* head.  
 Above, below, the Rose of snow,  
 Twined with her blushing foe we spread.  
 The bristled boar, in infant gore,  
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.  
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,  
 All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

ARTIST. 3.

Girt with many a

Youthful Knights, and Barons bold,  
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear,

With dazzling helm, and horrent spear,  
 And gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old,  
 In bearded majesty appear.

In the midst a Form divine,  
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line;

Her                      her

A Lyon-port, an awe-commanding face,  
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

What strings symphonious tremble in the air!  
 What strains of vocal transport round hee play!

Hear, from the grave, great Taliessin, hear,  
 They breathe a soul, to animate thy clay.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,  
 Waves in the eye of Heaven, her many-coloured wings.

Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,

Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom:

## STROPHE 3.

Edward, lo! to sudden fate,  
 (Weave we the woof, the thread is spun),  
 Half of thy heart we consecrate,  
 (The web is wove, the work is done.)

thus

Stay, oh stay, nor here forlorn  
me unblest'd, unpitied here  
 Leave your despairing Caradoc to mourn.

track

In yon bright clouds, that fires the western skies,  
melt

They sink, they vanish from my eyes.

solemn scenes

But ah! what *scenes of Heaven* on Snowdon's height,  
glitt'ring

Descending slow their golden skirts unroll!  
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,  
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul.

## EPODE 3.

The verse adorn again,  
 Fierce War and faithful Love,  
 And Truth severe by Fairy-Fiction drest.  
 In buskin'd measures move  
 Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,  
 With Horror tyrant of the throbbing breast.  
 A voice as of the Cherub-Quire,  
 Gales from blooming Eden bear,  
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,  
 That lost in long futurity expire.  
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,  
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?  
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,  
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me, with joy I see  
 The different doom our fates assign,  
 Be thine Despair, and scepter'd Care,  
 To triumph, and to die are mine.  
 He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height  
 Deep in the roaring tide he sunk to endless night.

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## LETTER XLIX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. STONEHEWER.\*

August 21, 1755.

I THANK you for your intelligence about Herculaneum, which was the first news I received of it. I have since turned over Monsignor Baiardi's book,† where I have learned how many grains of modern wheat the Roman Congius, in the Capitol, holds, and how many thousandth parts of an inch the Greek foot consisted of more or less, (for I forget which) than our own. He proves also by many affecting examples, that an Antiquary may be mistaken: That for any thing any body

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\* Auditor of Excise. His friendship with Mr. Gray commenced at College, and continued till the death of the latter.—*Mason*. Mr. Stonehewer, was, while at Cambridge the Tutor, afterwards the private Secretary, and intimate friend of the late Duke of Grafton.—*Ed*.

† I believe the book here ridiculed was published by the authority of the King of Naples. But afterwards, on finding how ill qualified the Author was to execute the task, the business of describing the Antiquities found at Herculaneum was put into other hands; who have certainly, as far as they have gone, performed it much better.—*Mason*.

knows, this place under ground might be some other place, and not Herculaneum; but nevertheless, that he can shew for certain that it was this place and no other place; that it is hard to say which of the several Hercules's was the founder; therefore (in the third volume) he promises to give us the memoirs of them all; and after that, if we do not know what to think of the matter, he will tell us. There is a great deal of wit too, and satire, and verses, in the book, which is intended chiefly for the information of the French King, who will be greatly edified without doubt.

I am much obliged to you also for Voltaire's performance; it is very unequal, as he is apt to be in all but his dramas, and looks like the work of a man that will admire his retreat and his Lemman-Lake no longer than till he finds an opportunity to leave it:\* However, though there be many parts which I do not like, yet it is in several places excellent, and every where above mediocrity. As you have the politeness to pretend impatience, and desire I would communicate, and all that, I annex a piece of the Prophecy;† which must be true at least, as it was wrote so many hundred years after the events.

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\* I do not recollect the title of this Poem, but it was a small one which M. de Voltaire wrote when he first settled at Ferney. By the long residence he has since made there, it appears either that our Author was mistaken in his conjecture, or that an opportunity of leaving it had not yet happened.—*Mason*.

† The second Antistrophe and Epode, with a few lines of the third Strophe of his Ode, entitled the Bard, were here inserted.—*Mason*.

## LETTER L.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

[Oct. 18, 1755.]

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

I OUGHT before now to have thanked you for your kind offer, which I mean soon to accept, for a reason, which to be sure can be no reason to you, or Mrs. Wharton, and therefore I think it my duty to give you notice of it. It is a very possible thing I may be ill again in town, which I would not chuse to be in a dirty inconvenient lodging, where perhaps my Nurse might stifle me with a pillow, and therefore it is no wonder if I prefer your house. But I tell you of this in time, that if either of you are frighted at the thought of a sick body, you may make a handsome excuse, and save yourselves this trouble. You are not to imagine my illness is in *Esse*; no, it is only in *Posse*, otherwise I should myself be scrupulous of bringing it home to you. I shall be in town in about a fortnight. You will be sorry (as I am) at the destruction of poor Stonehewer's views which promised so fair; but both he and I have known it this long time; so, I believe, he was prepared, and his old Patron is no bad resource. I am told, it is the fashion to be totally silent with regard to the \*ministry. Nothing

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\* This alludes to the dismissal of Pitt, then paymaster of the forces, and the Right Honorable Henry Legge, Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the question, of engaging this nation in a continental connexion for the defence of Hanover.

is to be talked of, or even suspected, till the Parliament meets; in the mean time the new *Manager* has taken what appears to me a very odd step. If you do not hear of a thing, which is in its nature no secret, I cannot well inform you by the Post, to me it is utterly unaccountable.

Pray what is the reason I do not read your name among the Censors of the College? did they not offer it you, or have you refused it? I have not done a word more of *Bard*. Having been in a very listless, unpleasant, and inutile state of mind for this long while; for which I shall beg you to prescribe me somewhat strengthening and agglutinant, lest it turn to a confirmed Phthisis.\* To shew you how epidemical self-murder is this year, Lady M. Capel (Lord Essex's sister) a young person, has just cut the veins of both arms across, but (they say) will not die of it, she was well, and in her senses, though of a family that are apt to be otherwise. Adieu, Dear Doctor, I should be glad of a line from you, before I come. Believe me ever,

Most sincerely yours,

T. G. .

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See Smollett's History of England, Vol. III. p. 436. An interesting account of the debate on this subject, (in which single-speech Hamilton spoke for the first time), may be seen in Walpole's Letters. Vol. V. p. 41.—*Ed.*

\* Instead of publishing this Letter as it was originally written; Mr. Mason has commenced with a sentence from Letter XLIX. then added the last paragraph but one of this Letter. Then taken the last sentence of Letter LV. and ended with the first part of this Letter; to this *authentic* Epistle he has given the date of 14th June, 1756. See Letter XXIII. of this Section in his Edition.—*Ed.*



## LETTER LI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Jan. 9, Cambridge, 1756.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM quite of Mr. Alderman's opinion; provided you have a very fair prospect of success (for I do not love repulses, though I believe in such cases, they are not attended with any disgrace) such an employment must necessarily give countenance and name to one in your profession, not to mention the use it must be of in refreshing, and keeping alive the ideas of practice you have already got, and improving them by new observation. It cannot but lead to other business too, in a more natural way, than perhaps any other, for whatever lucky chance may have introduced into the world, here and there a Physician of great vogue, the same chance may hardly befall another in an age; and the indirect and by-ways that doubtless have succeeded with many, are rather too dirty for you to tread. As to the time it would take up, so much the better. Whenever it interferes with more advantageous practice, it is in your power to quit it. In the mean time it will prepare you for that trouble and constant attendance, which much business requires a much greater degree of. For you are not to dream of being your own master, till old-age, and a satiety of gain shall set you free. I tell you my notions of the matter, as I see it at a distance, which you, who stand nearer, may rectify at your pleasure.

I have continued the Soap every other day from the time I left you, except an interval or two of a week or ten days at a time; which I allow in order to satisfy myself, whether the good effects of it were lasting, or only temporary. I think I may say, it has absolutely cured that complaint, I used to mention to you; and (what is more) the ill-habit, which perhaps was the cause of that, and of the flying pains I have every now and then felt in my joints: whenever I use it, it much increases my appetite, and the heart-burn is quite banished, so I may venture to say, it does good to my stomach. When I shall speak of its bad effects, you are no longer to treat me as a whimsical body, for I am certain now that it disorders the head, and much disturbs one's sleep. This I now avoid by taking it immediately before dinner; and besides these things are trifles compared with the good it has done me. In short, I am so well, it would be folly to take any other medicine, therefore I reserve lime water, for some more pressing occasion. I should be glad to know the particulars of Lord Northumberland, and the Archbishop's illnesses, and how far it has eased them in the gout.

I am glad you admire \*Machiavel, and are entertained with

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\* I should deem myself almost deficient in the duty of an Editor, were I not in this place, to point out to the reader, the just, and animated portrait of Machiavel drawn by Mr. Dugald Stewart, in his interesting Dissertation prefixed to the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica, p. 32.—“The founder of this new Sect [the Machiavelian School] or to speak more correctly the Systematizer and Apostle of its doctrines, was born as early as 1460, that is, about ten years before Luther. And like that Reformer, acquired by the commanding superiority of his genius, an astonishing ascendant (though of a very different nature) over the minds of his followers. No writer, certainly, either in ancient or in modern times, has ever united in a more remarkable degree, a greater variety of the most dissimilar, and seemingly the most discordant gifts and attainments,—a

Buffon, and edified with the divine Ashton. The first (they say) was a good man, as much as he has been abused; and we will hope the best of the two latter. Mr. [ ] who as [ ] sent me word, desired to be acquainted with me, called here, before I came down, and would pay a visit to my rooms. He made Dr. Long conduct him thither, left me a present of a book (not of his own writing) and a note with a very civil compliment. I wrote to him to thank him, and have received an answer, that fifteen years ago might have turned my head. I know [ ] will abuse him to you, but I insist he is a slanderer, and shall write a satire upon him, if he does not do justice to my new admirer. I have not added a line more to old Caradoc. When I do, you will be sure to see it. You who give yourself the trouble to think of my health, will not think me very troublesome, if I beg you to bespeak me a rope-ladder (for my neighbours every day make a great progress in drunkenness, which gives me reason to look about me) it must be full thirty-six feet long, or a little more, but as light and manageable as may be, easy to unroll, and not likely to entangle. I never saw one, but I suppose it must

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profound acquaintance with all those arts of dissimulation and intrigue, which in the petty Cabinets of Italy were then universally confounded with political wisdom.—An imagination familiarized to the cool contemplation of whatever is perfidious or atrocious in the history of conspirators and of tyrants:—combined with a graphical skill in holding up to laughter the comparative harmless follies of ordinary life. His dramatic humour has been often compared to that of Moliere; but it resembles it rather in comic force, than a benevolent gaiety, or in chastened morality. Such as it is, however, it forms an extraordinary contrast to that strength of intellectual character, which, in one page, reminds us of the deep sense of Tacitus, and in the next of the dark and infernal policy of Cæsar Borgea. To all this, must be superadded a purity of taste, which has enabled him as an historian to rival the severe simplicity of the Grecian masters; and a sagacity in combining historical facts, which was afterwards to afford lights to the school of Montesquieu." See also Note C. p. 152. of the same Work.—*Ed.*

have strong hooks, or something equivalent at top, to throw over an iron bar to be fixed withinside of my window. However you will chuse the properest form, and instruct me in the use of it. I see an Ephraim Hadden, near Hermitage-stairs, Wapping, that advertises them, but perhaps you may find a better artisan near you. This with a canister of tea, and another of snuff, which I left at your house, and a pound of soap from Mr. Field (for mine is not so good here) will fill a box, which I beg the favour of you to send me when you can conveniently. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

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## LETTER LII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Pemb. Hall, March 25, 1756.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

THOUGH I had no reasonable excuse for myself before I received your last letter, yet since that time I have had a pretty good one; having been taken up in quarrelling with \* Peter-House, and in removing myself from thence to

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\* The reason of Mr. Gray's changing his College, which is here only glanced at, was in few words this: Two or three young men of fortune, who lived in

Pembroke. This may be looked upon as a sort of æra in a life so barren of events as mine, yet I shall treat it in Voltaire's manner, and only tell you that I left my lodgings because the rooms were noisy, and the people of the house *dirty*\*: this is all I would chuse to have said about it; but if you, in private, should be curious enough to enter into a particular detail of facts, and minute circumstances, Stonehewer, who was witness to them, will probably satisfy you. All I shall say more is, that I am for the present extremely well lodged here, and as quiet as in the Grande Chartreuse; and that every body, (even the Dr. Longs and Dr. Mays) are as civil as they could be to Mary of Valens† in person. With regard to any advice I can give as to the hospital, I freely own it ought to give way to Dr. Heberden's counsels, who is a much better judge, and (I should think) disinterested. I love refusals no more than you do. But as to your effluvia, I maintain that one sick *rich*, has more of pestilence and putrefaction about him, than a whole ward of sick poor.

You should have received Mason's present‡ as last Saturday. I desire you to tell me your critical opinion of the new Ode;

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the same stair-case, had for some time intentionally disturbed him with their riots, and carried their ill behaviour so far as frequently to awaken him at midnight: After having borne with their insults longer than might reasonably have been expected, even from a man of less warmth of temper, Mr. Gray complained to the governing part of the Society; and not thinking that his remonstrance was sufficiently attended to, quitted the College. The slight manner in which he mentions this affair, when writing to one of his most intimate friends, certainly does honour to the placability of his disposition.—*Mason*.

\* Uncivil.—*Mason*.

† Foundress of the College.—*Mason*.

‡ The four Odes which I had just published separately.—*Mason*.

and also whether you have found out two lines, which he has inserted in another of them, that are superlative.\* We do not expect that the world; which is just going to be *invaded*, will bestow much attention on them; if you hear any thing, you will tell us.

The similitude between the Italian Republicks and ancient Greece, has often struck me, as it does you. I do not wonder that Sully's Memoirs have highly entertained you; but cannot agree with you, in thinking him or his master two of the *best* men in the world. The king was, indeed, one of the best natured men that ever lived; but it was owing only to chance that his intended marriage with Mad. d'Estrées; or with the Marq<sup>se</sup>. de Verneuil, did not involve him and the kingdom in the most inextricable confusion. And his design upon the Princess of Condé (in his old age) was worse still. As to the Minister, his base application to Concini, after the murder of Henry, has quite ruined him in my esteem, and destroyed all the merit of that honest surly pride for which I honoured him before. Yet I own that as kings and ministers go, they were both extraordinary men. Pray look at the end of Birch's State Papers of Sir T. Edmondès, for the character of the French Court, at that time, written by Sir George Carew.

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\* I should leave the Reader to guess (if he thought it worth his while) what this couplet was, which is here commended so much beyond its merit, did not the Ode conclude with a compliment to Mr. Gray, in which part he might probably look for it, as those lines were written with the greater care. To secure, therefore, my friend from any imputation of vanity, whatever becomes of myself, I shall here insert the passage.

While thro' the west, where sinks the crimson Day,  
Meek Twilight slowly sails, and waves her banners gray.—*Mason*.

Pray don't suspect me of any such *suspicious* as you mention. I would hardly believe you were tired of me, though you told me so yourself, sensible, as I am, nevertheless, that you might have reason enough to be so. To prove what I say, I have thoughts of coming to you for three days in April; there is to be a Concerto Spirituale, in which M<sup>e</sup>. Mingotti (who has just lain in) and Riccioralli will sing the *Stabat Mater* of Pergolesi. You and Mason and I are to be at it together; so pray make no excuses, nor put-offs, saving to you however the liberty of saying whether you have a bed to spare, (I mean for me, not for him) in your house. Adieu, dear Sir,

I am ever faithfully yours,

T. G.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I give you joy of the divine Ashton; it is indeed a conquest you have made.

## LETTER LIII.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. MASON.

*Stoke, July 25, 1756.*

I FEEL a contrition for my long silence; and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about. Nevertheless I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers, and

never to come near me till I have regularly left my name at your door, like a Mercer's Wife, that imitates people who go a visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing any thing that I liked better; for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness: But you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing absolutely nothing. Not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours; but heavy, lifeless, without form and void; sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's Lisbon\*, which angers you so. I have had no more muscular inflations, and am only troubled with this depression of mind. You will not expect therefore I should give you any account of my *Verve*, which is at best (you know) of so delicate a constitution, and has such weak nerves, as not to stir out of its chamber above three days in a year. But I shall enquire after yours, and why it is off again? It has certainly worse nerves than mine, if your Reviewers have frightened it. Sure I (not to mention a score of your other Critics) am something a better judge than all the Man-Midwives and Presbyterian Parsons † that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? (for you have your share of these too) I dare say not; your vanity has certainly a better taste. And can then the censure of such critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in these gentry to talk of one at all, either in good or in bad; but this we must all swallow: I mean not only we that write, but all the *wes* that ever did any thing to be talked of.

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\* His Poem "sur la Destruction de Lisbon," published about that time.—*Mason*.

† The Reviewers, at the time, were supposed to be of these professions.—*Mason*.



While I am writing I receive yours, and rejoice to find that the genial influences of this fine season, which produce nothing in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantasies in you\*. I see, methinks, as I sit on Snowdon, some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with, I will be sure to send you when I return to Cambridge; but I cannot pretend to be learned without books, or to know the Druids from modern Bishops at this distance. I can only tell you not to go and take Mona for the Isle of Man: it is Anglesey, a tract of plain country, very fertile, but picturesque only from the view it has of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by the Menai, a narrow arm of the sea. Forgive me for supposing in you such a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious successes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time, and hire a house together in Switzerland? It is a fine poetical country to look at, and nobody there will understand a word we say or write.

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\* I had sent him my first idea of Caractacus, drawn out in a short argument.—  
*Mason.*

## LETTER LIV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Stoke, Oct. 15, 1756.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE not been dead, but only gone to [ ]\* was seized with a cruel fit of the gout, which held him five weeks, and as he had no other company in the house, it was impossible to leave him in that condition. Since my return I have made a visit of four days at Twickenham. I shall probably stay here till the middle of next month, and then transplant myself to London, if Mrs. Wharton and you *de bon cœur* have no objection to me. If any thing has happened, since I saw you, to make it inconvenient, I insist upon being told so. I have heard the story of the *Lyon*, and its consequences, though you say not a word about it. Pray inform me how Miss Peggy got over her operation. Leicester-house, is (as I suppose you know) settling upon its own terms. £40,000 a year for the Prince; 5000 for P. E<sup>d</sup>.; no removing to St. James's; Earl of Bute, Groom of the Stole, (there is for you); Mr. Stone, Controller of the [ ] (a concession by way of thanks). Lords of the Bedchamber I have forgot. Miss Shepherd's Mr. Ingram, and Mr. Onslow, the Speaker's son, Grooms of the Bedchamber; are you upon the list?

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\* The MS. is imperfect in this place.

Shew me such another king as the K. of Prussia. Every body used to call him coxcomb; and to be sure he is one; but a coxcomb (it is plain) may make a figure far superior to the ordinary run of kings. I delight in his treatment of the K. of Poland. When he first informed him of the necessity he was under to make use of Saxony in his way to Bohemia, he added that if his Majesty chose to retire into his Polish dominions he had ordered relays on the road, and that all the respect in the world should be shewn him, and his last memorial to the Empress-Queen ended with *point de reponse, en stile d'Oracle*.

I recommend two little French books to you, one called *Memoires de M. de la Porte*, it has all the air of simplicity and truth, and contains some few very extraordinary facts, relating to Anne of Austria, and Card. Mazarin. The other is two small volumes *Memoires de Madame Stael*, the facts are no great matter, but the manner and vivacity of it make it interesting. She was a sort of confidante to the late Dutchess of Maine, and imprisoned a long time in the Bastille on her account, during the Regency. The first you may buy, and the latter borrow. I desire my compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and am,

Ever yours,

T. G.

## LETTER LV.

MR. GRAY TO D<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.

Nov. 12, 1756.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I GROW impatient to be in town, and hope for the pleasure of seeing you on Tuesday next. I must confess, the present revolution of affairs, which are settling so slowly, is some spur to my curiosity, though my own interests have no more concern in it than those of any cottager in the nation. I flatter myself that necessity will at last throw the management of affairs into more capable, if not more honest hands, than usual. My Gazette says, that Mr. Pitt will be Secretary of State, and has accepted it (though ill of the gout in the country); that the D. of Devonshire has consented (which was one of the conditions of acceptance) to be at the head of the Treasury; Lord Temple, of the Admiralty; G. Grenville, Paymaster; Mr. Legge, Chanc<sup>r</sup>. of the Exchequer; Sir G. Lee, Sec. at War; Mr. T.\* nothing. How far all this is fact, you know by this time. I do not forget your letter, when I say this, and to whom it was wrote; but I much doubt, whether you

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\* Mr. T. is (I suppose) Mr. C. Townshend, who wished for the place of Secretary of War in this Administration; which was, however, possessed by Lord Barrington. Mr. Townshend unwillingly accepted the place of Treasurer to the Chambers. "See Memoirs of a celebrated Literary and Political Character." P. 74.—*Ed.*

would have received more benefit from his good offices, while he continued in, than now he is in effect out. I am concerned too for another person, who surely can never continue where he is, (if he should, it is a wonderful proof of the force of insignificancy), and if he does not, a good friend of ours must feel it a little in a part very tender to most people—his hopes; but he very wisely has been arming it for some time, I believe, with a reasonable insensibility, and taking, by way of precaution, a dose of my sovereign anodyne fastidium.

Don't fancy to yourself that I have been doing any thing here. I am as stupid as a post, and have not added a syllable, but in plain prose. Am still

Ever yours, . .

T. G.

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## LETTER LVI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I CANNOT help thanking you for your kind letter, though I have nothing essential to inform you of in return. Lord S. and his brother are come back, and in some measure rid me of my apprehensions for the College. Stonehewer is gone to town, but (as he assures me) not to stay above a week. You advise me to be happy, and would to God it depended upon your wishes. A part of what I imagined has already happened here, though not in the way I expected; in a way

indeed, that confutes itself, and therefore (as I am told) makes no impression on the hearers, but I will not answer for the truth of this: at least such as are strangers to me, may be influenced by it. However, though I know the quarter whence it comes, I cannot interpose at present, lest I make the matter worse: judge you of my happiness; may yours never meet with any cloud or interruption. Adieu! I beg you to write to me.

*Feb. 17, 1757.*

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## LETTER LVII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*April 17, Sunday, 1757.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

IF I did not immediately answer your kind enquiry, you will attribute it to the visit, which I was obliged to do the honours of, for two or three days, and which is now over. I find nothing new to add to my uneasiness here; on the contrary it is considerably abated; and quiet, and hope is gradually returning. I am extremely glad to hear your country residence promises so well, and has been so serviceable to Mrs. Wharton, already.

You desire to know how I like my visit. Lord N. is a sensible, well bred young man, a little too fine even for me, who love a little finery: he never will be popular, and it is

well if he be not very much hated. His party were Lord Villers and Mr. Spencer, but I did not see a great deal of them. Lord John has been with me all this morning; the Duke of Bedford is now here to settle his son at Trinity, and Mr. Rigby is come to assist him with his advice. Adieu, I am interrupted, but will write again soon. Believe me

Ever yours,

T. G.

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## LETTER LVIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

*Cambridge, May, 1757.*

YOU are so forgetful of me that I should not forgive it, but that I suppose Caractacus may be the better for it. Yet I hear nothing from him neither, in spite of his promises: there is no faith in man, no not in a Welchman; and yet Mr. Parry\* has been here, and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choak you, as have set all this learned body a dancing, and inspired them with due reverence for my old Bard his countryman, whenever he shall appear. Mr. Parry, you must know, has put my Ode in motion again, and has

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\* A capital performer on the Welch Harp, and who was either born blind, or had been so from his infancy.—*Mason*. For an account of Parry, the son of this blind Harper, see Northcote's *Life of Sir J. Reynolds*, p. 93.—*Ed.*

brought it at last to a conclusion. 'Tis to him, therefore, that you owe the treat which I send you inclosed; namely, the breast and merry-thought, and rump too of the chicken which I have been chewing so long, that I would give the world for neck-beef or cow-heel.

You will observe, in the beginning of this thing, some alterations of a few words, partly for improvement, and partly to avoid repetitions of like words and rhymes; yet I have not got rid of them all; the six last lines of the fifth stanza are new, tell me whether they will do. I am well aware of many weakly things towards the conclusion, but I hope the end itself will do; give me your full and true opinion, and that not upon deliberation, but forthwith. Mr. Hurd himself allows that *Lyon port* is not too bold for Queen Elizabeth.

I have got the old Scotch Ballad on which Douglas\* was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence to Aston. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it, in a manner that shews the Author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play: you may read it two thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story. I send you the two first stanzas.

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\* He had a high opinion of this first Drama of Mr. Home. In a letter to another friend, dated August 16, this year, he says, "I am greatly struck with the Tragedy of Douglas, though it has infinite faults: The author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world." The Ballad, which he here applauds, is to be found in Mr. Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, Vol. III. p. 89, a work published after the date of this letter.  
—Mason.



## LETTER LIX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Stoke, July 11, 1757.*

I WILL not give you the trouble of sending your chaise for me. I intend to be with you on Wednesday in the evening. If the press stands still all this time for me, to be sure it is dead in child-bed. I do not love notes, though you see I had resolved to put two or three.\* They are signs of weakness and obscurity. If a thing cannot be understood without them, it had better be not understood at all. If you will be vulgar, and pronounce it *Lunnun*, instead of London,† I can't help it. ‡Caradoc I have private reasons against; and besides it is in reality Carādoc, and will not stand in the verse.

I rejoice you can fill all your *vuides*; the Maintenon could not, and that was her great misfortune. Seriously though, I congratulate you on your happiness, and seem to understand it. The receipt is obvious; it is only, Have something to do; but how few can apply it. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T: GRAY.

\* To the Bard.

† Ye Towers of Julius, *London's* lasting shame. Bard, v. 87.‡ Gray alludes to the line "Leave your despairing *Caradoc*, to mourn." Which he afterwards altered to, "Leave me unblessed, unpitied here to mourn."  
—Ed.

## LETTER LX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

I AM so charmed with the two specimens of Erse poetry, that I cannot help giving you the trouble to enquire a little farther about them, and should wish to see a few lines of the original, that I may form some slight idea of the language, the measures, and the rhythm.

Is there any thing known of the author or authors, and of what antiquity are they supposed to be? Is there any more to be had of equal beauty, or at all approaching to it? I have been often told that the Poem called *Hardicanute* (which I always admired and still admire) was the work of somebody that lived a few years ago.\* This I do not at all believe, though it has evidently been retouched in places by some modern hand: but however, I am authorised by this report to ask, whether the two Poems in question are certainly antique and genuine. I make this enquiry in quality of an antiquary, and am not otherwise concerned about it: for, if I were sure

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\* Concerning this Ballad of "Hardyknute" see Pinkerton's *Scottish Ballads*, Vol. I. p. 135. Maitland's *Poems*, Vol. I. p. cxxvi. and Percy's *Reliques of Ant. Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 94. The fullest account of this Ballad may be seen in *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads*, by Mr. Finlay, Vol. I. p. 1. It appears, that Lady Wardlaw was the Author of the first part; which she communicated through her brother Sir John Bruce, to Lord Binning. The Ballad was first published in 1719, Lady Wardlaw died about 1727. The second part is a forgery by Mr. Pinkerton, which he confessed in the *Maitland Poems*. He also, it appears, considerably corrupted the text of the first part.—*Ed.*

that any one now living in Scotland had written them to divert himself, and laugh at the credulity of the world, I would undertake a journey into the Highlands only for the pleasure of seeing him.

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## LETTER LXI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

I HAVE been very ill this week with a great cold and a fever, and though now in a way to be well, am like to be confined some days longer: whatever you will send me that is new, or old, and long, will be received as a charity. Rousseau's people do not interest me; there is but one character and one style in them all, I do not know their faces asunder. I have no esteem for their persons or conduct, am not touched with their passions; and as to their story, I do not believe a word of it—not because it is improbable, but because it is absurd. If I had any little propensity, it was to Julie; but now she has gone and (so hand over head) married that Monsieur de Wolmar, I take her for a *vraie Suisse*, and do not doubt but she had taken a cup too much like her lover. All this does not imply that I will not read it out, when you can spare the rest of it.

## LETTER LXII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Aug. 17, 1757. Stoke.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

It feels to me, as if it were a long while since I heard from you. Not a word to flatter or to abash the vanity of an Author! suffer me then to tell you, that I hear we are not at all popular. The great objection is obscurity, no body knows what we would be at. One man (a Peer) I have been told of, that thinks the last stanza of the 2nd Ode relates to Charles the first, and Oliver Cromwell, in short the *Συγγραφοὶ* appear to be still fewer than even I expected.

You will imagine all this does not go very deep; but I have been almost ever since I was here exceedingly dispirited, besides being really ill in body. No gout, but something feverish that seems to come almost every morning, and disperses soon after I am up. The Cobhams are here, and as civil as usual. Garrick and his wife have been down with them some days, and are soon to come again. Except the little amusement they give me, and two volumes of the Encyclopedia, now almost exhausted, I have nothing but my own thoughts to feed upon, and you know they are of the gloomy cast. Write to me then, for *sweet St. Charity*, and remember, that while I am my own,

I am most faithfully yours,

T. G.

My best services to Mrs. Wharton.

## LETTER LXIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. HURD.\*

*Stoke, August 25, 1757.*

I DO not know why you should thank me for what you had a right and title to;† but attribute it to the excess of your politeness; and the more so, because almost no one else has made me the same compliment. As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honour to *admire*, it would be ungenerous in me not to give them notice, that they are doing a very unfashionable thing; for all People of Condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand. One very great Man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times; and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above *thirty questions* to ask. Another (a Peer) believes that the last Stanza of the second Ode relates to King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not *succeed*, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of no body but an Actor and a Doctor of Divinity that profess their esteem for them.‡ Oh yes, a Lady of

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\* Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry.

† A present of his two Pindaric Odes. just then published.

‡ This was written August 25, 1757. An extract from a letter of Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton, dated October 7, 1757, mentions another admirer, whom he knew how to value. "Dr. Warburton is come to town, and I am told likes

quality, (a friend of Mason's) who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never suspected there was any thing said about Shakespeare or Milton, till it was explained to her; and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about.

From this mention of Mason's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correspondents. No such thing; I have not heard from him these two months. I will be sure to scold in my own name, as well as in yours. I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous; not for my own sake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of seeing your labours both public and private, but for yours too; for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone, and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing. Indeed I have one excuse; my health (which you have so kindly enquired after) is not extraordinary, ever since I came hither. It is no great malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to hear whether Content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge.

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“ them extremely; he says the world never passed so just an opinion upon any thing as upon them; for that in other things they have affected to like or dislike: whereas here they own they do not understand, which he looks upon to be very true; but yet thinks they understand them as well as Milton or Shakespeare, whom they are obliged, by fashion, to admire. Mr. Garrick's complimentary verses to me you have seen; I am told they were printed in the Chronicle of last Saturday. The Critical Review is in raptures; but mistakes the Æolian Lyre for the Harp of Æolus, and on this pleasant error finds both a compliment and a criticism. This is all I heard that signifies any thing.”—*Mason*.

## LETTER LXIV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Stoke, Sept. 7, 1757.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM greatly obliged to your care and kindness for considering with more attention than it deserves, the article of my health; at present I am far better, and take long walks again, have better spirits, and am more capable of amusement. The offer you make me of your lodgings for a time I should gladly embrace, both for the sake of seeing you, and for variety, and because it will answer another end, by furnishing me with a reason for not going into the country to *a place where I am invited*, (I think, you understand me). But the truth is, I cannot afford to hurry about from place to place; so I shall continue where I am, and trust to *illness*, or some other cause for an excuse, since to *that place*, I am positive, I will not go. It hurts me beyond measure, that I am forced to make these excuses, but go I cannot, and something must be said. These are cruel things!

The family you mention near me, are full as civil as ever; Miss Speed seems to understand; and to all such as do not, she says—*Φωνάγτα συντοῦσι*—in so many words. And this is both my motto and comment. I am afraid you mistake Mr. Roper's complaisance for approbation. Dr. Brown (I hear) says, they

are the \*best Odes in our language. Mr. Garrick, the best our's, or *any other*. I should not write this immodest panegyrick, did not you guess at the motive of their applause. Lord Lyttleton and Mr. Shenstone admire, but wish they were little clearer. Lord Barrington's explanation, I think, I told you before, so will not repeat it. Mr. Fox thinks, if the Bard sung his song but once over, King Edward could not possibly understand him. Indeed I am of his opinion, and am certain, if he had sung it fifty times, it was impossible the king should know a jot the more about Edward the III., and Queen Elizabeth, and Spencer, and Milton, &c. \* \* Mr. Wood (Mr. Pitt's Wood) is disappointed in his expectations. Dr. Akenside criticises opening a †*source* with a *key*. The Critical Review you have seen, or may see. He is in raptures (they say, it is Professor Franklin) but mistakes the ‡Æolian Lyre, for the *Harp of Æolus*, and on this mistake finds a compliment and a criticism. This is, I think, all I have heard, that signifies.

The Encyclopedia, I own, may cloy one, if one sits down to it. But you will own, that out of one great good dinner, a number of little good dinners may be made, that would not cloy one at all. There is a long article *sur le Beau*, that for my life, I cannot understand. Several of the geographical

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\* From a Note communicated to me by my friend Mr. Boswell, I find that on the 29th June, 1757, Gray received Forty Guineas for his two Odes.—*Ed.*

† ' Thine too these golden *keys*, immortal boy,  
' This can *unlock* the gates of joy,  
' Of horror that, and thrilling fears,  
' Or *ope* the sacred *source* of sympathetic tears.'

Progress of Poetry, III. l. v. 91.

‡ See Critical Review, Vol. VII. p. 31.



articles are carelessly done, and some of the Antiquities or Ancient History.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton; I hope the operation going forward on your children will succeed to your wishes. Adieu, Dear Sir, and believe me,

Ever yours,

T. G.

This letter is to *yourself* only; our best Mason, I suppose you know is in town, and in *waiting*. Do you know any thing of Stonehewer? pray desire Mason to repeat an Epigram to you.

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## LETTER LXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

*Stoke, Sept. 28, 1757.*

I HAVE (as I desired Mr. Stonehewer to tell you) read over Caractacus twice, not with pleasure only, but with emotion. You may say what you will; but the contrivance, the manners, the interests, the passions, and the expression, go beyond the dramatic part\* of your Elfrida, many many leagues. I

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\* In the manuscript now before him, Mr. Gray had only the first Ode, the others were not then written; and although the dramatic part was brought to a conclusion,

even say (though you will think me a bad judge of this) that the *World* will like it better. I am struck with the Chorus, who are not there merely to sing and dance, but bear throughout a principal part in the action; and have (beside the *Costume*, which is excellent) as much a character of their own, as any other person. I am charmed with their priestly pride and obstinacy, when, after all is lost, they resolve to confront the Roman General, and spit in his face. But now I am going to tell you what touches me most from the beginning. The first opening is greatly improved: the curiosity of Didius is now a very natural reason for dwelling on each particular of the scene before him; nor is the description at all too long. I am glad to find the two young men are Cartismandua's sons. They interest me far more. I love people of condition. They were men before that nobody knew: one could not make them a bow if one had met them at a public place.

I always admired that interruption of the Druids to *Evelina*, *Peace, virgin, peace, &c.* and chiefly the *abstract idea personified* (to use the words of a Critic) at the end of it. That of *Caractacus, Would save my Queen, &c.* and still more that, *I know it, reverend Fathers, 'tis Heav'n's high will, &c. to I've done, begin the rites!* This latter is exemplary for the expression (always

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yet it was afterwards in many places altered. He was mistaken with regard to the opinion the world would have about it. That world, which usually loves to be led in such matters, rather than form an opinion for itself, was taught a different sentiment; and one of its leaders went so far as to declare, that he never knew a second work fall so much below a first from the same hand. To oppose Mr. Gray's judgment to his, I must own gives me some satisfaction; and to enjoy it I am willing to risk that imputation of vanity, which may probably fall to my share for having published this Letter. I must add, however, that some of my friends advised it for the sake of the more *general* criticisms which they thought too valuable to be suppressed.—  
*Mason.*

the great point with me); I do not mean by expression, the mere choice of words, but the whole dress, fashion, and arrangement of a thought. Here, in particular, it is the brokenness, the ungrammatical position, the total subversion of the period that charms me. All that ushers in the incantation from *Try we yet, what holiness can do*, I am delighted with in quite another way; for this is pure poetry, as it ought to be, forming the proper transition, and leading on the mind to that still purer poetry that follows it.

In the beginning of the succeeding act I admire the Chorus again, *Is it not now the hour, the holy hour, &c.* and their evasion of a lie, *Say'st thou, proud Boy, &c.* and *sleep with the unshinn'd silver*, which is an example of a dramatic simile. The sudden appearance of Caractacus, the pretended respect and admiration of Vellinus, and the probability of his story, the distrust of the Druids, and their reasoning with Caractacus, and particularly that, *'Tis meet thou should'st, thou art a King, &c.* and *Mark me, Prince, the time will come, when Destiny, &c.* are well, and happily imagined. A-propos, of the last striking passage I have mentioned, I am going to make a digression.

When we treat a subject, where the manners are almost lost in antiquity, our stock of ideas must needs be small; and nothing betrays our poverty more, than the returning to, and harping frequently on, one image. It was therefore I thought you should omit some lines before, though good in themselves, about the *scythed car*, that the passage now before us might appear with greater lustre when it came; and in this I see you have complied with me. But there are other ideas here and there still, that occur too often, particularly about *the Oaks*, some of which I would discard to make way for the rest.

But the subjects I speak of to compensate (and more than compensate) that unavoidable poverty, have one great advantage when they fall into good hands. They leave an unbounded liberty to pure imagination and fiction, (our favourite provinces) where no Critic can molest, or Antiquary gainsay us; and yet (to please me) these fictions must have some affinity, some seeming *connexion*, with that little we really know of the character and customs of the people. For example, I never heard in my days that Midnight and the Moon were Sisters; that they carried rods of ebony and gold, or met to whisper on the top of a mountain: but now I could lay my life it is all true; and do not doubt it will be found so in some Pantheon of the Druids, that is to be discovered in the Library at Herculaneum. The *Car of Destiny and Death* is a very noble invention of the same class, and, as far as that goes, is so fine, that it makes me more delicate, than perhaps I should be, about the close of it. *Andraste sailing on the wings of Fame*, that snatches the wreaths from oblivion to hang them on her loftiest Amaranth, though a clear and beautiful piece of *unknown* Mythology, has too *Greek* an air to give me perfect satisfaction.

Now I proceed. The preparation to the Chorus, though so much akin to that in the former act, is excellent. The remarks of Evelina and her suspicions of the Brothers, mixed with a secret inclination to the younger of them, (though, I think, her part throughout wants retouching) yet please me much, and the contrivance of the following scene much more. *Masters of Wisdom, no, &c.* I always admired; as I do the rocking stone, and the distress of Elidurus. Evelina's examination of him is a well-invented scene, and will be, with a little pains, a very touching one; but the introduction of Arviragus is superlative. I am not sure whether those few lines of his short narrative, *My strength repair'd, it boots not; that I tell, &c.* do

not please me as much as any thing in the whole Drama. The sullen bravery of Elidurus, the menaces of the Chorus, that *Think not Religion*, &c. the Trumpet of the Druids, that *I'll follow him, tho' in my chains*, &c. *Hast thou a Brother, no*, &c. the placability of the Chorus, when they see the motives of Elidurus's obstinacy, give me great contentment: so do the reflections of the Druid on the necessity of lustration, and the reasons for Vellinus's easy escape; but I would not have him *seize on a spear, nor issue hasty through the cavern's mouth*. Why should he not steal away, unmasked and unmissed, till the hurry of passions in those, that should have guarded him, was a little abated? But I chiefly admire the two speeches of Elidurus; *Ah, Vellinus, is this then*, &c. and, *Ye do gaze on me, Fathers*, &c. the manner in which the Chorus reply to him is very fine; but the image at the end wants a little mending. The next scene is highly moving! it is so very good, that I must have it made yet better.

Now for the last act. I do not know what you would have, but to me the design and contrivance of it is at least equal to any part of the whole. The short-lived triumph of the Britons, the address of Caractacus, to the Roman Victims, Evelina's discovery of the ambush, the mistake of the Roman fires for the rising sun, the death of Arviragus, the interview between Didius and Caractacus, his mourning over his dead Son, his parting speech, (in which you have made all the use of Tacitus that your plan would admit) every thing, in short, but that little dispute between Didius and him; *'Tis well, and therefore to increase that reverence*, &c. down to, *Give me a moment* (which must be omitted, or put in the mouth of the Druids), I approve in the highest degree. If I should find any fault with the last act, it could only be with trifles and little expressions. If you

make any alterations, I fear it will never improve it; I mean as to the plan. I send you back the two last sheets, because you bid me. I reserve my nibblings and minutiae for another day.

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## LETTER LXVI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*October 7, 1757.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HEARTILY rejoice with you, that your little family are out of danger, and all apprehensions of that kind, over with them for life. Yet, I have heard, you were ill yourself, and kept your bed: as this was (I imagine) only by way of regimen, and not from necessity, I hope soon to be told, you have no farther occasion for it; yet, take care of yourself, for there is a bad fever now, very frequent, it is among the boys at Eton; and, (I am told) is much spread about London too. My notion is, that your violent quick pulse, and soapy diet, would not suit well with feverish disorders. Though our party at Slough turned out so ill, I could not help being sorry that you were not with us.

Have you read Mr. Hurd's (printed) letter to Mason, on the Marks of Imitation? You do not tell me your opinion of it. You bid me send you criticisms on myself, and, even *compliments*. Did I tell you what the speaker says? the second Ode, he says,

is a good pretty tale, but nothing to the *Churchyard*. Mr. Bedingfield, in a golden shower of panegyric, writes me word, that at York Races, he overheard three people, whom, by their dress and manner he takes for lords, say, that I was impenetrable and inexplicable, and they wished I had told them in prose, what I meant in verse, and then they bought me (which was what most displeased him) and put me in their pocket. Dr. Warburton is come to town, and likes them extremely. He says, the world never passed so just an opinion upon any thing as upon them; for, that in other things, they have affected to like or dislike, whereas, here, they own they do not understand, which he looks upon to be very true: but yet thinks they understand them, as well as they do Milton or Shakespeare, whom they are obliged by fashion to admire. Mr. Garrick's compliment you have seen; I am told it was printed in the Chronicle of last Saturday. The Review I have read, and admire it, particularly that observation, that the *Bard* is taken from *Pastor, cum traheret*. And the advice to be more an *original*, and, in order to be so, the way is (he says), to cultivate the native flowers of the soil, and not introduce the exotics of another climate.

I am greatly pleased with Mason's *Caractacus* in its present state. The contrivance and arrangement of events, the manners of the country: the characters and passions strike me wonderfully. The difficult part is now got over; nothing remains, but to polish and retouch a little; yet, only the beginning of the first chorus is done of the lyric part; have you seen it? Adieu, dear Sir,

And believe me ever yours,

T. G.

I shall be in town probably sooner than you come to stay there.

## LETTER LXVII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I SHOULD be extremely sorry to think that you or Mrs. Wharton, came a day the sooner to town on my account, this fine season. If you are already come, I shall come to you ; if not, you will let me know some day this week (for I shall hardly stay here much longer), that I may write for a lodging. I rejoice to hear you are all well.

If there be really any enquiry into the expedition (which I believe will scarcely be, unless it be very hard press'd), many things will appear, as well with regard to the design as the execution, that do not yet seem to be generally known. \* The design, for which the soldiers were put into the boats, was to attack a fort, called *Fourasse*, at the mouth of the Charante, (for Rochefort itself lies five miles up the river), it was necessary they should be masters of this place, not only to clear their way to the town, but, to have some place of security for their first embarkation of about 1,200 men, who must remain for four hours exposed to the enemy, before any reinforcement could join them (as the admirals declared), and (I have heard) this design was laid aside in great measure, upon Cap-

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\* This passage refers to the unsuccessful result of the expedition, under the command of Sir Edward Hawke, and Sir John Mordaunt, against Rochefort, in the month of September, 1757. For which Sir John Mordaunt was afterwards tried by a court martial, and acquitted.—*Ed.*



tain Hones saying, it would be, if practicable at all, a very bloody and difficult attempt. If, therefore, he asserts, what you have been told, it is very strange. When I see you, I shall tell you more: and even this, if you do not hear it publicly said, I should wish you would not mention.

I want to know what is said of our captain general's resignation\*, and the causes of it, for this seems a more extraordinary thing than the other. Adieu, dear Sir,

I am ever faithfully yours,

T. G.

*Oct. 31, 1757.*

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## LETTER LXVIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*December 8, 1757.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE received the draught you were so good to send me, and the money is paid. You apprehend too much from my resolutions about writing. They are only made to be broken, and after all, it will be just as the maggot bites. You have a very

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\* I suppose that this relates to the resignation of the D. of Cumberland, after the capitulation of Closter-Seven.—*Ed.*

mean opinion of the epic, if you think it consists only in laying out a plan. In four and twenty years, at a moderate computation, I may have finished twelve books, and nine years after I hope to publish. I shall then be 74 years old, and I shall get 500*l.* for the copy, to make me easy for the remainder of my days. Somebody has directed a letter to the *Rev. Mr. G.* at Strawberry-Hill, which was sent me yesterday hither. It is anonymous, consists of above nine pages, all about the Bard, and if I would hear as much more about his companion, I am to direct to the Post House at Andover\*. I do not know but I may have that curiosity, for his observations (whoever it is) are not nonsense. He takes the liberty of a person unknown, and treats me with abundance of freedom. I guess it to be some *reading* clergyman. Mr. Brown and I join in our best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and I am, dear Sir,

Most sincerely yours,

T. G.

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\* Gray's, then unknown, critic and correspondent, was, I believe, 'Mr. J. Butler, of Andover.' In a M.S. letter from Gray to Dodsley (which Mr. Bindley purchased at the sale of Mr. Isaac Reed's books); after he has mentioned how he wishes his poems to be printed, and added some notes, &c. he says, "When you have done. I shall desire you to present, in my name, a copy to Mr. Walpole, in Arlington Street; another to Mr. Daines Barrington (he is one of the Welch judges) in the Inner Temple. And a third, to *Mr. J. Butler at Andover.* Whether this latter gentleman is living or not, or in that neighbourhood, I am ignorant; but you will oblige me in making the enquiry. If you have no better means of knowing, a line directed to the post mistress, at Andover, will bring you information; after this, you may, if you please, bestow another copy or two on me. I am, &c."—*Ed.*

## LETTER LXIX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOU will wonder, why I trouble you so soon with another letter; it is about the great box, which I committed to the care of your John, which does not yet make its appearance at Cambridge. In it are all my shoes, clogs, Encyclopedia, and other rich moveables, and I begin to fear, it has miscarried. I shall be much obliged to you, if you will let him make enquiry after it.

What are we to believe about Silesia\*? am I to make bonfires, or keep a general fast? pray rid me of this suspense, for it is very uneasy to me.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

*Cambridge, December 12, 1757.*

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\* This alludes to the various turns of fortune in the contest then taking place between the King of Prussia and the Austrians. The latter, it will be recollected, took Schweidnitz, and afterwards defeated the Prince of Bevern, at Breslaw, by which they got possession of that town. They were, however, defeated by the K. of Prussia himself, at Lissa; who then retook Schweidnitz and Breslaw, and thus became master of Silesia.—*Ed.*

## LETTER LXX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

*Cambridge, Dec. 19, 1757.*

A LIFE spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings, as numerous and as real, though not quite of the same sort, as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return you more of this assistance than I have received from you; and can only tell you, that one who has far more reason than you, I hope, ever will have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it; but can look backward on many bitter moments, partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience; and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope, and some expectations of a better day. The cause, however, which occasioned your reflection, (though I can judge but very imperfectly of it) does not seem, at present, to be weighty enough to make you take any such resolution as you meditate. Use it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of any thing you take ill; on the contrary, if such a thing had happened at the time of your transmigration, I would defer it merely to avoid that appearance.

As to myself, I cannot boast, at present, either of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or fertility. The days and the

nights pass, and I am never the nearer to any thing, but that one to which we are all tending; yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so while you can. I expect to see *Caractacus* completed, and therefore I send you the books you wanted. I do not know whether they will furnish you with any new matter; but they are well enough written, and easily read. I told you before, that (in a time of dearth) I would borrow from the *Edda*, without entering too minutely on particulars: but, if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself; for in this obscure mythology we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, on the Druid-stock; I mean on those half dozen of old fancies that are known to be a part of their system. This will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the critics to fasten on.

I send you back the *Elegy* \*, as you desired me to do. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore, you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself on criticism; and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly the spirit and sentiment of it (much of which you perhaps owe to your present train of thinking); the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac; as to the expression, I would venture to say (did not you forbid me) that it is sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against (this, you

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\* *Elegy in the Garden of a Friend.*

will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes); the descriptive part is excellent.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works, as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them? All I can say is, that your Elegy must not end with the worst line in it\*. It is flat; it is prose; whereas that, above all, ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apophthegm; stick a flower in it; gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

The other particular expressions which I object to, I mark on the manuscript. Now, I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at all regard what I say, further than as it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deserves your partiality; it is a healthy well-made boy, with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning *par* words.

I hope you couched my refusal † to Lord John Cavendish in as respectful terms as possible, and with all due acknowledgments to the Duke. If you hear who it is to be given to, pray let me know; for I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather

\* An attempt was accordingly made to improve it; how it stood when this criticism upon it was written, I cannot now recollect.—*Mason.*

† Of being Poet Laureat on the death of Cibber, which place the late Duke of Devonshire (then Lord Chamberlain) desired his brother to offer to Mr. Gray; and his Lordship had commissioned me (then in town) to write to him concerning it.—*Mason.*

wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it; Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson; Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses.

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## LETTER LXXI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*February 21, 1758.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I FEEL very ungrateful (which is the most uneasy of all feelings), in that I have never once enquired how you and your family enjoy the region of air and sunshine, into which you are removed, and with what contempt you look back on the perpetual fogs that hang over Mrs. Payne and Mrs. Paterson. Yet you certainly have not been the less in my mind. That at least has packed up with you, has helped Mrs. Wharton to arrange the mantle-piece, and drank tea next summer in the grotto. But I am much puzzled about the bishop and his fixtures, and do not stomach the loss of that money.

Would you know what I am doing? I doubt you have been told already, and hold my employment cheap enough: but every one must judge of his own *capabilities*, and cut his amusements according to his disposition. The drift of my present studies, is

to know, wherever I am, what lies within reach, that may be worth seeing; whether it be building, ruin, park, garden, prospect, picture, or monument. To whom it does, or has belonged, and what has been the characteristic and taste of different ages. You will say, this is the object of all antiquaries. But pray, what antiquary ever saw these objects in the same light, or desired to know them for a like reason? in short, say what you please, I am persuaded whenever my List\* is finished, you will approve it, and think it of no small use. My spirits are very near the *freezing point*; and for some hours of the day, this exercise, by its warmth and gentle motion, serves to raise them a few degrees higher. I hope the misfortune that has befallen Mrs. Cibber's canary-bird will not be the ruin of *Agis*. It is probable you will have curiosity enough to see it, as it comes from the writer of *Douglas*. I expect your opinion. I am told that Swift's *History of the Tory Administration* is in the press; and that *Stuart's Attica*† will be out this spring. Adieu! Dear Sir,

I am ever yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown joins his compliments with mine to you and Mrs. Wharton.

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\* A Catalogue of the Antiquities, Houses, &c. in England and Wales; which Gray drew up in the blank pages of Kitchen's English Atlas: after his death, Mr. Mason printed a few copies, and distributed them among the friends of Gray; and, in 1787, a new edition was printed for sale. See *Life of Gray*. Vol. I. p. xxxv.—*Ed.*

† Gray was a subscriber to this book, as appears by a note in one of his pocket-journals.—*Ed.*



## LETTER LXXII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Sunday, April 9, 1758.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM equally sensible of your affliction,\* and of your kindness that made you think of me at such a moment. Would to God I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation which I have often received from you, when I most wanted it: but your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh, to admit of any such endeavour. What indeed is all human consolation? Can it efface every little amiable word or action of an object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them? The only comfort (I am afraid) that belongs to our condition is to reflect (when time has given us leisure for reflection) that others have suffered worse, or that we ourselves might have suffered the same misfortune, at times and in circumstances that would probably have aggravated our sorrow. You might have seen this poor child arrive at an age to fulfil all your hopes, to attach you more strongly to him by long habit, by esteem, as well as natural affection, and that towards the decline of your life, when we most stand in need

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\* Occasioned by the death of his eldest (and at the time his only) son.—*Mason.*

of support, and when he might chance to have been your *only* support; and then by some unforeseen and deplorable accident, or some painful lingering distemper, you might have lost him. Such has been the fate of many an unhappy father! I know there is a sort of tenderness which infancy and innocence alone produce; but, I think, you must own the other to be a stronger, and more overwhelming sorrow.

I am glad Mrs. Wharton has fortitude enough not to suffer this misfortune to prevail over her, and add to the natural weakness of her present condition. Mr. Brown sincerely sympathises with you, and begs to be kindly remembered to you both. I have been \* \* \* *and should have been* in town by this time, had I not heard Mason was coming hither soon, and I was unwilling to miss him. Adieu, my dear Wharton, and believe me ever

Most sincerely yours,

T. G.

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## LETTER LXXIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM much concerned to hear the account you give of yourself, and particularly for that dejection of spirits which inclines you to see every thing in the worst light possible, and

throw a sort of voluntary gloom not only over your present, but future days, as if even your situation now were not preferable to that of thousands round you, and as if your prospect hereafter might not open as much of happiness to you as to any person you know. The condition of our life perpetually instructs us to be rather slow to hope, as well as to despair, and (I know you will forgive me, if I tell you) you are often a little too hasty in both, perhaps from constitution. It is sure, we have great power over our own minds, when we chuse to exert it; and though it be difficult to resist the mechanic impulse and bias of our own temper, it is yet possible; and still more so, to delay those resolutions it inclines us to take, while we almost always have cause to repent.

You tell me nothing of Mrs. Wharton's or your own state of health. I will not talk to you more on this subject, till I hear you are both well, for that is the grand point, and without it we may as well not think at all. You flatter me in thinking that any thing I can do\* could at all alleviate the just concern your late loss has given you; but I cannot flatter myself so far, and know how little qualified I am at present to give any satisfaction to myself on this head, and in this way, much less to you. I by no means pretend to inspiration, but yet I affirm that the faculty in question is by no means voluntary. It is the result (I suppose) of a certain disposition of mind, which does not depend on one's-self, and which I have not felt this long time. You that are a witness how seldom this spirit has moved me in my life, may easily give credit to what I say.

I am in hopes of seeing you very soon again in my way to Stoke. Mrs. Rogers has been very ill this Spring, and my

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\* Dr. Wharton had requested him to write an Epitaph on the Child.—*Mason.*

other aunt writes me word, that she herself has had something (which she takes for a paralytic stroke) which came as she walked in the garden, and is afraid she shall lose the use of one leg; so that it looks to me, as if I should have perhaps some years to pass in a house with two poor bed-ridden women, a melancholy object, and one that in common humanity I cannot avoid. I shall be glad to know whether I can be in Gloucester Street for a week, ten or twelve days hence.

I had wrote to you sooner, but that I have been on a little expedition lately to see Ely, Peterborough, Crowland-Abbey, Thorney, Fotheringay, and many other old places, which has amused me a little.

Poor Mason is all alone at Aston (for his Curate is gone to be Tutor to somebody) with an inflammation in his eyes, and he could scarce see to write me a few lines. Adieu, dear Sir,

I am ever yours,

T. G.

June 18, 1758.

## LETTER LXXIV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Stoke, Aug. 9, 1758.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE been, since I saw you in town, pretty much on the wing, at Hampton, Twickenham, and elsewhere. I staid at the first of these places with the Cobhams two days, and should (I own) gladly have done so longer, but for the reason we talked about. The place, spite of the weather, is delightful: every little gleam of sunshine, every accident of light; opens some new beauty in the view, and I never saw in so small a spot so much variety and so many natural advantages, nor ever hardly wished more for your company to partake of them. We were also at Hampton-Court, Sion, and several places in the neighbourhood again, particularly at Lord Lincoln's, who (I think) is hurting his view, by two plantations in front of his terrace, that regularly answer one another, and are of an oval form, with rustic buildings in the middle of them, a farm, dairies, &c. They stand on the opposite side of the water, and (as they prosper) will join their shade to that of the hills in the horizon, exclude all the intermediate scene of enclosures, meadows, and cattle feeding, and reduce that great distance to nothing. This seems to be the advice of some new gardener, or director of my Lord's taste; his successor perhaps may cut all down again.

I shall beg the favour of you (as you were so kind to offer it) to buy us a Lottery-Ticket, if you find the market will not be much lower than at present, and (if you think it has no great hazard in it) enclose it to me here. I will take care to repay you as soon as I come to town, or (if you chuse it) directly. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. Pray let me hear soon, how you both are. Believe me,

Ever yours,

T. G.

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## LETTER LXXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. STONEHEWER.

*Cambridge, Aug. 18, 1758.*

I AM as sorry as you seem to be, that our acquaintance harped so much on the subject of materialism, when I saw him with you in town, because it was plain to which side of the long-debated question he inclined. That we are indeed mechanical and dependent beings, I need no other proof than my own feelings; and from the same feelings I learn, with equal conviction that we are not *merely* such: that there is a power within that struggles against the force and bias of that mechanism, commands its motion, and, by frequent practice, reduces it to that ready obedience which we call *Habit*; and all this in conformity to a preconceived opinion (no matter whether right or wrong) to that least material of all agents, a Thought.

I have known many in his case who, while they thought they were conquering an old prejudice, did not perceive they were under the influence of one far more dangerous; one that furnishes us with a ready apology for all our worst actions, and opens to us a full licence for doing whatever we please; and yet these very people were not at all the more indulgent to other men (as they naturally should have been); their indignation to such as offended them, their desire of revenge on any body that hurt them was nothing mitigated: in short, the truth is, they wished to be persuaded of that opinion for the sake of its convenience, but were not so in their heart; and they would have been glad (as they ought in common prudence) that nobody else should think the same, for fear of the mischief that might ensue to themselves. His French Author I never saw, but have read fifty in the same strain, and shall read no more. I can be wretched enough without them. They put me in mind of the Greek Sophist that got immortal honour by discoursing so feelingly on the miseries of our condition, that fifty of his audience went home and hanged themselves; yet he lived himself (I suppose) many years after in very good plight.

You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a Philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: First, he was a Lord; 2dly, he was as vain as any of his readers; 3dly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; 4thly, they will believe any thing at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; 5thly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads no where; 6thly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of above forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead Lord ranks but with Commoners: Vanity is no longer interested in

the matter, for the new road has become an old one. The mode of free-thinking is like that of Ruffs and Farthingales, and has given place to the mode of not thinking at all; once it was reckoned graceful, half to discover and half conceal the mind, but now we have been long accustomed to see it quite naked: primness and affectation of style, like the good breeding of Queen Anne's Court, has turned to hoydening and rude familiarity.

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It will, I think, be no improper supplement to the foregoing letter to insert a paper of Mr. Gray's, which contains some very pertinent strictures on the writings of a later Lord, who was pleased to attack the moral attributes of the Deity; or, what amounted to the same thing, endeavoured to prove, "that we have no adequate ideas of his goodness and justice, as we have of his natural ones, his wisdom and power." This position the excellent author of the *View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy*, calls the MAIN PILLAR of his system; and adds, in another place, that the FATE OF ALL RELIGION is included in this question. On this important point, therefore, that able Writer has dwelt largely; and confuted his Lordship effectually. Some sort of readers, however, who probably would slight that confutation, may regard the arguments of a Layman, and even a Poet, more than those which are drawn up by the pen of a Divine and a Bishop. It is for the use of these that the paper is published; who, if they learn nothing else from it, will find that Mr. Gray was not of their party, nor so great a wit as to disbelieve the existence of a Deity.—*Mason.*

"I will allow Lord Bolingbroke, that the moral, as well as



physical, attributes of God must be known to us only à posteriori, and that this is the only real knowledge we can have either of the one or the other; I will allow too that perhaps it may be an idle distinction which we make between them: His moral attributes being as much in his nature and essence as those we call his physical; but the occasion of our making some distinction is plainly this: His eternity, infinity, omniscience, and almighty power, are not what connect him, if I may so speak, with us his creatures. We adore him, not because he always did in every place, and always will, exist; but because he gave, and still preserves to us our own existence by an exertion of his goodness. We adore him, not because he knows and can do all things, but because he made us capable of knowing and of doing what may conduct us to happiness. It is therefore his benevolence which we adore, not his greatness or power; and if we are made only to bear our part in a system, without any regard to our own particular happiness, we can no longer worship him as our all-bounteous parent. There is no meaning in the term. The idea of his malevolence (an impiety I tremble to write) must succeed. We have nothing left but our fears, and those too vain; for whither can they lead but to despair and the sad desire of annihilation? 'If then, justice and goodness be not the same in God as in our ideas, we mean nothing when we say that God is necessarily just and good; and for the same reason it may as well be said that we know not what we mean when, according to Dr. Clarke, (Evid. 26th) we affirm that he is necessarily a wise and intelligent Being.' What then can Lord Bolingbroke mean, when he says every thing shews the wisdom of God; and yet adds, every thing does not shew in like manner the goodness of God conformably to our ideas of this attribute in either! By wisdom he must only mean, that God knows and employs the fittest

means to a certain end, no matter what that end may be. This indeed is a proof of knowledge and intelligence; but these alone do not constitute wisdom; the word implies the application of these fittest means to the best and kindest end: or, who will call it true wisdom? Even amongst ourselves, it is not held as such. All the attributes then that he seems to think apparent in the constitution of things, are his unity, infinity, eternity, and intelligence; from no one of which, I boldly affirm, can result any duty of gratitude or adoration incumbent on mankind, more than if He and all things round him were produced, as some have dared to think, by the necessary working of eternal matter in an infinite vacuum: for what does it avail to add intelligence to those other physical attributes, unless that intelligence be directed, not only to the good of the whole, but also to the good of every individual of which that whole is composed.

“ It is therefore no impiety, but the direct contrary, to say that human justice and the other virtues, which are indeed only various applications of human benevolence, bear some resemblance to the moral attributes of the supreme Being. It is only by means of that resemblance, we conceive them in him, or their effects in his works. It is by the same means only, that we comprehend those physical attributes which his Lordship allows to be demonstrable. How can we form any notion of his unity, but from that unity of which we ourselves are conscious? How of his existence, but from our own consciousness of existing? How of his power, but of that power which we experience in ourselves? Yet neither Lord Bolingbroke nor any other man, that thought on these subjects, ever believed that these our ideas were real and full representations of these attributes in the Divinity. They say he knows; they do not mean that he compares ideas which he acquired from sensation,

and draws conclusions from them. They say he acts ; they do not mean by impulse, nor as the soul acts on an organized body. They say he is omnipotent and eternal ; yet on what are their ideas founded, but on our own narrow conceptions of space and duration, prolonged beyond the bounds of place and time ? Either, therefore, there is a resemblance and analogy (however imperfect and distant) between the attributes of the Divinity and our conceptions of them, or we cannot have any conceptions of them at all. He allows we ought to reason from earth, that we do know, to heaven which we do not know ; how can we do so but by that affinity which appears between one and the other ?

“In vain, then, does my Lord attempt to ridicule the warm but melancholy imagination of Mr. Wollaston in that fine soliloquy : ‘ Must I then bid my last farewell to these walks  
 ‘ when I close these lids, and yonder blue regions and all this  
 ‘ scene darken upon me and go out ? Must I then only serve  
 ‘ to furnish dust to be mingled with the ashes of these herds  
 ‘ and plants, or with this dirt under my feet ? Have I been  
 ‘ set so far above them in life, only to be levelled with them  
 ‘ in death ? \* No thinking head, no heart, that has the least sensibility, but must have made the same reflection ; or at least must feel, not the beauty alone, but the truth of it when he hears it from the mouth of another. Now what reply will Lord Bolingbroke make to these questions which are put to him, not only by Wollaston, but by all mankind ? He will tell you, that we, that is, the animals, vegetables, stones, and *other clods of earth*, are all connected in one immense design, that we are all *Dramatis Personæ*, in different characters, and that we were not made for ourselves, but for the action : that

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\* Religion of Nature delineated, sect. 9; p. 209, quarto.

it is foolish, presumptuous, impious, and profane to murmur against the Almighty Author of this drama, when we feel ourselves unavoidably unhappy. On the contrary, we ought to rest our head on the soft pillow of resignation, on the immoveable rock of tranquillity; secure, that, if our pains and afflictions grow violent indeed, an immediate end will be put to our miserable being, and we shall be mingled with the dirt under our feet, a thing common to all the animal kind; and of which he who complains does not seem to have been set by his reason so far above them in life, as to deserve not to be mingled with them in death. Such is the consolation his philosophy gives us, and such the hope on which his tranquillity was founded.”\*

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## LETTER LXXVI.

MR. GRAY TO D<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I OUGHT to have informed you sooner, that I had received the Ticket you were so good to buy for me, but I have been obliged to go every day almost to Stoke-House, where the Garricks have been all the last week. They are now gone, and I am not sorry for it, for I grow so old, that I

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\* The reader, who would choose to see the argument, as Lord Bolingbroke puts it, will find it in the 4th Volume of his Philosophical Works, Sect. 40, 41. His ridicule on Wollaston is in the 50th Section of the same Volume.—*Mason*.

own, people in high spirits and gayety overpower me, and entirely take away mine. I can yet be diverted with their sallies, but if they appear to take notice of my dullness, it sinks me to nothing. I do not know whether you will blame me, but I found so good an opportunity given me of entering into the quarrel between Mason and him, that I could not help seizing it, and trying to shew him the folly of hearkening to half-witted friends and tale-bearers, and the greater folly of attempting to hurt, or merely to pique, so worthy and so estimable a man. If I did nothing else, I at least convinced him, that I spoke entirely from myself; and that I had the most entire good opinion, and most unalterable respect, as well as kindness, for Mason.

I congratulate you on our successes, and condole with you on our misfortunes. But do you think we draw the nearer to any happy conclusion of the war, or that we can bear so great a burden much longer? The K. of Prussia's situation embarrasses me; surrounded as he is, and reduced to the defence of his own little marquisate.

Your Encyclopædia is the object of my envy. I am reduced to French Plays and Novels, Willis's Mitred Abbies, and the History of Norfolk in 3 volumes folio. These *latter* Authors have I think the most wit; though the others know rather more of the world.

I wish the air of Hampstead were not so necessary to you all, but am glad you always know where to find health, and that she lives so near you. I continue better than has been usual for me, in the summer, though I neither walk, nor take any thing: 'tis in mind only that I am weary and disagreeable. Mrs. Rogers is declining every day; her stomach gone; very

weak; sometimes giddy; and subject to disorders in her bowels. Yet I do not apprehend any immediate danger, but believe she will be reduced to keep her bed entirely. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton; pray let me hear from you, as soon as you are in a humour for writing; though from hence, I can requite your kindness with so little to amuse you.

I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

*Stoke, Aug. 31, 1758.*

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## LETTER LXXVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. PALGRAVE.\*

*Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758.*

I DO not know how to make you amends, having neither rock, ruin, or precipice near me to send you; they do not grow in the South: but only say the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick with sash windows, or a grotto made of flints and shell-work, or a walnut-tree with three mole-hills under it, stuck with honey-suckles round a bason of gold-fishes, and you shall be satisfied; they shall come by the Edinburgh coach.

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\* Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeston in Suffolk. He was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was written to him.—*Mason.*

In the mean time I congratulate you on your new acquaintance with the *savage*, the *rude*, and the *tremendous*. Pray, tell me, is it any thing like what you had read in your book, or seen in two-shilling prints? Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself; and desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted every thing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead pencil: Half a word fixed upon or near the spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination.\* God forgive me, I suppose I have done so myself before now, and misled many a good body that put their trust in me. Pray, tell me, (but with permission, and without any breach of hospitality) is it so much warmer on the other side of the Swale (as some people of honour say) than it is here? Has the singing of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of herds, deafened you at Rainton? Did the vast

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\* Had this Letter nothing else to recommend it, the advice here given to the curious traveller of making all his memoranda *on the spot*, and the reasons for it are so well expressed, and withal so important, that they certainly deserve our notice.—*Mason*.

old oaks and thick groves of Northumberland keep off the sun too much from you? I am too civil to extend my enquiries beyond Berwick. Every thing, doubtless, must improve upon you as you advanced northward. You must tell me, though, about Melross, Rosslin Chapel, and Arbroath. In short, your Port-feuille must be so full, that I only desire a loose chapter or two, and will wait for the rest till it comes out.

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## LETTER LXXVIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Sept. 16, 1758.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

HAVING been for a considerable time without any news of you, I have taken it into my head that you are ill, or that Mrs. Wharton is so. You will not wonder, if I grow a little superstitious, when you know that I have not been a step out of the house for this fortnight or more past; for Mrs. Rogers has been at the point of death with a disorder in her stomach, accompanied with continual and laborious retchings, and a total loss of appetite, that has reduced her to the weakness of an infant, I mean her body, though her senses are still perfect, and (what I think remarkable) she has recovered the use of her speech, (which for several years has been hardly intelligible), and pronounces almost as plain as ever she did. She is now, for three days past, (such is the strength of



her constitution), in a way of recovery. I do not mean that she will ever recover her strength again, but I think she may live a good while in this helpless state; however, it is very precarious, and Dr. Hayes believes her quite worn out. I certainly do not put on (to you) more tenderness than I really feel on this occasion, but the approaches of death are always a melancholy object, and common humanity must suffer something from such a spectacle.

It is an age since I heard any thing from Mason; if I do not mistake, this should be his month of waiting, unless he has exchanged his turn with somebody. If he be in town you must probably have heard of him, and can give me some intelligence. My old new acquaintance Lady Denbigh, is here at Stokehouse, but I do not believe I shall be able to get out, or have any opportunity of seeing her, while she stays.

If my fancies (which I hope in God are mere fancies) should prove true, I hope you will let somebody tell me how you do. If not, I shall beg you to tell me yourself as soon as possible, and set my understanding to rights.

Adieu, dear Sir,

I am ever most sincerely yours,

T. G.

## LETTER LXXIX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Nov. 1758, Stoke.

DEAR DOCTOR,

MY judgement is, that if your picture possess but any one of the beauties you see and describe in it, it must be certainly worth eight or ten times as much as you gave for it. I only wonder you should forget to say, by what lucky chance you came by it. Old *Frank* was a Dutch master of some note; the history of that school I am very little acquainted with, but if I am not mistaken there was lately published a French account of their lives in two or more volumes 4to. which I have seen at Nourse's, in which you may meet with better information. I am agreeably employed here in dividing *nothing* with an *old Harridan*, who is the Spawn of Cerberus and the Dragon of Wantley. When I shall get to town, I cannot divine, but doubtless it will be between this and Christmas. You were so good to offer me house-room for some of my lumber: I am therefore packing up certain boxes and baskets which I believe you will be troubled with. But I beg Mrs. Wharton to consider well first, whether it will be inconvenient to her. If she assures me it will not, I shall inform you shortly of their shapes and numbers. At present it seems to me, that there will be three or four large boxes, and five baskets of china; the last, Madame Foster shall accommodate.

Ah! poor King of Prussia!\* what will become of him? I am told here, that matters are much worse than is yet avowed. I also hear that seven Generals have refused the command, which Hopson† is now gone with, who has been before censured for ill-conduct, and is besides so infirm that he will not live the voyage. Adieu, dear Sir,

I am ever yours,

T. G.

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## LETTER LXXX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

*Stoke, Nov. 9, 1758.*

I SHOULD have told you that Caradoc came safe to hand‡; but my critical faculties have been so taken up in

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\* Gray's lamentation was excited, I conclude, by the defeat of the King of Prussia at Hochkirchen, by the Austrians under Marshal Daun. In this battle he lost 7000 men, his tents, and baggage; and the day was rendered memorable by the death of Marshal Keith, who was shot through the heart.—*Ed.*

† Major General Hopson was appointed to the command of an expedition against Martinique, which sailed on the 12th of November, 1758. The attack on this Island failed, and the armament directed its course to Guadaloupe, where General Hopson died.—*Ed.*

‡ A second manuscript of Caractacus with the Odes inserted.—*Mason.*

dividing *nothing* with an old woman\*, that they are not yet composed enough for a better and more tranquil employment: shortly, however, I will make them obey me. But am I to send this copy to Mr. Hurd, or return it to you? Methinks I do not love this travelling to and again of manuscripts by the post. While I am writing, your second packet is just arrived. I can only tell you in gross, that there seem to me certain passages altered which might as well have been let alone; and that I shall not be easily reconciled to Mador's own song†. I must not have my fancy raised to that agreeable pitch of heathenism and wild magical enthusiasm, and then have you let me drop into moral philosophy and cold good sense. I remember you insulted me when I saw you last, and affected to call that which delighted my imagination, *nonsense*: Now I insist that sense is nothing in poetry, but according to the dress she wears, and the scene she appears in. If you should lead me into a superb Gothic building with a thousand clustered pillars, each of them half a mile high, the walls all covered with fretwork, and the windows full of red and blue saints that had neither head nor tail; and I should find the Venus of Medici in person, perked up in a long niche over the high altar, do you think it would raise or damp my devotions? I say that Mador must be entirely a Briton; and that his pre-eminence among his companions must be shown by superior wildness, more barbaric fancy, and a more striking and deeper harmony both of words and numbers: if British antiquity be too narrow, this is the place for invention; and if it be pure invention, so much the clearer must the expression be, and so much the stronger and richer the imagery. There's for you now!

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\* Mrs. Rogers died about this time, and left Mr. Gray and Mrs. Olliffe, another of his aunts, her joint executors.—*Mason*.

† He means here the second Ode, which was afterwards greatly altered.—*Mason*.

## LETTER LXXXI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

\* \* \* \* \*

I AM glad you are master of a "*Pieta*." I could have said *Pieta* myself, if I had not left off being a coxcomb or a connoisseur. Palma (that is the *old* one) was a good colorist, like most of the Venetians, but remarkable for bad drawing, particularly of hands and arms. What you say of Dr. Ak. I fully agree with you in, and have mentioned it to Mason. As soon as I can write to Mr. H., I shall repeat to him a *part* of your own words, which I think will prevail, besides I know he thinks himself obliged to you in Dr. H<sup>r</sup>'s affairs. I have seen no Rousseau, or any body else: all I can tell you is, that I am to dine with my lady Carlisle to-morrow, who is a melancholy Dowager, reduced from Castle-Howard and ten thousand pounds a year to £1500, her jewels, plate, and a fine house in town excellently well furnished. She has just discovered too (I am told in confidence) that she has been long the object of calumny and scandal. What am I to say to comfort her?

I do not dislike the Laureat at all, to me it is his best Ode\*,

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\* Ode for his Majesty's Birthday, November 10, 1758. See Whithead's Poems, Vol. II. p. 263.—*Ed.*

but I don't expect any one should find it out, for Otbert and Ateste are surely less known than Edward the Ist and Mount Snowdon; it is no imitation of me; but a good one of

Pastor, cum traheret, &c.

which was falsely laid to my charge. Adieu, dear Sir,

I am ever yours,

*December 2, 1758.*

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## LETTER LXXXII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Saturday, July 21, 1759.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE at last found rest for the sole of my gouty foot in your old \* dining-room, and hope, in spite of the damnation denounced by the bishop's two chaplains, that you may find at least equal satisfaction, and repose at Old-Park; if your bog prove as comfortable as my oven, I shall see no occasion to pity you; and only wish that you may *brew* no worse than I *bake*.

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\* The house in Southampton-Row, where Mr. Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before; and was removed to his paternal estate at Old Park, near Durham.—*Mason*.

You totally mistake my talents, when you impute to me any magical skill in planting roses. I know I am no conjuror in these things; when they are done, I can find fault, and that is all. Now this is the very reverse of genius, and I feel my own littleness. Reasonable people know themselves better than is commonly imagined, and therefore (though I never saw any instance of it) I believe Mason, when he tells me he understands planting better than any thing whatever. The *prophetic eye of taste* (as Mr. Pitt called it) sees all the beauties that a place is susceptible of, long before they are born; and when it plants a seedling, already sits under the shadow of it, and enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view that lies in prospect. You must, therefore, invoke Caractacus, and he will send his spirits from the top of Snowdon to Cross-Fell or Warden-Law.

The thermometer is in the passage-window (where the sun never comes) near the head of the back-stairs. Since you went, I have never observed it lower than 68, most part of the day at 74, and yesterday at 5 in the afternoon it was at 79, the highest I have ever seen it. It now is prepared to correspond regularly with you, at the hours you mention. The weather, for this fortnight, has been broiling without interruption, one thunder-shower excepted, which did not cool the air at all. Rye (I am told) is begun to be cut near London. In Cambridgeshire, a fortnight ago, the promise of harvest was the finest I ever saw; but the farmers complain (I hear) that the ears do not fill for want of wet. The wheat was then turning yellow. Duke-cherries are over in London, three days ago they sold for half-a-crown a pound. Caroons and Black-hearts, very large and fine, drive about the streets in wheel-barrows a penny a pound. Raspberries, a few are yet remaining, but in a manner over. Melons are ripe, and apricots and Orleans-plums are to be seen in

the fruit-shops. Roses are (I think) over a week ago. The jessamine (at Mrs. Dod's, on a S. W. wall) was in full bloom (if you remember) long before you went from hence, and so it continues. That below in the garden, on a N. E. wall, has been all this week covered with flowers. My nosegays, from Covent-garden, consist of nothing but scarlet-martagons, everlasting-peas, double-stocks, pinks, and flowering-marjoram. As I have kept no exact account hitherto this year, I can say no more of July, that now is. Therefore, I shall annex one for the year 1754, which I observed day by day at Stoke. Observe, it had been then a cold rainy summer.

The heat was very moderate this month, and a great deal of rain fell. The sown hay was all got in by the first day; but the meadow-hay was not before the 23d. It was very good and in plenty, but sold at 40 shillings a load in the field, on account of the scarcity the year preceding. Barley was in ear on the first day; grey and white peas in bloom. The bean flowers were going off. Duke-cherries in plenty on the 5th; hearts were also ripe. Green melons on the 6th, but watry and not sweet. Currants begun to ripen on the 8th; and red gooseberries had changed colour; tares were then in flower, and meadow-hay cutting. Lime-trees in full bloom on the 9th. Mushrooms in perfection on the 17th. Wheat and oats had changed colour; and buck-wheat was in bloom on the 19th. The vine had then opened its blossoms, and the end of the month grapes were near the size of small peas. Turnips appeared above ground on the 22d; and potatoes were in flower. Barley had changed its hue, and rye was almost ripe on the 23d. The pine-apple-strawberry was then in perfection. Black caroons were ripe, and some duke cherries still remained on walls the 26th, but the hearts were then all spoiled by the



rain. Goose-berries, red and white, were then ripe, and currants in abundance.

Haws, turned red . . . . . }  
 Honey-suckles, in full bloom . . } on the  
 Broomflower went off . . . . . } 1st.

Phlomis, or yellow-tree-sage . . . . . 2nd.

Virginia flowering Raspberry, }  
 blew . . . . . }  
 Shrub Cinque-foil . . . . . } 3rd.  
 Spiræa-frutex . . . . . }  
 Syringa went off . . . . . }

Balm of Gilead blowing . . . . . 7th.

Common Jasmine blew . . . . . }  
 Moss-Provence Rose . . . . . } 8th.  
 Yellow and Austrian Rose go }  
 off . . . . . }

Yellow Jasmine blows . . . . . }  
 White and Gum-Cistus . . . . . }  
 Tamarisk in flower . . . . . } 9th.  
 Coccygia . . . . . }  
 Virginia-Sumach . . . . . }  
 Tutsan or Park-leaves . . . . . }  
 Spanish-Broom . . . . . }  
 Scarlet and painted Geraniums }

Pyracantha, in berry . . . . . }  
 Mountain-Ash . . . . . } 11th.  
 White-Beam . . . . . }  
 Orange, flowering . . . . . }  
 Winter Cherry . . . . . }

Single Velvet Rose goes off . . . . . 15th.

Lavender and Marjoram blow . . . . . 22d.

Damask, red, moss, and double

Velvet Roses go off . . . . . 26th.

Rosa-Mundi, and Rose without }  
 Thorns, go off . . . . . } 28th.  
 White Rose goes off . . . . . } 31st.

These were all the flowering Shrubs observed by me.

GARDEN FLOWERS.

Convolvulus Minor blows . . . . . }  
 Garden Poppy . . . . . }  
 Single Rose-Campion . . . . . } 2nd.  
 Double Larkspur . . . . . }  
 Candy-Tuft . . . . . }  
 Common Marigold . . . . . }

Lupines, blue and white, blow . . }  
 Purple Toads-flax . . . . . } 2nd.  
 White and blue Campanula . . }

Double scarlet Lychnis blows }  
 Tree Primrose . . . . . }  
 White Lilly . . . . . } 9th.  
 Willow-Bay . . . . . }  
 Scarlet-Bean . . . . . }  
 French Marigold . . . . . }

Yellow Lupine blows . . . . . }  
 Tree-Mallow . . . . . } 11th.  
 Amaranthus Cat's-tail . . . . . }

Striped Lilly blows . . . . . }  
 Fairchild's Mule . . . . . }  
 Double Rose-Campion . . . . . } 19th.  
 African Ragwort . . . . . }

Whole Carnations blow . . . . . 23d.

Double-white Stock in bloom . . . . . 24th.

In the Fields: Scabions, St. John's Wort, Trefoil, Yarrow, Bugloss, Purple Vetch, Wild-thyme, Pale Wood-Orchis, Betony, and white Clover, flowering on the first. Large blue Cranes-bill the 9th; Ragwort, Moth-mullein, and Brambles, the 20th; Knapweed all the month. There was rain, more or less, 13 days out of the 31, this month; and 17 days out of 30, in June preceding.

I was too late for the post on Saturday, so I continue on Monday. It is now 6 in the afternoon, and the thermometer is mounted to 80, though the wind is a N. E. by N. The gay Lady Essex is dead of a fever during her lying in; and Mrs. Charles York last week, with one of her children, of the sore throat. Heberden, and (I think) Taylor, attended her; the latter had pronounced her out of danger, but Heberden doubted about her. The little boy was at Acton, and escaped the infection.

Every body continues as quiet about the invasion, as if a Frenchman, as soon as he set his foot on our coast, would die, like a toad in Ireland. Yet the king's tents and equipage are ordered to be ready at an hour's warning. Nobody knows, positively, what is the damage that Rodney\* has done, whether much or little; he can only guess himself; and the French have kept their own secret, as yet. Of the 12 millions raised for the year, eight are gone already; and the old party assure us there is no more to be had for next year. You may easily guess at the source of my intelligence, and therefore will not talk of it. News is hourly expected of a battle in Westphalia, for P. Ferdinand was certainly preparing to fight the French, who have taken Minden by storm.

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\* This alludes to the Bombardment of Havre-de-grace, by Admiral Rodney, in the month of July in this year; the French having collected several large flat-bottomed boats there, for a threatened invasion on some part of the British Territories.—*Ed.*

I have heard the D. of N. is much broke ever since his sister Castle-comer died, not that he cared for her, or saw her above once a year; but she was the last of the brood that was left; and he now goes regularly to church, which he never did before. Adieu!

I am ever yours.

I hope Mrs. Wharton's native air will be more civil to her, when they are better acquainted; my best compliments to her; I am glad the children are well.

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## LETTER LXXXIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. PALGRAVE.

*London, July 24, 1759.*

I AM now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-ish*, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet, however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Musæum, with all its manu-

scripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniences.

I this day past through the jaws of a great leviathan into the den of Dr. Templeman, superintendant of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; 3dly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and, lastly, I, who only read to know if there be any thing worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have sold only fourscore; that they have £900 a year income, and spend 1300, and are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Have you read Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his History? Do you remember Mr. \* \*'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties: Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

## LETTER LXXXIV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON:

DEAR DOCTOR,

I CANNOT say any thing to you about Mason, whose motions I am entirely a stranger to, and have not once heard from him since he left London, till (the 3d of this month) a letter came, in which he tells me, that Gaskarth is at Aston with him, and that the latter end of the month, or the beginning of the next, he shall be in town, as he goes into waiting the last fortnight in October. Lord Holderness has sent him no less than four expresses (literally so) with public news, good and bad, which has made him of infinite importance in the eyes of that neighbourhood. I cannot pretend, therefore, to guess, whether he will be able to come to you. I am sorry to tell you, that I try in vain to execute your commission about tapestry. What is so bad as wry-mouthed histories? and yet for this they ask me at least double the price you talk of. I have seen nothing neither, that would please me at any price. Yet I allow tapestry (if at all tolerable) to be a very proper furniture for your sort of house; but doubt, if any bargain of that kind is to be met with, except at some old mansion-sale in the country, where people will disdain tapestry, because they hear that paper is all the fashion. Stonehewer has been in Northamptonshire till now; as you told me the subject of your letter, I did not send it thither to him, besides that, he was every day expected in town. At last he is come, and has it, but I have not yet seen him; he is gone to day (I believe)

to Portsmouth to receive a Morocco Ambassador, but returns very shortly. There is one advantage in getting into your Abbey at Christmas time, that it will be at its worst, and if you can bear it then, you need not fear for the rest of the year. Mr. Walpole has lately made a new bed-chamber, which as it is in the best taste of any thing he has yet done, and in your own Gothic way, I must describe a little. You enter by a peaked door at one corner of the room (out of a narrow winding passage, you may be sure) into an alcove, in which the bed is to stand, formed by a screen of pierced work opening by one large arch in the middle to the rest of the chamber, which is lighted at the other end by a bow-window of three days, whose tops are of rich painted glass in mosaic. The ceiling is covered and fretted in star and quatre-foil compartments, with roses at the intersections, all is papier maché. The chimney on your left is the high altar in the cathedral of Rouen (from whence the screen also is taken) consisting of a low surbased arch between two octagon towers, whose pinnacles almost reach the ceiling, all of nich-work; the chairs and dressing-table are real carved ebony, picked up at auctions. The hangings uniform, purple paper, hung all over with the court of Henry the VIII. copied after the Holbeins in the Queen's Closet at Kensington, in black and gold frames. The bed is to be either from Burleigh (for Lord Exeter is new-furnishing it, and means to sell some of his original household stuff) of the rich old tarnished embroidery; or if that is not to be had, and it must be new, it is to be a cut velvet with a dark purple pattern on a stone-colour satin ground, and deep mixed fringes and tassels. There's for you, but I want you to see it. In the mean time I live in the Musæum, and write volumes of antiquity. I have got (out of the original Ledger-book of the Signet) King Richard the Third's oath to Elizabeth, late *calling herself Queen of England*; to prevail upon her to come out of sanctuary with her five daughters. His grant to

Lady Hastings and her son, dated six weeks after he had cut off her husband's head. A letter to his mother, another to his chancellor, to persuade his solicitor general not to marry Jane Shore then in Ludgate by his command. Sir Thomas Wyatt's Defence at his trial, when accused by Bishop Bonner of high-treason; Lady Purbeck and her son's remarkable case, and several more odd things unknown to our historians. When I come home I have a great heap of the Conway Papers\* (which is a secret) to read, and make out. In short, I am up to the ears.

The fish you mention is so accurately described, that I know it at sight. It is the Ink-fish, or Loligo of the Romans. In Greek, *Τεuthὸς*; in Italian, *Calamaiò*; in French, *Calmar*. You will find it ranged by Linnæus in the class of *Vermes*, the order of *Molusca*, the genus of *Sepia*, No. 4, page 659. The smaller ones are eaten as a delicacy fried, with their own ink for sauce, by the Italians and others. You may see it in Aldrovandus.

I do not see much myself of the face of nature here, but I enquire. Wheat was cutting in Kent the 23d of July, the 25th at Enfield. The 27th, wheat, barley, and oats cutting all at once about Windsor; the forward peas all got in, ground ploughed and turnips sowed. 9th of August, harvest still continued in Buckinghamshire; the 27th, about Kennington, it was just over, being delayed for want of hands; in some places, 50 miles from London, it is but just over now for the same

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\* The Conway Papers in the Reign of James I. See Walpole's Letters, Vol. 5. p. 61. "I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley, which either by the fault of their servants or the waggoner, is not yet arrived. I shall go to London again on Monday in quest of it; and in truth think so much about it, that when I first heard of the victory this morning, I rejoiced, as we were likely now to recover the Palatinate."—*Ed.*

reason. The 3d of August, catharine-pears, muscle-plums, and small black cherries were sold in wheelbarrows. Filberds in plenty the 8th. Mulberries and fine green-gage plums the 19th. Fine nectarines and peaches the 27th. The 4th of September, melons and perdrigon-plums. The 8th, walnuts 20 a penny. This is all I know about fruit. My weather is not very complete.

July 20,	1759.	London.	Thermometer 5 in the Afternoon, at 79.
21	.	.	—
22	.	.	same hour . . . . . 76.
23	.	Wind N.N.E.	ditto . . . . . 80. Grass burnt up.
24	.	.	—
25	.	.	ditto . . . . . 78.
26	.	Wind N.N.W. brisk	at noon . . . . . 71.
27	.	Wind laid	at night . . . . . —
28	.	Wind N. fair, white flying clouds,	9 in morning, 68.
29	.	S.S.W. still, and cloudy sunshine,	ditto . . . . . 69.
30	.	Gloomy and hot, W.S.W. shower at night,	ditto . . . . . 70.
31	.	Eight hours rain, S.W. moonshine night	ditto . . . . . 70.
August 1	.	Cloudy, W.S.W. brisk and chill, bright even.	ditto 66.
2	.	Cloudy sun, W.S.W. chill, a little rain, night clear,	do. 65.
3	.	Fine, wind N.W. cool . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 64.
4	.	Gloomy, S.W. high, seven hours heavy rain	ditto . . . . . 64.
5	.	Cloudy, N.W. hard rain at night . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 66.
6	.	Clouds and sunshine, wind N.W. brisk	ditto . . . . . 64.
7	.	Wind S.W. fair . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 66.
8	.	W. clear and hot . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 74.
9	.	S.S.W. very hot . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 76.
10	.	Ditto hot and foggy . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 74.
11	.	clear and extreme hot . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 76.
12	.	N.N.W. small rain, evening fine	ditto . . . . . 66.
13	.	N.N.E. brisk, fine day . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 66.
14	.	cloudy . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 64.
15	.	N.N.W. clouds and sun . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 68.
16	.	very fine . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 64.
17	.	S.W. overcast, some rain . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 68.
18	.	very fine . . . . .	ditto . . . . . 64.
19	.	W.N.W. cloudy, but fair, at night hard rain, do.	64.
20	.	W.S.W. overcast, at night much rain, ditto	66.



I go no farther than you do, but it is down in my book.

What do you say to all our Victories? The night we rejoiced for Boscawen,\* in the midst of squibs and bonfires arrived Lord G. Sackville. He sees company, and to-day has put out a short address to the Public, saying he expects a Court-Martial (for no one abroad had authority to try him), and desires people to suspend their judgement. I fear it is a rueful case.

I believe I shall go on Monday to Stoke for a time, where Lady Cobham has been dying. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. Believe me ever

Faithfully yours,

T. G.

*Southampton Row, Sept. 18, 1759.*

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## LETTER LXXXV.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO D<sup>r</sup>. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I KNOW not what to say to you after so long a silence, but that I have been down at Stoke to see poor Lady

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\* Victory of Admiral Boscawen over the French Fleet under M. de la Clue, in the Mediterranean.—*Ed.*

Cobham, and after about three weeks passed there, she being obliged to come for advice (as they call it) to town, I returned with her, and have been ever since, till about ten days ago, by her desire in the house with her, in Hanover-Square. She is dying (as it now plainly appears) of a dropsy, and the contemplation of lingering death is not apt to raise the spirits of any spectator \* \* \* \* I have had an enquiry from Mr. Jonathan about painted glass, and have given him such information as I could procure. The manufacture at York seems to be the thing for your purpose, but the name of the person I cannot learn. He at Worcester sells it for two shillings a pound (for it is sold by weight). I approve very well of the canopy-work border on the sides of each light descending to the bottom, provided it do not darken the window too much, and take up so much of the twenty inches space, as to make the plain glass in the middle appear over narrow. . But I have been more used to see the whole top of coloured glass (from where the Arch begins to turn), the gloom above contributing much to the beauty of the clear view below. I cannot decide: the first is more Gothic and more uncommon; the latter more convenient and more cheerful. Green glass is not classical, nor ever seen in a real church-window, but where there is history painted, and there the green is remarkably bad. I propose the rich amethyst-purple instead of it. The Mosaic pattern can hardly come amiss, only do not let too much yellow and scarlet come together. If I could describe the Mosaic at Mr. Walpole's it would be of no use to you, because it is not merely made of squares put together, but painted in a pattern of Price, and shaded. It is as if little Balaustines, or Pomegranate flowers, were set four together and formed a Lozenge. These are of a golden yellow, with a white Pearl at the junctions, and the spaces inclosed by them are scarlet or blue. This repeated makes a diaper-work, and fills

the whole top of the window. I am sorry any of your designs depend upon Virginia; I fear it will fail you. Stonehewer tells me, you have a neighbouring scene superior to any banks of the Thames, where I am to live \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* clever, and forced from him by a nonsensical\* speech of Beckford's. The second was a studied and puerile declamation on funeral honours (on proposing a Monument for Wolfe). In the course of it, he wiped his eyes with one handkerchief, and Beckford (who seconded him) cried too, and wiped with two handkerchiefs at once, which was very moving. The third was about Gen. Amherst, and in commendation of the industry and ardour of our American Commanders, very spirited and eloquent. This is a very critical time, an action being hourly expected between the two great Fleets, but no news as yet. I don't know where my thermometer left off, but I do not find any observations till the 8th September.

Sept. 8,	at 68.	close and gloomy. . . . .	Walnuts 20 a penny.
9,	70.	same.	
10,	72.	very fine. Wind S.W. then N.W. . . .	Bergamot Pears.
11,	68.	wet, evening fine. . . . .	S.W. foggy night.
12,	64.	cloudy . . . . .	S.S.W.
13,	68.	showery afternoon . . . . .	S.W.
14,	62.	fair . . . . .	W.S.W. cool.
15,	62.	a little rain . . . . .	N.W. little frost at night.
16,	61.	fair . . . . .	N.N.W. even. N.E. bright and cool.
17,	59.	. . . . .	N.W.
18,	58.	. . . . .	
19,	57.	. . . . .	N.
20,			
21,	60.	fair . . . . .	N.E. high.
22,	60.	fair and cool . . . . .	N.E. at night a little frost.
23,	59.	fair, aftern. cold and gloomy, set by a fire. (Went to Stoke.)	
24,	—	fine black and white Muscadine Grapes, black Figs (the white are over), Melons, and Walnuts.	
25,	—	red and blue double Asters, Musk and Monthly Roses, Mary-golds, Sweet Peas, Carnations, Mignonette, and double Stocks, in bloom.	

Sept. 26, 59. . . . . N.W. high.  
 Elm, Oak, and old Ash, in full verdure. Horse Chesnut  
 and Lime turn yellow. Young Beeches russet, Cherry-Trees  
 red, and dropping their Leaves.  
 27, 62. clouds and sun.  
 28, — . . . . .  
 29, 64. fine.  
 30, 62.

Oct. 1, — . . . Catherine Peaches very ripe. Black Frontignac Grapes.  
 (All the rest is lost.)

The 20th of November, some snow fell in the night.

23d Thermometer at 32 (Freezing Point) for the first time; since which it  
 has continued rising: weather wet.

To-day, the 28th, at 54. Wind W.N.W. high. Warm and wet.

My best respects to Mrs. Wharton. I am, dear Sir, ever

Yours,

Nov. 28, [1759.]

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## LETTER LXXXVI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*London, Thursday, Jan. 23, 1760.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM much obliged to you for your antique news. Froissard is a favourite book of mine (though I have not attentively read him, but only dipp'd here and there), and it is strange to me that people who would give thousands for a dozen Portraits (originals of that time) to furnish a Gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving Pictures of the

life, actions, manners, and thoughts of their ancestors done on the spot, and in strong though simple colours. In the succeeding century Froissard (I find) was read with great satisfaction by every body that could read, and on the same footing with King Arthur, Sir Tristram, and Archbishop Turpin; not because they thought him a fabulous writer, but because they took them all for true and authentic Historians. To so little purpose was it in that age for a man to be at the pains of writing truth! Pray are you come to the four Irish Kings, that went to school to K. Richard y<sup>e</sup> 2d.'s Master of the Ceremonies, and the man who informed Froissard of all he had seen in St. Patrick's Purgatory.

You ask after Quebec. Gen. Townsend says, it is much like Richmond-Hill, and the River as fine (but bigger), and the Vale as *riant*, as rich, and as well cultivated. No great matters are attributed to his conduct. The Officer who brought over the news, when the Prince of Wales asked, how long Gen. Townsend commanded in the action after Wolfe's death? answered, "a minute, Sir." It is certain he was not at all well with Wolfe, who for some time had not cared to consult with him, or communicate any of his designs to him. He has brought home an Indian Boy with him (designed for Lord G. Sackville, but he did not chuse to take him) who goes about in his own dress, and is brought into the room to divert his company. The General after dinner one day had been shewing them a box of scalps, and some Indian arms and utensils. When they were gone, the boy got the box, and found a scalp, which he knew by the hair belonged to one of his own nation. He grew into a sudden fury (though but eleven years old), and catching up one of the scalping-knives made at his Master with intention to murder him, who in his surprise hardly knew how to avoid him; and by laying open his breast,

making signs, and with a few words of French jargon that the boy understood, at last with much difficulty pacified him. The first rejoicing night he was terribly frightened, and thought the bone-fire was made for him, and that they were going to torture and devour him. He is mighty fond of venison blood-raw; and once they caught him flourishing his knife over a dog that lay asleep by the fire, because (he said) it was *bon-manger*.

You have heard of the Irish disturbances (I reckon); never were two Houses of Parliament so \* \* \* This is not a figure, but literally so. They placed an old woman on the Throne, and called for pipes and tobacco; made my Lord Chief-Justice administer an Oath (which they dictated) to my Lord Chancellor; beat the Bishop of Killaloe black and blue; played at football with Chenevix, the old refugee Bishop of Waterford; rolled my Lord Farnham in the kennel; pulled Sir Thos. Prendergast by the nose (naturally large) till it was the size of a cauliflower, and would have hanged Rigby, if he had not got out of a window. All this time *the Castle* remained in perfect tranquillity. At last the guard was obliged to move (with orders not to fire), but the mob threw dirt at them. Then the horse broke in upon them, cutting and slashing, and took seventeen prisoners: next morning they were all set at liberty, and said to be poor silly people, that knew nothing of the matter. The same night there was a ball at the Castle, and play till four in the morning. This tumult happened two days before the news of Hawke's victory got to Dublin; and there was another some time before, when first it was known that the Brest-fleet had sailed. Warning was given (from the *best hands* in England) six weeks before that time, that there would be a *rising of the Papists* in Ireland; and the first person whom the mob insulted was a Mr. Rowley, a Member, always

in opposition to the Court, but a *Presbyterian*. It is strange (but, I am assured, true) that the Government have not yet received any account of the matter from thence, and all the Irish here are ready to fight a man that says there has been any riot at all at Dublin. The notion that had possessed the crowd was, that a Union was to be voted between the two nations, and they should have no more Parliaments there.

Prince Ferdinand has done a strange thing in Germany. We have always studiously avoided doing any thing to incur the Ban of the Empire. He has now (without waiting for commands from hence) detached 14,000 men, the flower of his flock, to assist the King of Prussia in Saxony against the Empress-Queen and the Empire. The old gentleman does not know how to digest it after giving him £2000 a year on the Irish Establishment, and £20,000 for the Battle of Minden (not out of his own pocket, don't mistake; but out of your's, under the head of Extraordinaries). A great fleet is preparing, and an expedition going forward; but nobody knows where to: some say, Martinico, others Minorca. All thought of a Congress is vanished, since the Empress has shewed herself so cool to our proposal.

Mr. Pitt (not the Great, but the little one, my acquaintance) is setting out on his travels. He goes with my Lord Kinnoul to Lisbon; then (by sea still) to Cales, then up the Guadalquivir to Seville and Cordova, and so perhaps to Toledo, but certainly to Grenada; and after breathing the perfumed air of Andalusia, and contemplating the remains of Moorish magnificence, re-embarks at Gibraltar or Malaga, and sails to Genoa. Sure an extraordinary good way of passing a few winter months, and better than dragging through Holland, Germany, and Switzerland, to the same place. Now we have been con-

triving to get my L<sup>d</sup>. Strathmore, (for whose advantage it will be in several respects,) to bear a part in this expedition, and to day we have brought it about, and they will go in a fortnight; but this is a secret, and you must not tell, for fear my Lady should be frighted at so much sea.

The Attorney and Solic<sup>r</sup>. General (to whom it was referred) have declared that Lord G. Sackville may be tried by a Court-martial. L<sup>d</sup>. Holderness has wrote him a letter to inform him of this, and *desires* to know (these are the words) how his L<sup>d</sup>. *would have* them proceed, as there is no *specific charge* against him. I am told he has answered, that he cannot pretend to prescribe how a Court, that sits in judgement upon him, is to proceed against him; that he well knows nothing can justly be alledged against him; but doubts not, from P<sup>r</sup>. Ferdinand's treatment of him, that there was some charge against him, especially as he finds himself *dismissed from all his employments*. I hear too, that (whatever the lawyers have said) the General Officers insist, they will not have any thing to do with his cause, as he is no longer of the army. So (I suppose) after a little bustle the matter will drop.

Here is a new Farce of Macklin the Player's, that delights the town much, Love-a-la-Mode, a Beau Jew, an English Gentleman Jockey, a Scotch Baronet, and an Irish Officer in the Prussian service, that make love to a Merchant's Niece. The Irishman is the Hero, and the happy man, as he deserves; for Sir Reilichan O'Callaghan is a modest, brave, and generous soldier; yet with the manners, the brogue, and the understanding of an Irishman, which makes a new character. The king is so pleased with the Scotch character (which is no compliment to that nation) that he has sent for a copy of the piece, for it is not printed, to read.



I am sorry to hear you have reason to complain of Mr. Bell, because he seemed to have some taste in Gothic, and it may not be easy to find such another. It is for my sake, not from your own judgement, that you see the *affair* I mentioned to you in so good a light; I wish I could foresee any such consequences as you do; but fear it will be the very reverse, and so do others than I. The Museum goes on as usual; I have got the Earl of Huntingdon and Sr. George Bowes's letters to Cecil about the Rebellion in the North. Heberden has married Miss Woolaston, of Charter-house-square, this week, whom he formerly courted, but could not then afford to have; for she has (they say) but £2000 fortune. I have not yet seen her. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

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## LETTER LXXXVII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*April 22nd, 1760, London.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM not sorry to hear you are exceeding busy, except as it has deprived me of the pleasure I should have in hearing often from you, and as it has been occasioned by a little vexation and disappointment. To find one's-self business (I

am persuaded) is the great art of life; and I am never so angry as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up; yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint: it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself. I say *a Man*, for women, commonly speaking, never feel this distemper; they have always something to do: time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine ladies), a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

I thank you heartily for the sow, if you have no occasion for her, I have; and if his L<sup>dy</sup> will be so kind as to drive her up to town, will gladly give him forty shillings and the chitterlings into the bargain. I could repay you with the story of my Lady F<sup>c</sup> but (I doubt) you know my sow already, especially as you dwell near Raby. However I'll venture; it may be, you have not heard it. About two months ago Mr. Creswick (the D. of Cleveland's managing man) received an anonymous letter as from a lady, offering him (if he would bring about a match between her and his lord) £3000 to be paid after marriage out of the estate. If he came into the proposal, a place was named, where he might speak with the party. He carried the letter directly to the old Lady Darlington, and they agreed he should go to the place. He did so, and found there a man, agent for the Lady; but, refusing to treat with any but principals, after a little difficulty was conducted to her in person, and found it was my Lady F. (Sr. Ev. F.'s fine young widow). What passed between them I know not; but that very night she was at Lady Darl<sup>ny</sup>'s Assembly (as she had used to be) and

no notice taken. The next morning she received a card to say, Lady D. had not expected to see her after *what had passed*; otherwise she would have ordered her porter not to let her in. The whole affair was immediately told to every body. Yet she had continued going about all public places *tête levée*, and solemnly denying the whole to her acquaintance. Since that I hear she owns it, and says, her children were unprovided for, and desires to know which of her friends would not have done the same? but as neither of these expedients succeed very well, she has hired a small house, and is going into the country for the summer.

Here has just been a duel between the duke of Bolton and Mr. Stewart (a candidate for the county of Hampshire at the late election) what the quarrel was, I do not know; but they met near Mary-le-bone, and the D. in making a pass, over-reached himself, fell down and hurt his knee, the other bid him get up, but he could not; then he bid him ask his life, but he would not; so he let him alone, and that's all. Mr. Stewart was slightly wounded.

The old Pundles, that sat on L<sup>d</sup>. G. Sackville, (for they were all such, but two, Gen. Cholmondeley and L<sup>d</sup>. Albermarle) have at last hammered out their sentence. He is declared disobedient and unfit for all military command. It is said that nine (out of the fifteen) were for death, but as two thirds must be unanimous, some of them came over to the merciful side. I do not affirm the truth of this. What he will do with himself, nobody guesses. The poor old duke went into the country some time ago, and (they say) can hardly bear the sight of any body. The unembarrassed countenance, the looks of sovereign contempt and superiority, that his L<sup>ty</sup>. bestowed on his accusers during

the trial, were the admiration of all: but his usual talents and art did not appear, in short his cause would not support him. Be that as it will, every body blames *some body*, who has been out of all temper, and intractable during the whole time. Smith (the Aid-de-camp, and principal witness for L<sup>d</sup>. G.) had no sooner finished his evidence, but he was forbid to mount guard, and ordered to sell out. The court and the criminal went halves in the expence of the short-hand writer, so L<sup>d</sup>. G. has already published the trial, before the authentic copy appears; and in it are all the foolish questions that were asked, and the absurdities of his judges, you may think perhaps that he intends to go abroad, and hide his head: au contraire, all the world visits him on his condemnation. He says himself his situation is better than ever it was; the *cotch* have all along affected to take him under their protection; his wife has been daily walking with Lady Augusta (during the trial) in Leicester gardens, and Lord B.'s chariot stands at his door by the hour.

L<sup>d</sup>. Ferrers\* has entertained the town for three days; I was not there, but Mason and Stonehewer were in the D. of Ancaster's gallery, and in the greatest danger (which I believe they do not yet know themselves), for the cell underneath them (to which the prisoner retires), was on fire during the trial, and the D. of Anc<sup>r</sup>. with the workmen, by sawing away some timbers, and other assistance, contrived to put it out without any alarm given to the Court: several now recollect they smelt burning, and heard a noise of sawing, but none guessed as to the cause. Miss Johnson, daughter to the murdered man, appeared so cool, and gave so gentle an evidence, that at first

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† See a full account of this Trial, in Smollett's History of England, Vol. V. p. 181-190.

sight every one concluded she was bought off; but this could do him little good. The surgeon and his own servants laid open such a scene of barbarity and long-meditated malice, as left no room for his plea of lunacy, nor any thought of pity in the hearers. The oddest thing was this plea of temporary lunacy, and his producing two brothers of his to prove it, one a Clergyman (suspended for Methodism by the B<sup>p</sup> of London); the other a sort of Squire, that goes in the country by the name of *Ragged and Dangerous*. He managed the cause himself with more cleverness than any of his Counsel, and (when found guilty,) asked pardon for his plea, and laid it upon the persuasions of his family. Mrs. Shirley, (his mother), Lady Huntingdon, and others of the relations were at Court yesterday with a petition for mercy; but on the 5th of May he is to be hanged at Tyburn.

The town are reading the K. of Prussia's poetry, (*Le Philosophe sans souci*), and I have done like the town; they do not seem so sick of it as I am. It is all the scum of Voltaire and Bolingbroke, the *crambe recocia* of our worst Free-thinkers, tossed up in German-French rhyme. *Tristram Shandy* is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight beforehand. His portrait is done by Reynolds, and now engraving. Dodsley gives £700 for a second edition, and two new volumes not yet written; and to-morrow will come out two volumes of Sermons by him. Your friend, Mr. Hall, has printed two Lyric Epistles, one to my Cousin Shandy on his coming to town, the other to the grown gentlewomen, the Misses of York: they seem to me to be absolute madness. These are the best lines in them.

I'll tell you a story of Elijah—  
Close by a mob of children stood,  
Commenting on his sober mood, &c.

And back'd them (their opinions) like such sort of folks,  
 With a few stones and a few jokes:  
 Till weary of their pelting and their prattle,  
 He ordered out his bears to battle.  
 It was delightful fun  
 To see them run  
 And eat up the young cattle.

The 7th volume of Buffon is come over: do you chuse to have it?

Poor Lady Cobham is at last delivered from a painful life. she has given Miss Speed above £30,000.

Mr. Brown is well: I heard from him yesterday, and think of visiting him soon. Mason and Stonehewer are both in town, and (if they were here) would send their best compliments to you and Mrs. Wh<sup>m</sup> with mine. You see I have left no room for weather, yet I have observed the birth of the Spring, which (though backward) is very beautiful at present. Mind, from this day the thermometer goes to its old place below in the yard, and so pray let its sister do. Mr. Stillingfleet (with whom I am grown acquainted) has convinced me it ought to do so.

Adieu!

## LETTER LXXXVIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. STONEHEWER.

*London, June 29, 1760.*

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves\*. It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert,† and (like you) am totally disappointed in his Elements. I could only taste a little of the first course: it was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau is like himself; and the Discourses on Elocution, and on the Liberty of Music, are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus; and (what is remarkable) though that Author's manner more nearly resembles the best French Writers of the pre-

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\* Mr. Stonehewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the Bishoprick of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.—*Mason.*

† Two subsequent volumes of his "Melanges de Literature & Philosophie."—*Mason.*

sent age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language?

I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind, (because it is merely description) but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five Bards pass the night at the Castle of a Chief (himself a principal Bard); each goes out in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he has seen; it is an October night, the (harvest-month of the Highlands.) This is the whole plan; yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees Ghosts (more or less). The idea, that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says

Ghosts ride on the tempest to-night:  
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind;  
*Their songs are of other worlds!*

Did you never observe (*while rocking winds are piping loud,*) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself; and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an Æolian harp? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes: he was not deaf to this; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines: it is in his *Winter*. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,  
And lash the rocky sides.



The boat is brim-full in the cove,  
 The oars on the rocking tide.  
 Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,  
 And eyes the rolling stream :  
 Her Lover promised to come,  
 She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the lake ;  
*Are these his groans in the gale ?*  
*Is this his broken boat on the shore ?\**

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\* The whole of this descriptive piece has been since published in a note to a Poem, entitled CROMA, (See Ossian's Poems, Vol. I. p. 350. 8vo.) It is somewhat remarkable that the manuscript, in the translator's own hand, which I have in my possession, varies considerably from the printed copy. Some images are omitted, and others added. I will mention one which is not in the manuscript, *the spirit of the mountain shrieks*. In the tragedy of Douglas, published at least three years before, I always admired this fine line, *the angry spirit of the water shriek'd*.—Quere, Did Mr. Home take this sublime image from Ossian, or has the translator of Ossian since borrowed it from Mr. Home?—*Mason*.

## LETTER LXXXIX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

[July, 1760.]

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HEARD yesterday from your old friend Mr. Field, that Mrs. Wharton had brought you a son, and as I sincerely hope this may be some addition to your happiness, I heartily congratulate you both on the occasion. Another thing I rejoice in, is, to know that you not only grow reconciled to your scene, but discover beauties round you, that once were deformities. I am persuaded the whole matter is, to have always something going forward. Happy they that can create a rose-tree; or erect a honeysuckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water! It is with a sentiment of envy that I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry, but in Covent Garden. I will not believe in the *vocality* of Old Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust my own ears.

I remain, bating some few little excursions that I have made, still in town, though for these three weeks I have been going into Oxfordshire with Madam Speed. But her affairs, as she says, or her vagaries, as I say, have obliged her to alter her mind ten times within that space. No wonder, for she has got at least £30,000, with a house in town, plate, jewels, china,

and old japan infinite, so that indeed it would be ridiculous for her to know her own mind. I, who know mine, do intend to go to Cambridge, but that owl, Fobus, is going thither to the commencement; so that I am forced to stay till his nonsense is at an end. Chapman you see is dead at last, which signifies not much, I take it, to any body; for his family (they say) are left in good 'circumstances. I am neither sorry nor glad, for Mason (I doubt) will scarce succeed to his Prebend. The old creature is down at Aston, where my Lord\* has paid him a visit lately, as the town says in *a miff*, about the garter, and other *Trumps*, he has met with of late. I believe this at least is certain, that he has deserted his old attachments, and worships another idol, who receives his incense with a good deal of coldness and negligence.

I can tell you but little of St. Germain. He saw Monsieur D'Affray at the Hague, (who in a day or two, on receiving a Courier from his own court) asked the States leave to apprehend him,† but he was gone, and arrived safe in St. Mary Ax, where he had lodgings (I fancy) at his old friend La Cours, the Jew-Physician. After some days, a messenger took charge of him, and he was examined (I believe) before Mr. Pitt. They however dismissed him, but with orders to leave England directly. Yet I know, care was taken that he should be furnished with proper passports to go safe through Holland, to Hamburgh; which gives some room to believe, what many at first imagined, that

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\* Lord Holderness.

† Count de St. Germain, who commanded an army on the Rhine of 30,000 men against the Allied forces; conceiving disgust at being obliged to serve under the Duke de Broglie, who was his junior in the service, relinquished his command; and it is, I conclude, to him that Gray alludes. Count d'Affray was the French Ambassador at the Hague.—*Ed.*

he was charged with some proposals from the French coast. He is a likely person enough to make them believe at Paris, that he could somehow serve them on such an occasion.

We are in great alarms about Quebec; the force in the town was not 8000 men, sufficient to defend the place, (naturally strong) against any attack of the French forces, unfurnished as they must be for a formal siege; but by no means to meet them in the field. This however is what Murray has chosen to do, whether from rashness, or deceived by false intelligence, I cannot tell. The returns of our loss are undoubtedly false, for we have above 100 officers killed, or taken. All depends upon the arrival of our garrison from Louisberg, which was daily expected. But even that (unless they bring provisions with them) may increase the distress; for at the time when we were told of the plenty and cheapness of all things at Quebec, I am assured, a piece of fresh meat could not be had for twenty guineas.

If you have seen Stonehewer, he has probably told you of my old Scotch, (or rather Irish) poetry. I am gone mad about them. They are said to be translations (literal and in prose) from the *Erse* tongue, done by one Macpherson, a young clergyman in the Highlands. He means to publish a collection he has of these specimens of antiquity; but what plagues me is, I cannot come at any certainty on that head. I was so struck, so *extasié* with their infinite beauty, that I writ into Scotland to make a thousand enquiries. The letters I have in return, are ill wrote, ill reasoned, unsatisfactory, calculated (one would imagine) to deceive one, and yet not cunning enough to do it cleverly. In short, the whole external evidence would make one believe these fragments (for so he calls them, though nothing can be more entire) counterfeit; but the internal is so strong

on the other side, that I am resolved to believe them genuine, spite of the Devil and the Kirk. It is impossible to convince me that they were invented by the same man, that writes me these letters. On the other hand, it is almost as hard to suppose, if they are original, that he should be able to translate them so admirably. What can one do? since Stonehewer went, I have received another of a very different, and inferior kind, (being merely descriptive) much more modern than the former (he says), yet very old too. This too in its way, is extremely fine. In short, this man is the very Dæmon of poetry, or he has lighted on a treasure hid for ages. The Welch Poets are also coming to light. I have seen a Discourse in MS. about them (by one Mr. Evans, a clergyman) with specimens of their writings. This is in Latin, and though it don't approach the other, there are fine scraps among it.

You will think I am grown mighty poetical of a sudden, you would think so still more, if you knew there was a Satire printed against me and Mason jointly; it is called *Two Odes*: the one is inscribed to Obscurity, (that is me) the other to Oblivion. It tells me what I never heard before; for (speaking of himself) the Author says though he has,

Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,  
That possess the happy pair,  
Each of taste the fav'rite minion,  
Prancing thro' the desert air:  
Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd,  
By help mechanick of equestrian 'block,  
And all unheedful of the Critic's mock,  
Spur his light courser o'er the bounds of Taste.

The writer is a Mr. Colman, who published the *Connaisseur*; nephew to the late Lady Bath, and a friend of Garrick's. I

believe his Odes sell no more than mine did, for I saw a heap of them lie in a bookseller's window, who recommended them to me, as a very pretty thing.

If I did not mention Tristram to you, it was because I thought I had done so before. There is much good fun in it, and humour sometimes hit, and sometimes missed. I agree with your opinion of it, and shall see the two future volumes with pleasure. Have you read his sermons (with his own comic figure at the head of them)? they are in the style, I think, most proper for the pulpit, and shew a very strong imagination and a sensible heart. But you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his perriwig in the face of his audience. Now for my Season.

April 10. I observed the elm putting out.

12. That and the pear looked green. Therm. at 62.

13. Very fine; white poplar and willow put out.

15. Standard pear (sheltered) in full bloom.

18. Lime and horn-beam green.

19. Swallow flying.

20. Therm. at 60. Wind S. W. Sky-lark, chaffinch, thrush, mew, and robin singing. Horse-chesnut, wild-briar, bramble, and sallow had spread their leaves; haw thorn and lilac had formed their blossoms; black-thorn, double-flowered peach and pears in full bloom; double tonquils, hyacinths, anemones, single wall-flowers, and auriculas, in flower. In the fields,—dog violets, daisies, dandelions, butter-cups, red-archangel, and shepherd's purse.

21. Almond out of bloom, and spreading it's leaves.

26. Lilacs flowering.

May 1. Gentianella in flower.

2. Pear goes off; apple blows. Therm. at 63. Wind N. E. still fair and dry.

3. Evening and all night hard rain.

4. Th. at 40. Wind N. E. rain.

11. Very fine. Wind N. E. Horse-chesnut in full bloom; walnut and vine spread; lilacs, Persian jasmine, tulips, wall-flowers, pheasant-eye, lilly-in-the-valley, in flower. In the fields,—furze, cowslips, hare-bells, and cow-parsnip.

May 13. Jasmine and acacia spread. Fine weather.

18. Showery. Wind high.

19. Same Therm. at 56.

20. Thunder, rain . 54.

21. Rain, Wind N. E. 52.

31. Green Peas 15*d.* a quart.

June 1. Therm. at 78.

2. Scarlet strawberries, duke-cherries. Hay-making here.

3. Wind S. S. E. Therm. at 84, (the highest I ever saw it), it was at noon; since which, till last week, we had hot dry weather; now it rains like mad. Cherries and strawberries in bushels.

I believe there is no fear of war with Spain.

[*July*, 1760.]

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## LETTER XC.

MR. GRAY TO DR. CLARKE\*.

*Pembroke-Hall, August 12, 1760.*

NOT knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkiness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is,

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\* Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.—*Mason*.

racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill\* like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. \*\* † (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off.—They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse Fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

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\* Near Henley.

† Vide Letter XCII. of this Section.



## LETTER XCI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

*Cambridge, August 20, 1760.*

I HAVE sent Musæus\* back as you desired me, scratched here and there. And with it also a bloody Satire†, written against no less persons than *you and I* by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. \* \* \*, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite Minions of Taste and of Fashion, especially as to Odes. For to them his ridicule is confined; so it is not he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to Lady Bath, author of the *Connoisseur*, a member of one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before; he makes very tolerable fun with me where I understand him (which is not every where); but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our Lyricisms at their finger ends), letters come out in *Lloyd's Evening-Post* to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says it is like to produce a great

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\* I had desired Mr. Gray to revise my Monody on Mr. Pope's Death, in order that I might correct it for the edition I was then preparing of my poems.—*Mason.*

† The parodies in question, entitled *Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion*, were written by Messrs. Lloyd and Colman, and have been reprinted since in Mr. Lloyd's *Poems*.—*Mason.*

combustion in the Literary World. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible\*. The Monthly Review, I see, just now has much stuff about us on this occasion. It says one of us at least has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which of us that is; I think I know. You simpleton you! you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it.

I do not like your improvements at Aston, it looks so like settling; if I come I will set fire to it. I will never believe the B\*s and the C\*s are dead, though I smelt them; that sort of people always live to a good old age. I dare swear they are only gone to Ireland, and we shall soon hear they are bishops.

The Erse Fragments have been published five weeks ago in Scotland, though I had them not (by a mistake) till the other day. As you tell me new things do not reach you soon at Aston, I inclose what I can; the rest shall follow, when you tell me whether you have not got the pamphlet already. I send the two to Mr. Wood which I had before, because he has not *the affectation of not admiring*†. I have another from

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\* Had Mr. Pope disregarded the sarcasms of the many writers that endeavoured to eclipse his poetical fame, as much as Mr. Gray here appears to have done, the world would not have been possessed of a *Dunciad*; but it would have been impressed with a more amiable idea of its author's temper. It is for the sake of shewing how Mr. Gray felt on such occasions, that I publish this letter.—*Mason.*

† It was rather a want of credulity than admiration that Mr. Gray should have laid to my charge. I suspected that, whether the Fragments were genuine or not, they were by no means literally translated. I suspect so still; and a former note gives a sufficient cause for that suspicion. See p. 355.—*Mason.*

Mr. Macpherson, which he has not printed; it is mere description, but excellent too in its kind. If you are good and will learn to admire, I will transcribe and send it.

As to their authenticity, I have made many enquiries, and have lately procured a letter from Mr. David Hume (the historian), which is more satisfactory than any thing I have yet met with on that subject. He says,

“ Certain it is that these poems are in every body’s mouth  
 “ in the Highlands, have been handed down from father to  
 “ son, and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition.  
 “ Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor in Glasgow, told me,  
 “ that the Piper of the Argyleshire Militia repeated to him  
 “ all those which Mr. Macpherson had translated, and many  
 “ more of equal beauty. Major Mackay (Lord Rae’s brother)  
 “ told me that he remembers them perfectly well; as likewise  
 “ did the Laird of Macfarlane (the greatest antiquarian we have  
 “ in this country), and who insists strongly on the historical  
 “ truth, as well as the poetical beauty of these productions.  
 “ I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod; with many more,  
 “ that live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote  
 “ from each other, and could only be acquainted with what  
 “ had become (in a manner) national works\*. There is a

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\* All this external evidence, and much more, has since been collected and published by Dr. Blair (see his Appendix to his Critical Dissertation on the Works of Ossian); and yet notwithstanding a later Irish writer has been hardy enough to assert, that the Poems in question abound with the strangest anachronisms: for instance, that Cucullin lived in the first, and Fingal in the third century; two princes who are said to have made war with the Danes, a nation never heard of in Europe till the ninth; which war could not possibly have happened till 500 years after the death of the supposed poet who sings it. (See O’Halloran’s Introduction to the Study of the History and Antiquities of Ireland,

“ country surgeon in Lochaber, who has by heart the entire  
 “ Epic Poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his preface ;  
 “ and, as he is old, is perhaps the only person living that  
 “ knows it all, and has never committed it to writing, we are  
 “ in the more haste to recover a monument, which will cer-  
 “ tainly be regarded as a curiosity in the Republic of Letters:  
 “ we have, therefore, set about a subscription of a guinea or  
 “ two guineas apiece, in order to enable Mr. Macpherson to  
 “ undertake a mission into the Highlands to recover this poem,  
 “ and other fragments of antiquity.” He adds too, that the  
 names of Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, &c. are still given in the High-  
 lands to large mastiffs, as we give to ours the names of Cæsar,  
 Pompey, Hector, &c.

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## LETTER XCII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*London, October 21, 1760.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

DON'T be afraid of me. I will not come till you tell me I may ; though I long very much to see you. I hear you have let your hair grow, and visit none of your neighbouring

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quarto, 1772.) To whatever side of the question truth may lean, it is of little moment to me ; my doubts arising (as I have said in the former note) from internal evidence only, and a want of proof of the fidelity of the translation.—  
*Mason.*

gentry; two (I should think) capital crimes in that county, and indeed in all counties. I hear too (and rejoice) that you have recovered your hearing. I have nothing equally important to tell you of myself, but that I have not had the gout since I saw you; yet don't let me brag, the winter is but just begun.

I have passed a part of the summer on a charming hill near Henley\*, with the Thames running at my feet. But in the company of a pack of women, that wore my spirits, though not their own. The rest of the season I was at Cambridge in a duller and more congenial situation. Did I tell you that our friend Chapman, a week before he died, eat five huge mackerel (fat and full of roe) at one dinner, which produced an indigestion; but on Trinity Sunday he finished himself with the best part of a large turbot, which he carried to his grave, poor man! he never held up his head after. From Cambridge I am come hither, yet am going into Kent for a fortnight or so. You astonish me in wondering that my Lady Cobham left me nothing. For my part, I wondered to find she had given me 20*l.* for a ring, as much as she gave to several of her own nieces. The world said, before her death, that Mrs. Speed and I had shut ourselves up with her in order to make her will, and that afterwards we were to be married.

There is a second edition of the Scotch Fragments, yet very few admire them, and almost all take them for fictions. I have a letter from D. Hume, the historian, that asserts them to be genuine, and cites the names of several people (that know both languages) who have heard them current in the mouths of pipers,

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\* Park Place, the seat of the Honourable Henry Seymour Conway, the friend and correspondent of Walpole.—*Ed.*

and other illiterate persons in various and distant parts of the Highlands. There is a subscription for Mr. Macpherson, which will enable him to undertake a mission among the Mountaineers, and pick up all the scattered remnants of old Poetry. He is certainly an admirable judge; if his *learned* friends do not pervert or overrule his taste.

Mason is here in town, but so dissipated with his duties at Sion-Hill, or his attention to the Beaux-Arts, that I see but little of him. The last Spring (for the first time) there was an Exhibition in a public room of Pictures, Sculptures, Engravings, &c. sent in by all the Artists, in imitation of what has been long practised in Paris. Among the rest there is a Mr. Sandby, who exults in Landscape, with Figures, Views of Buildings, Ruins, &c. and has been much employed by the Duke, Lord Harcourt, Lord Scarborough, and others. Hitherto he has dealt in wash'd drawings and water-colours, but has of late only practised in oil. He (and Mason together) have cooked up a great picture of Mount Snowdon, in which the Bard and Edward the First make their appearance; and this is to be his *Exhibition-Picture* for next year, but (till then) it is a sort of secret.

The great Expedition\* takes up every body's thoughts. There is such a train of artillery on board, as never was seen before during this war. Some talk of Brest, others of Rochfort, if the wind (which is very high) does not blow it away. I do believe it will succeed, for the French seem in a miserable way.

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\* The strong Armament destined for a secret Expedition was collected at Portsmouth; but after being detained there the whole Summer, the design was laid aside.—See *Smollett's History of England*, Vol. 5, p. 230.—Ed.

The Duke\* is well recovered of his paralytic attack, though it is still visible in his face when he speaks. It has been occasioned by the long intermission of his usual violent exercises, for he cannot ride or walk much on account of a dropsy confined to a *certain part*, and not dangerous in itself. Yet he appears at Newmarket, but in his chaise.

Mason and Mr. Brown send their best services. Dr. Heberden enquires *kindly* after you, and has his good dinners as usual. Adieu, dear Sir, and present my compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I am ever

Truly yours,

T. G.

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## LETTER XCIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Pemb. Coll. Jan. 1761.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

THE best piece of news I have to send you is, that Mason is Residentiary of York, which is worth near £200 a year. He owes it to our friend Mr. F. Montagu, who is Brother-in-Law to Dean Fountayne. The Precentorship (worth as

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\* Duke of Cumberland.—*Ed.*

much more) being vacant at the same time, Lord Holderness has obtained that too for him. But for this, he must come and kiss hands; and as the ceremony is not yet over, we do not proclaim it aloud for the present. He now, I think, may wait for Mr. Hutton's exit with great patience; and shut his insatiable repining mouth. I hope to see him here in his way to town.

I pity your brother, and have little hope left of his wife's recovery; though I have been told that Dr. Lowth's, after she had continued for some years in that condition, was perfectly restored. It may be worth while to enquire in what method she was treated. The papers were to have been sent to Boswell Court, the week after I left London, to be seen, before they were packed up. Mr. Jonathan is perhaps unable to attend to it, but doubtless you have ordered somebody to hasten Bromwick, and see that the sets are right. I shall not be in London till the middle of March. My old friend Miss Speed has done what the world calls a very foolish thing. She has married the Baron de la Peyriere, son to the Sardinian Minister, the Comte de Viry. He is about 28 years old (ten years younger than herself) but looks nearer 40. This is not the effect of debauchery, for he is a very sober man, good-natured, and honest, and no conjurer. The estate of the family is about £4000 a year. The Castle of Viry is in Savoy, a few miles from Geneva, commanding a fine view of the Lake. What she has done with her money I know not, but (I suspect) kept it to herself. Her religion she need not change; but she must never expect to be well received at that Court till she does: and I do not think she will make quite a *Julie* in the country.

The Heloïse cruelly disappointed me, but it has its partisans, among which we see Mason and Mr. Hurd. For me, I ad-



mire nothing but \* Fingal, (I conclude you have read it, if not Stonehewer can lend it you) yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of those poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the world. Whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case to me is alike unaccountable. Je m'y pers.

I take no joy in the Spanish war, being too old to privateer, and too poor to buy stock: nor do I hope for a good end of any war, as it will be now probably conducted. Oh! that foolishlest† of Great Men that sold his inestimable diamond

\* In a letter to another friend, informing him that he had sent Fingal down to him, he says, "For my part I will stick to my credulity, and if I am cheated, think it is worse for him (the translator) than for me. The Epic Poem is foolishly so called, yet there is a sort of plan and unity in it very strange for a barbarous age; yet what I more admire are some of the detached pieces—the rest I leave to the discussion of antiquarians and historians; yet my curiosity is much interested in their decision." No man surely ever took more pains with himself to believe any thing, than Mr. Gray seems to have done on this occasion.—*Mason*.

† Mr. Pitt. "As I cannot put Mr. Pitt to death (says Mr. Walpole in a Letter to Mr. Conway) at least I have buried him. Here is his Epitaph:

' Admire his eloquence.—It mounted higher  
Than Attic purity, or Roman fire.  
Adore his services—our lions view,  
Ranging where Roman eagles never flew;  
Copy his soul supreme o'er Lucre's sphere  
—But oh! beware Three Thousand Pounds a year.—

Walpole's Works, Vol. V. p. 85. See also p. 559,  
in a Letter to the Countess of Ailesbury.

" Pitt insisted on a war with Spain, was resisted, and last Monday resigned. The city breathed vengeance on his opposers, the Council quaked, and the Lord knows what would have happened. But yesterday, which was only Friday, as this giant was stalking to seize the Tower of London, he stumbled over a silver

for a paltry peerage and pension: the very night it happened was I swearing it was a damned lie, and never could be. But it was for want of reading Thomas à Kempis, who knew mankind so much better than I.

Young Pitt (whom I believe you have heard me mention) is returned to England. From him I hope to get much information concerning Spain, which nobody has seen. He is no bad observer. I saw a man yesterday who has been a-top of Mount *Ætna*, and seen the ruins of a temple at Agrigentum, whose columns (when standing) were 96 feet in height. A moderate man might hide himself in one of the flutings. By the way, there is a Mr. Phelps (now gone Secretary to the Embassy to Turin) who has been all over Sicily, and means to give us an account of its remains. There are two more volumes of Buffon (the 9th and 10th) arrived in England, and the two last Maps of D'Anville's Europe. One Mr. Needham, Tutor to a Lord Gormanstown, now on his travels, has made a strange discovery. He saw a figure of Isis at Turin, on whose back was a pilaster of antique characters, not hieroglyphics, but such as are sometimes seen on Egyptian statues. When

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penny, picked it up, carried it home to Lady Esther, and they are now as quiet good sort of people as my Lord and Lady Bath, who lived in the vinegar-bottle.—In fact, Madam, this immaculate man, has accepted the Barony of Chatham for his wife, with a Pension of £3000 a year for three lives: and though he has not quitted the House of Commons, I think my Lord A—, would be now as formidable there. The Pension he has left us is a war for 3000 lives, perhaps for twenty times three thousand lives! but

Does this become a soldier? *this* become  
Whom armies followed, and a people loved?

What! to sneak out of the scrape, prevent peace and avoid the War! blast one's character, and all for the sake of a paltry annuity, a long-necked Peeress, and a couple of Grenvilles!?"—*Ed.*

he came to Rome, in the Vatican Library, he was shewed a Glossary of the ancient Chinese Tongue. He was struck with the similitude of the characters, and on comparing them with an exact copy he had of the inscription, found that he could read it, and that it signified—(This statue of Isis is copied from another, in such a city; the original is so many measures in height, and so many in breadth.)—If this be true, it may open many new things to us. Deguignes some time ago wrote a dissertation to prove, that China was peopled from Egypt.

I still flatter myself with the notion of seeing you in Summer; but God knows how it will be. I am persuading Mr. Brown to make a visit to Lady Strathmore (who has often invited him), and then you will see him too. He is at present not very well, having something of the Sciatica, which hangs about him. Present my best services to Mrs. Wharton.

I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

P. S. The Queen is said here to be ill, and to spit blood. She is not with child, I am afraid.

## LETTER XCIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

*London, Jan. 22, 1761.*

I CANNOT pity you; *au contraire*, I wish I had been at Aston, when I was foolish enough to go through the six volumes of the *Nouvelle Heloise*. All I can say for myself is, that I was confined for three weeks at home by a severe cold, and had nothing better to do: there is no one event in it that might not happen any day of the week (separately taken) in any private family; yet these events are so put together, that the series of them is more absurd and more improbable than Amadis de Gaul. The dramatis personæ (as the author says) are all of them good characters. I am sorry to hear it; for had they been all hanged at the end of the third volume, nobody (I believe) would have cared. In short, I went on and on, in hopes of finding some wonderful *denouement* that would set all right, and bring something like nature and interest out of absurdity and insipidity. No such thing: it grows worse and worse: and (if it be Rousseau's, which is not doubted) is the strongest instance I ever saw, that a very extraordinary man may entirely mistake his own talents. By the motto and preface, it appears to be his own story, or something similar to it.\*

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\* If it be considered that Mr. Gray always preferred expression and sentiment to the arrangement of a story, it may seem somewhat extraordinary that the many striking beauties of these kinds, with which this singular work abounds,

The Opera-House is crowded this year like any ordinary Theatre. Elisi is finer than any thing that has been here in your memory; yet, as I suspect, has been finer than he is: he appears to be near forty, a little pot-bellied and thick-shouldered, otherwise no bad figure; his action proper, and not ungraceful. We have heard nothing, since I remember Operas, but eternal passages, divisions, and flights of execution: of these he has absolutely none; whether merely from judgment, or a little from age, I will not affirm: his point is expression, and to that all the graces and ornaments he inserts (which are few and short) are evidently directed. He goes higher (they say) than Farinelli; but then this celestial note you do not hear above once in a whole Opera; and he falls from this altitude at once to the mellowest, softest, strongest tones (about the middle of his compass) that can be heard. The Mattei, I assure you, is much improved by his example, and by her great success this winter; but then the burlettas, and the Paganina, I have not been so pleased with any thing these many years. She is too fat, and above forty, yet handsome withal, and has a face that speaks the language of all nations. She has not the invention, the fire, and the variety of action that the Spiletta had; yet she is light, agile, ever in motion, and above all graceful; but then her voice, her ear, her taste in singing: good God—as Mr. Richardson the painter says. Pray ask Lord; for I think I have seen him there once or twice, as much pleased as I was.

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were not excepted from so general a censure; for my own part (to use a phrase of his own) “they strike me blind” to all the defects which\* he has here enumerated.—*Mason*.

## LETTER XCV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*London, Jan. 31, 1761.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

YOU seem to forget me; if it were for any reason than that you are very busy, that is, very happy, I should not so easily pass it over. I send you a Swedish and English Calendar, the first column is by Berger, a disciple of Linnæus; the second, by Mr. Stillingfleet; the third, (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to observe, as you tend your plantations, and take your walks, how the Spring advances in the North, and whether Old Park most resembles Upsal or Stratton. This latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other a light sandy loam; all the country about it is a dead flat. You see it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place) and this is Mr. Stillingfleet's description of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which in Summer he retires, and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this\* Philosopher, who lives in a garret here in the Winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him. He is always employed, and always cheerful, and seems to me a very worthy honest man.

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\* See an account of Mr. Stillingfleet in the Life prefixed to his Works by the Rev. William Coxe, 3 Vols. 8vo. A Sonnet by him is published in Todd's Edition of Milton, Vol. V. p. 446.

His present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Attica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history, of the country, that we may understand Aristotle and Theophrastus, &c. who have been heathen Greek to us for so many ages. This he has got proposed to Lord Bute, who is no unlikely person to put it in execution, being himself a Botanist, and having now in the press a new system of Botany of his own writing, in several volumes; the profits of which he gives to Dr. Hill (the Inspector) who has got the place of Master Gardener at Kensington, reckoned worth near £2000 a year: there is an odd thing for you!

One hears nothing of the King, but what gives one the best opinion of him imaginable. I hope it may hold. The Royal Family run loose about the world, and people do not know how to treat them, nor they how to be treated. They visit and are visited. Some come to the street-door to receive them, and that they say is too much; others to the head of the stairs, and that they think is too little. Nobody sits down with them, not even in their own houses, unless at a card table, so the world are likely to grow very weary of the honour. None but the Duke of York enjoy themselves (you know, he always did) but the world seems weary of this honour too, for a different reason. I have just heard no bad story of him. When he was at Southampton, in the Summer, there was a Clergyman in the neighbourhood with two very handsome daughters. He had soon wind of them, and dropped in for some reason or other, came again and again, and grew familiar enough to eat a bone of their mutton. At last he said to the father, Miss —— leads a mighty confined life here, always at home; why can't you let one of them go and take an airing now and then with me in my chaise? Ah! Sir, (says the Parson) do

but look at them, a couple of hale fresh-coloured hearty wanchers! They need no airing, they are well enough; but there is their mother, poor woman, has been in a declining way many years. If your Royal Highness would give her an airing now and then, it would be doing us a great kindness indeed!

You see old Wortley Montagu\* is dead at last at 85. It was not mere Avarice and its companion Abstinence that kept him alive so long. He every day drank (I think it was) half a pint of Tokay, which he imported himself from Hungary in greater quantity than he could use, and sold the overplus for any price he chose to set upon it. He has left better than half a million of money. To Lady Mary £1200 a year, in case she gives up her pretensions to dowry, and if not it comes to

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\* I cannot help adding a sketch of this remarkable character by Mr. Walpole (Works, Vol. V. p. 272.) "Well, you have had enough of magnificence, you shall repose in a desert. Old Wortley Montagu lives on the very spot where the Dragon of Wantley did—only I believe the latter was much better lodged. You never saw such a wretched hovel, lean, unpainted, and half its nakedness barely shaded with harateen till its cracks. Here the Miser hoards health and money, his only two objects. He has chronicles in behalf of the air, and fattens on Tokay, his single indulgence, as he has heard it is particularly salutary. But the savageness of the scene would charm your Alpine taste; it is tumbled with fragments of mountains, that look ready made for building the world. One scrambles over a huge terrass, on which mountain ashes and various trees spring out of the very rocks: and at the brow is the *Den*, but not spacious enough for such an inmate. However, I am persuaded it furnished Pope with this line, so exactly it answers to the picture: 'On rifled rocks, the *Dragon's* late abodes.' I wanted to ask if Pope had not visited Lady Mary Wortley here during their intimacy—but could one put that question to *Avidieu* himself? There remains an ancient odd inscription here that has such a whimsical mixture of devotion and romanticness, that I must transcribe it—'Preye for the Soule of Sir Thomas Wortley, Knight of the Body to the Kings Edward IV., Richard III., Henry VII., Henry VIII., whose faults God pardon. He caused a Lodge to be built on this crag in the midst of Wharncliff, to hear the *Hart's bell*, in the year of our Lord 1510.'"—*Ed.*



his son. To the same son £1000 per annum for life only, and after him to his daughter Lady Bute: (now this son is about £80,000 in debt). To all Lady Bute's children, which are eleven, £2000 a piece. *All the remainder* to Lady Bute, and after her to her second son, who takes the name of Wortley, and (if he fail) to the next in order. And after all these and their children, to Lord Sandwich, to whom *in present* he leaves some old manuscripts. Now I must tell you a story of Lady Mary: as she was on her travels, she had occasion to go somewhere by sea, and (to save charges) got a passage on board a man of war. The ship was (I think) Commodore Barnet's. When he had landed her, she told him she knew she was not to offer to pay for her passage; but in consideration of his many civilities, intreated him to wear a ring for her sake, and pressed him to accept it, which he did. It was an emerald of remarkable size and beauty. Some time after, as he wore it, some friend was admiring it, and asking how he came by it. When he heard from whence it came he laughed, and desired him to shew it to a jeweller, whom he knew. The man was sent for. He unset it: it was a paste, not worth forty shillings.

The Ministry are much out of joint. Mr. Pitt much out of humour, his popularity tottering, chiefly occasioned by a pamphlet against the German war, written by that *squeaking* acquaintance of ours, Mr. Manduit: it has had a vast run. The Irish are very intractable, even the Lord J.'s themselves: great difficulties about who shall be sent over to tame them; my Lord H<sup>sc</sup>. again named, but (I am told) has refused it; every body waits for a new Parliament to settle their ideas.

I have had no gout since you went; I will not brag, lest it return with redoubled violence. I am very foolish, and do

nothing to mark that I ever was. I am going to Cambridge to take the *fresh air* this fine winter, for a month or so; we have had snow one day this winter, but it did not lie, it was several months ago. The 18th of January I took a walk to *Kentish Town*, wind N. W. bright and frosty. Thermometer, at noon was at 42. The grass remarkably green and flourishing. I observed on dry banks facing the south, that Chickweed, Dandelion, Groundsel, Red Archangel, and Shepherd's Purse were beginning to flower. This is all I know of the country.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. I hear her butter is the best in the bishoprick; and that even Deborah has learned to spin. I rejoice you are all in health; but why are you deaf, and blind too, or you could not vote for F. V. I have abundance more to say, but my paper won't hear of it. Adieu!

1755.

* UPSAL IN SWEDEN, Lat. 59° 51½''.	STRATTON IN NORFOLK, Lat. 52° 45''.	CAMBRIDGE.
Hasel begins to f. . . . . 12 April . . . . .	. . . . . 23 Jan. . . . .	. . . . . —
Snow-drop F. . . . . 13 April . . . . .	. . . . . 26 Jan. . . . .	. . . . . 4 Feb.
(White Wagtail) appears 13 April . . . . .	. . . . . 12 Feb. . . . .	. . . . . 3 Feb.
Violets F. . . . . 3 May } . . . . .	. . . . . 28 March } . . . . .	. . . . . 28 Mar.
Snow-drop goes off . . . . . } . . . . .	. . . . . } . . . . .	. . . . . —
Apricot f. . . . . } . . . . .	. . . . . 1 April } . . . . .	. . . . . —
Elm F. . . . . 8 May . . . . .	. . . . . 1 April . . . . .	. . . . . —
(Swallow returns) . . . . . 9 May . . . . .	. . . . . 6 April . . . . .	. . . . . —
(Cuckoo heard) . . . . . 12 May . . . . .	. . . . . 17 April . . . . .	. . . . . —

\* This is only an *Extract* from the two Calendars of A. M. Berger, at Upsal; and Mr. Stillingfleet, at Stratton. See Stillingfleet's Tracts, p. 260—316. At p. 321, of the same interesting work, is given the Calendar of Flora, by Theophrastus at Athens. Lat. 37° 25''. I am not aware of any other works of this description published in England, "except the Comparative View of the two Calendars kept by the Rev. Gilbert White, at Selborne; and by William Markwick, Esq., at Catsfield, near Battle." This is a work of great exactness, and the result of as much,

UPSAL IN SWEDEN.		STRATTON IN NORFOLK.		CAMBRIDGE.
Lat. 59° 51½''.		Lat. 52° 45''.		
(Nightingale sings)	15 May		9 April	—
Birch L.	13		1 April	—
Alder L.	14		7 April	—
Bramble L.	7		3 April	—
Elm L.	15		10 April	16 April.
Hawthorn L.	15			10 April.
Acacia L.	15		12 April	—
Lime L.	21		12 April	16 April.
Aspen L.	20		26 April	—
Sycamore L.			13 April	—
White Poplar L.			17 April	—
Beech L.			21 April	—
Chesnut and Maple L.			18 April	18 April.
Oak L.	20		18 April	18 April.
Ash L.	21		22 April	—
Fig L.			21 April	24 April.
Horse Chesnut F.			12 May	12 May.
Mulberry L.			14 May	—
Crab and Apple f.			23 April	22 April.
Cherry f.			18 April	17 April.
Lilac f.			27 April	24 April.
Hawthorn f.			10 May	12 May.
Plumb tree f.			16 April	—
Lilly o' the Valley f.			3 May	—
Broom F.			24 April	—
Mulberry L.			14 May	—
Elder f.	29 June		25 April	—
Lady Smock f.	28 May		18 April	—
Pea and Bean f.			29 April	—
Strawberries ripe	26 June		9 July	16 June.
Cherries	7 July		(on Walls)	25 June.
Currants	9 July		30 June	4 July.

and as patient observation as perhaps was ever brought to the subject. It is formed upon an attentive comparison of the seasons, from 1768 to 1793. See White's Selborne, 8vo. Vol. 2, p. 121—156. It would be extremely useful to the lover of nature, to have these four calendars (all of them kept in different latitudes), reprinted in one volume.—*Ed.*

UPSAL IN SWEDEN.		STRATTON IN NORFOLK.		CAMBRIDGE.
Lat 59° 5 1½.		Lat. 52° 45".		
Hay cut	7 July	} near London		} 18 May.
		} at Stoke		
Rye	4 Aug.			19 June.
Wheat		21 Aug.	(latest)	15 Sept.
Barley	16 Aug.	3 Aug.		4 Sept.
(Cuckoo silent)	15 July	End of July		—
(Swallow gone)	17 Sept.	21 Sept.		28 Sept.
Birch, Elm, Sycamore, } Lime, change colour }	22 Sept.	14 Sept.		—
Ash drops its leaves	6 Oct.	9 Oct.		5 Oct.
Elm stripped	7 Oct.			—
Lime falls	12 Oct.			—
Hasel stripped	17 Oct.			—

N. B. *l.* stands for opening its leaves. *L.* for in full leaf. *f.* for beginning to flower. *F.* for full bloom.

The summer flowers, especially such as blow about the solstice, I take no notice of, as they blow at the same time in Sweden and in England; at least the difference is only a day or two.

Observe, from this calendar it appears, that there is a wonderful difference between the earlier phænomena of the spring in Sweden and in England, no less than 78 days in the following of the Snow-drop, 61 days in the appearance of the Wagtail, 62 days in the bloom of the Lilac, 43 days in the leafing of the Oak, 40 days in the blooming of the Cherry-tree, 36 days in the singing of the Nightingale, 33 in the return of the Swallow, 25 in that of the Cuckoo, and so on. Yet the summer flowers nearly keep time alike in both climates. The harvest differs not a fortnight; some of the fruits only 9 days. Nay, Strawberries come earlier there by 13 days than with us. The Swallow stays with us only 4 days longer than with them. And the Ash tree begins to lose its leaves within 3 days of

the same time. These differences and these uniformities I know not how to account for.

Mr. Stillingfleet's calendar goes no farther than October 26. But I observed that on December 2, many of our Rose-trees had put out new leaves, and the Lauristine, Polyanthus, single yellow, and bloody Wall-flowers, Cytisus, and scarlet Geraniums were still in flower.

January 15, 1756. The Honeysuckles were in leaf, and single Hepatica and Snow-drop in flower.

As to the noise of birds, Mr. Stillingfleet marks their times thus in Norfolk.

- 4 Feb. Woodlark singing.
- 12 Ditto. Rooks pair.
- 16 Ditto. Thrush sings.
- Ditto. Chaffinch sings.
- 22 Ditto. Partridges pair.
- 2 March. Rooks build.
- 5 Ditto. Ring Dove cooes.
- 14 April. Bittern bumps.
- 16 Ditto. Redstart returns.
- 28 Ditto. Blackcap sings.
- Ditto. Whitethroat seen.
- 5 June. Goatsucker (or Fern-Owl), heard in the evening. After the end of June, most birds are silent for a time, probably the moulting season; only the Goldfinch, Yellow Hammer, and Crested Wren are heard to chirp.
- 7 Aug. Nuthatch chatters.
- 14 Ditto. Stone Curlew whistles at night.
- 15 Ditto. Young Owls heard in the evening.
- 17 Ditto. Goatsucker no longer heard.
- 26 Ditto. Robins singing.
- 16 Sept. Chaffinch chirping.
- 25 Ditto. Woodlark sings, and Fieldfares arrive.
- 27 Ditto. Blackbird sings.

- 29 Aug. Thrush sings.  
 2 Oct. Royston Crow comes.  
 10 Ditto. Woodlark in full song.  
     Ditto. Ringdove cooes.  
 22 Ditto. Woodcock returns.  
 24 Ditto. Skylark sings.

I add the order of several fruits ripening at Stoke that year.

Hautboy-Strawberry . . .	25 June.	Nectarine . . .	} . . .	4 Sept.	
Wall Duke Cherry . . .	Ditto.	Newingt. Peach . . .			
Early Apricot . . .	Ditto.	Morella Cherry . . .	} . . .	18 Sept.	
Black-heart Cherry . . .	2 July.	Mulberry . . .			
Raspberry . . .	4 Ditto.	Walnut . . .	} . . .	25 Ditto.	
Gooseberry . . .	15 Ditto.	Melon . . .			
Muscadine Apricot . . .	Ditto.	Burgamot Pear . . .	} . . .	Ditto.	
Black Fig . . .	30 Ditto.	Black Muscad. Grape			
Muscle . . .	} . . .	Nectarine over . . .	} . . .	12 Oct.	
Orleans . . .		18 Aug.			White Muscad. Grape . . .
Green Gage . . .		Ditto.			
Filberd . . .					

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## LETTER XCVI.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO D<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE been very naughty, I confess; but I informed your brother, a good while ago, that both your letters came safe to my hands. The first indeed which went to Cambridge; had had its seal broken, which, naturally, I should have

attributed to the curiosity of somebody at Durham, but as Mr. Broom (who, you know, is care itself) sent it me, without taking notice of any such thing, I rather believe it was mere accident, and happened after it had passed through his hands.

I long to see you ; but my visit must be deferred to another year, for Mr. Jauncey having lost his bishop, and having settled his son in a curacy, means to let his house entire, and in September I shall be forced to look out for another place, and must have the plague of removing. The Glass Manufacture in Worcestershire (I am told) has failed. Mr. Price here has left off business, and retired into Wales. The person who succeeds him does not pretend to be acquainted with all the secrets of his art. The man at York is now in town, exhibiting some specimens of his skill to the Society of Arts; him (you say) you have already consulted. Coats of arms will, doubtless, be expensive, (Price used to have five guineas for a very plain one) figures much more so. Unless, therefore, you can pick up some remnants of old painted glass, which are, sometimes, met with in farm houses, little out-of-the-way churches, and vestries, and even at country glaziers' shops; and as I should advise to buy plain coloured glass (for which they ask here in St. Martin's Lane five shillings a pound, but it is sold at York for two or three shillings), and make up the tops of your windows in a mosaic of your own fancy. The glass will come to you in square plates (some part of which is always wrinkled, and full of little bubbles, so you must allow for waste), any glazier can cut it into *quarrels*, and you can dispose the pattern and colours, red, blue, purple, and yellow (there is also green if you like it) as well, or better than the artisan himself, and certainly much cheaper; I would not border it with the same, lest the room should be too dark. For should the *quarrels* of clear glass be too small (in the inner part of the window), if they are but

turned corner ways it is enough to give it a Gothic aspect. If there is any thing to see (though it be but a tree), I should put a very large diamond pane in the midst of each division.

I had rather Major G. throwed away his money than somebody else. It is not worth while even to succeed, unless *gratis*. Nor in any case to be attempted without the bishop's absolute concurrence. I wish you joy of Dr. Squire's bishoprick. He keeps back his livings, and is the happiest of devils. Stonehewer, who is coming, will (if you see him), tell you more news *vivâ voce* than I could write. I therefore do not tap that chapter; my best services to Mrs. Wharton.

I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

*May 9, 1761.*

I am at last going to Cambridge; it is strange else.



## LETTER XCVII.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO D<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

WHEN I received your letter, I was still detained in town; but am now at last got to Cambridge. I applied immediately to Dr. Ashton (who was nearest at hand) for information as to the expences of Eton, without naming any one's name. He returned me the *civilest* of answers, and that if the boy was to be on the foundation, I had no more to do, but send him to him, and the business should be done. As to the charges, he was going to Eton, and would send me an account from thence. Which he did accordingly on Sunday last; and here it is enclosed with his second letter. You will easily conceive that there must be additional expences. That can be reduced to no rules, as pocket-money, clothes, books, &c. and which are left to a father's own discretion.

My notion is, that your nephew being an only son, and rather of a delicate constitution, ought not to be exposed to the hardships of the college. I know that the expence in that way is much lessened; but your brother has but one son, and can afford to breed him an oppidant. I know that a collegier is sooner formed to scuffle in the world, that is, by drubbing and tyranny is made more hardy, or more cunning, but these in my eyes are no such desirable acquisitions. I know too, that a certain (or very probable) provision for life, is a thing to be wished; but you must remember, what a thing a fellow

of King's is, in short you will judge for yourselves; if you accept my *good friend's* offer, I will proceed accordingly. If not, we will thank him, and willingly let him recommend to us a cheap boarding-house, not disdaining his protection and encouragement, if it can be of any little use to your nephew. He has married one of Amyand's sisters, with £12,000, (I suppose you know her. She is an enchanting object!), and he is settled in the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn.

Sure Mr. Jonathan, or some one has told you, how your *good friend*, Mr. L. has been horse-whipped, trampled, bruised, and p—d upon, by a Mrs. Mackenzie, a sturdy Scotch woman. It was done in an inn-yard at Hampstead, in the face of day, and he has put her in the Crown Office. It is very true. I will not delay this letter to tell you any more stories. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. G.

*Pembroke Hall, Jan. 23, 1761.*

Mr. Brown (the *petit bon-homme*) joins his compliments to mine, and presents them to you and Mrs. Wharton. I have been dreadfully disappointed in Rousseau's *Heloise*, but Mason admires it.

## LETTER XCVIII.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO D<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

AS you and Mr. R. Wharton seemed determined for the foundation, I shall say no more on the subject; it is pity you could not resolve sooner, for I fear you are now too late, and must defer your design till the next year; as the election at Eton begins this day se'nnight, and your nephew ought to be there on the evening of the 27 at farthest, which is scarce possible. You have never told me his age; but I suppose you know that after 15 complete, boys are excluded from the election, and that a certificate of their age (that is, an extract from the Parish Register, where they were baptized) is always required, which must be attested and signed by the minister and churchwardens of the said parish. Your nephew (I imagine) is much younger than fifteen, and therefore there will be no great inconvenience, if he should be placed at Eton, whenever it suits Mr. Wharton to carry him, and there wait for the next election. This is commonly practised, and Dr. Ashton (I do not doubt) will be equally ready to serve him then as now; he will probably be placed pretty high in the school, having had the same education, that is in use there, and will have time to familiarize himself to the place, before he actually enters the college. I have waited to know your intentions before I could answer Dr. Ashton's letter, and wish you would now write to me what you finally determine. There is a month's breaking up immediately after the

Election which lasts a week, so it is probable Mr. Wharton will hardly send his son till those holidays are over.

I do not mention the subject you hint at for the same reason you give me; it should be *offered* and *clear of all taxes* before I would go into it, in spite of the Mines in America, on which I congratulate you.

I shall hope to see Old Park next Summer, if I am not bedrid, but who can tell? Mr. Brown presents his best services to the family, with mine; he is older than I. Adieu! the Post waits.

I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

July 19, [1761.] *Pemb. Coll.*

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## LETTER XCIX.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. MASON.

*August, 1761.*

BE assured your York Canon never will die; so the better the thing is in value, the worse for you\*. The true

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\* This was written at a time, when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, I expected to be made a Residentiary in his Cathedral.—*Mason.*

way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor. Age and Diseases vanish at your name; Fevers turn to radical heat, and Fistulas to issues: it is a judgement that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his ease, when he was about it; and all his family (I suppose) are cursing you for it.

I wrote to Lord \*\*\*\* on his recovery; and he answers me very cheerfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it (he says) not by scampering, racketing, and riding post, as I had supposed; but by going with Ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him, if you see him) of an old Alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land, (not milk and honey, but arrack punch and venison) and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last, that he owed it to two grapes, which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess, at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Bellisle\*. It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir William Williams so slightly as I did: but he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt: however, I have shewed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion.

## LETTER C.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM just come to town, where I shall stay six weeks, or more, and (if you will send your dimensions) will look out for papers at the shops. I own I never yet saw any Gothic papers to my fancy. There is one fault that is in the nature of the thing, and cannot be avoided. The great beauty of all Gothic designs is the variety of perspectives they occasion. This a painter may represent on the walls of a room in some measure, but not a designer of papers, where what is represented on one breadth must be exactly repeated on another, both in the light and shade, and in the dimensions. This we cannot help, but they do not even do what they might. They neglect Hollar, to copy Mr. Halfpenny's Architecture, so that all they do is more like a goose-pie than a cathedral. You seem to suppose that they do Gothic papers in colours, but I never saw any but such as were to look like Stucco; nor indeed do I conceive that they could have any effect or meaning. Lastly, I never saw any thing of gilding, such as you mention, on paper; but we shall see. Only pray leave as little to my judgement as possible.

I thanked Dr. Ashton before you told me to do so. He writes me word that (except the first Sunday of a month) he believes he shall be at Eton, till the middle of November; and (as he now knows the person in question as your nephew) adds,

I remember Dr. Wharton with great pleasure, and beg you will signify as much to him, when you write.

The King is just married; it is the hottest night in the year. Adieu! it is late. I am ever

Yours,

T. G.

*Tuesday, [Sept. 8, 1761.]*

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## LETTER CI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Oct. 22, 1761. Southampton Row.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

DO not think me very dilatory, for I have been sending away all my things from this house (where nevertheless I shall continue while I stay in town) and have besides been confined with a severe cold to my room. On rummaging Mr. Bromwick's and several other shops, I am forced to tell you that there are absolutely no papers at all that deserve the name of Gothic, or that you would bear the sight of. They are all what they call *fancy*, and indeed resemble nothing that ever was in use in any age or country. I am going to advise what

perhaps you may be deterred from by the addition of expence, but what, in your case, I should certainly do. Anybody that can draw the least in the world is capable of sketching in India ink a compartment or two of diaper-work, or a niche, or tabernacle with its fret-work. Take such a man with you to Durham Cathedral, and let him copy one division of any ornament you think will have any effect, from the high-altar suppose, or the nine altars, or what you please. If nothing there suits you, chuse in Dart's Canterbury or Dugdale's Warwickshire, &c. and send the design hither. They will execute it here, and make a new stamp on purpose; provided you will take twenty pieces of it, and it will come to a halfpenny or a penny a yard, the more, (according to the work that is in it). This I really think worth your while. I mention your doing it there, because it will be then under your own eye, and at your own choice, and you can proportion the whole better to the dimensions of your room: for if the design be of Arcade-work or any thing on a pretty large scale, and the arches, or niches, are to rise one above another, there must be some contrivance that they may fill the entire space, and not be cut in sunder and incomplete. This, indeed, where the work is in small compartments, is not to be minded. Say, therefore, if you come into this, or shall I take a man here to Westminster, and let him copy some of those fret-works? though I think in the books that I have named you may find better things. I much doubt of the effect colours (any other than the tints of Stucco) would have in a Gothic design on paper, and here they have nothing to judge from. Those I spoke of at Ely were green and pale blue, with the raised work white, if you care to hazard it. I saw an all-silver paper quite plain, and it looked like block-tin. In short, there is nothing I would venture to send you. One of 3d. a yard in small compartments,



thus,



might perhaps do for the stairs, but very likely it is common, and besides it is not pure Gothic, therefore I could not send it alone. Adieu, and tell Mason what I shall do.

I go to Cambridge in three weeks or less.

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## LETTER CII.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO D<sup>r</sup>. WHARTON.

*Nov. 13, 1761. London.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I WENT as soon as I received your last letter, to chuse papers for you at Bromwick's. I applaud your determination, for it is mere pedantry in Gothicism to stick to nothing but Altars and Tombs, and there is no end of it, if we are to sit upon nothing but Coronation-chairs, nor drink out of nothing but chalices or flagons. The idea is sufficiently kept up if we live in ancient houses, but with modern conveniences about us. Nobody will expect the inhabitants to wear ruffs and farthingales. Besides, these things are not to be had unless we make them ourselves.

I have, however, ventured to bespeak (for the staircase) the Stucco paper of 3d. a yard, which I mentioned to you before. It is rather pretty, and nearly Gothic. The border is entirely

so, and where it runs horizontally, will be very proper; where perpendicularly not altogether so. I do not see how this could be avoided. The crimson paper is the handsomest I ever saw; from its simplicity I believe, as it is nothing but the same thing repeated throughout. Mr. Trevor (Hampden) designed it for his own use; the border is a spiral scroll, also the prettiest I have seen. This paper is 8d. a yard. The blue is the most extravagant: a Mohair-flock paper of a shilling a yard, which I fear you will blame me for: but it was so handsome, and looked so warm, I could not resist it. The pattern is small, and will look like a cut-velvet; the border a scroll like the last, but on a larger scale. You will ask, why the crimson (which is to be the best) is not a Mohair-paper too? Because it would have no effect in that sort of pattern; and it is as handsome as it need to be, without that expence. The Library paper is a cloth colour: all I can say for it is, that it was the next best design they had after the former. I think it is 7½d. a yard. They do not keep any quantity by them (only samples of each sort) but promise they shall be finished in a week, and sent to your brother's, with whom I have left the bill, as I go myself to Cambridge in a day or two. Indeed, this a very improper time to trouble him, though when I called there last night, I was told she was a great *deal better*. I did not know of his loss till you told me: on which I went to ask how they did, and found him truly in a very deplorable situation. He said he had wrote to you, but I do not know whether he was able to give you a full account of

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## LETTER CIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Sunday, Feb. 28, 1762.*

I RETURN you my best thanks for the copy of your book\*, which you sent me, and have not at all lessened my opinion of it since I read it in print, though the press has general a bad effect on the complexion of one's works. The engravings look, as you say, better than I had expected, yet not altogether so well as I could wish. I rejoice in the good dispositions of our Court, and in the propriety of their application to you: the work is a thing so much to be wished; has so near a connection with the turn of your studies and of your curiosity; and might find such ample materials among your hoards and in your head; that it will be a sin if you let it drop and come to nothing, or worse than nothing, for want of your assistance†. The historical part should be in the manner of Henault, a mere abridgement‡; a series of facts selected

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\* The Anecdotes of Painting.

† See a Note from Lord Bute in the Letters to and from Ministers (Walpole's Works, Vol. II. p. 378,) inviting Mr. Walpole to turn his thoughts to a work of this kind; and Mr. Walpole's answer, offering to point out and collect materials, and take any trouble in aiding, supervising, and directing the whole plan.—*Ed.*

‡ See a specimen of this Collection given by the Editor of Walpole's Works, in a Note to this Letter, Vol. V. p. 400.

with judgement, that may serve as a clue to lead the mind along in the midst of those ruins and scattered monuments of art, that time has spared. This would be sufficient, and better than Montfaucon's more diffuse narrative. Such a work (I have heard) Mr. Burke is now employed about, which, though not intended for this purpose, might be applied perhaps to this use. Then, at the end of each reign, should come a dissertation explanatory of the plates, and pointing out the turn of thought, the customs, ceremonials, arms, dresses, luxury, and private life, with the improvement or decline of the arts during that period. This you must do yourself, beside taking upon you the superintendance, direction, and choice of materials. As to the expence, that must be the King's own entirely, and he must give the book to foreign Ministers and people of note; for it is obvious no private man can undertake such a thing without a subscription, and no gentleman will care for such an expedient; and a gentleman it should be, because he must have easy access to archives, cabinets, and collections of all sorts. I protest I do not think it impossible but they may give into such a scheme; they approve the design, they wish to encourage the arts, and to be magnificent, and they have no Versailles or Herculaneum.

I hope to see you toward the end of March. If you bestow a line on me, pray tell me whether the Baronne de la Peyriere is gone to her Castle of Viry, and whether Fingal be discovered or shrewdly suspected to be a forgery. Adieu!

I am yours ever,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER CIV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I FEEL very ungrateful every day that I continue silent, and yet I do not write to you; but now the pen is in my hand, and I am in for it. When I left you, in spite of the rain, I went out of my way to Richmond, and made a shift to see the castle, and look down upon the valley, through which the Swale winds, that was all the weather would permit. At Rippon I visited the church, which we had neglected before, with some pleasure, and saw the Ure full to its brink, and very inclinable to overflow. Some faint gleams of sunshine gave me an opportunity of walking over Studley, and descending into the ruins of Fountain's Abbey, which I examined with attention. I passed over the ugly moor of Harrowgate, made a bow to the Queen's Head, and got late at night to Leeds; here the rain was so perverse I could scarce see the town, much less go to Kirkstall-Abbey, which was my intention, so I proceeded to Wakefield and Wentworth Castle. Here the sun again indulged me, and opened as beautiful a scene of rich and cultivated country as (I am told) Yorkshire affords. The water is all artificial, but with an air of nature, much wood, a very good house in the Queen Anne style, which is now new-fronting in a far better taste\*, by the present Earl; many pictures not

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\* See Walpole's Observations on Modern Gardening, Vol. II. p. 545. "If a model is sought of the most perfect taste in architecture, where grace softens dignity, and lightness attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part

worth a farthing, and a castle built only for a play-thing on the top of the hill as a point of view, and to command a noble prospect. I went on to Sheffield, liked the situation in a valley by a pretty river's side, surrounded with charming hills; saw the handsome parish church, with the chapel, and monuments of the Talbots. Then I entered the Peak, a country beyond comparison uglier than any other I have seen in England, black, tedious, barren, and not mountainous enough to please one with its horrors. This is mitigated, since you were there, by a wood like a bowling-green, which soon brought me to Chatsworth. The house has the air of a palace, the hills rising on three of its sides, shut out the view of its dreary neighbourhood, and are covered with wood to their tops; the front opens to the Derwent winding through the valley, which by the art of Mr. Brown, is now always visible and full to its brim; for heretofore it could not well be seen (but in rainy seasons) from the windows. A handsome bridge is lately thrown over it, and the stables taken away, which stood full in view between the house and the river. The prospect opens here to a wider tract of country, terminated by more distant hills; this scene is yet in its infancy, the objects are thinly scattered, and the clumps and plantations lately made, but it promises well in time. Within doors the furniture corresponds to the stateliness of the apartments, fine tapestry, marble door cases with fruit, flowers, and foliage, excellently done by old Cibber's father; windows of plate glass in gilded frames, and such a profusion of Gibbon's best carving in wood, viz. dead game,

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from peculiar observation, and delicacy of execution recals every part to notice; when the position is the most happy, and even the colour of the stone the most harmonious, the virtuoso should be directed to the new front of Wentworth Castle; the result of the same elegant judgement that had before distributed so many beauties over that domain; and called from wood, water, hills, prospects, and buildings a compendium of picturesque nature, improved by the chastity of art."—See also a letter dated from Wentworth Castle, Vol. V. p. 270.

fish, shells, flowers, &c. as I never saw any where. The ceilings and staircases all painted by Verrio or Laguerre, in their usual sprawling way\*, and no other pictures, but in one room 8 or 10 portraits, some of them very good, of James and Charles the first's time. The gardens are small, and in the French style, with waterworks, particularly a grand cascade of steps, and a *temple d'eau* at the head of it.

From thence I went to Hardwicke †. One would think Mary Queen of Scots was but just walked down into the park with her guard for half-an-hour. Her gallery, her room of audience, her anti-chamber with the very canopies, chair of state, footstool, lit-de-repos, oratory, carpets, and hangings, just as she left them. A little tattered indeed, but the more venerable, and all preserved with religious care, and papered up in winter. The park and country are just like Hertfordshire. I went by Chesterfield and Mansfield, to revisit my old friend the Trent at Nottingham, where I passed two or three days, and from thence took stage coach to London.

When I arrived there, I found Professor Turner ‡ had been dead above a fortnight, and being cockered and spirited up by some friends (though it was rather of the latest) I got my name suggested to Lord Bute, you may easily imagine who undertook it||, and indeed he did it with zeal. I received my answer

\* "Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La Guerre."—*Pope*.

† Seat of the Duke of Devonshire in Nottinghamshire.—*Mason*.

‡ Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Cambridge.—*Mason*.

|| This person was the late Sir Henry Erskine. As this was the only application Mr. Gray ever made to ministry, I thought it necessary to insert his own account of it. The place in question was given to the tutor of Sir James Lowther.—*Mason*.

very soon, which was what you may easily imagine, but joined with great professions of his *desire to serve me* on any future occasion, and many more fine words that I pass over, not out of modesty, but for another reason. So you see I have made my fortune, like Sir Fr. Wronghead. This *nothing* is a profound secret, and no one here suspects it even now; to day I hear, that Delaval\* has got it, but we are not yet certain; next to myself I wished for him.

You see we have made a peace. I shall be silent about it, because if I say any thing anti-ministerial, you will tell me, you know the reason; and if I approve it, you will tell me, I have expectations still all: I know is, that the D. of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke both say, it is an excellent peace, and only Mr. Pitt calls it inglorious and insidious.

I had a little gout twice while I was in town, which confined me some time; yet I bespoke your chairs. They are what is called *rout-chairs*, but as they are to be a little better in shape and materials than ordinary, will come to about 6s. 9d. a chair. I desired your brother to judge, how he performed, and the first that was made was to be sent to him to see.

My best respects to Mrs. Wharton, who I suppose receives them in bed. How does she do? My compliments to Miss.

I am ever truly yours.

Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1762.

Mason is in Yorkshire now, but I missed of him.

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\* Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, and of the Royal Society.—*Mason*.



## LETTER CV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. MASON.

*February, 8, 1763.*

DOCTISSIME Domine, anne tibi arident *complimenta*\*? If so, I hope your vanity is tickled with the *verghe d'oro* of Count Algarotti, and the intended translation of Sig<sup>r</sup>. Agostino Paradisi: for my part, I am ravished (for I too have my share). Are you upon the road to see all these wonders, and snuff up the incense of Pisa; or has Mr. Brown abated your ardour by sending you the originals? I am waiting with impatience for your coming.

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\* William Taylor Howe, Esq; of Stondon Place, near Chipping-Ongar, in Essex, an honorary Fellow of Pembroke-Hall was now on his travels in Italy, where he had made an acquaintance with the celebrated Count Algarotti; and had recommended to him Mr. Gray's Poems and my Dramas. After the perusal he received a Letter from the Count, written in that style of superlative panegyric peculiar to Italians. A copy of this letter Mr. Howe had just now sent to our common friend Mr. Brown, then President of the College; and also another of the Count's, addressed to Sig. Paradisi, a Tuscan Poet; in which, after explaining the arguments of my two Dramatic Poems, he advises him to translate them; but principally *Caractacus*.—This anecdote not only explains the above paragraph, but the subsequent Letter. The Latin, at the beginning of the letter, alludes to a similar expression which a Fellow of a College had made use of to a foreigner who dined in the College Hall. Having occasion to ask him if he would eat any cabbage to his boiled beef, he said “anne tibi arident Herbæ?”—*Mason.*

I am obliged to you for your Drawing and very *learned* dissertation annexed\*. You have made out your point with a great degree of probability, (for though the *nimis adhasit* might startle one, yet the sale of the tithes and chapel to Webster seems to set all right again) and I do believe the building in question was the chapel of St. Sepulchre. But then, that the ruin now standing was the individual chapel as erected by Archbishop Roger, I can by no means think: I found myself merely on the style and taste of architecture. The vaults under the choir are still in being, and were undoubtedly built by this very Archbishop: they are truly Saxon; only that the arches are pointed, though very obtusely. It is the south transept (not the north) that is the oldest part of the minster now above ground: it is said to have been begun by Geoffrey Plantagenet, who died about thirty years after Roger, and left it unfinished. His successor, Walter Grey, completed it; so we do not exactly know to which of these two prelates we are to ascribe any certain part of it. Grey lived a long time, and was Archbishop from 1216 to 1255 (39 Henry III.); and in this reign it was, that the beauty of the Gothic architecture began to appear. The chapter-house is in all probability his work, and (I should suppose) built in his latter days; whereas what he did of the south transept might be performed soon after his accession. It is in the second order of this building, that the round arches appear including a row of pointed ones, (which you mention, and which I also

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\*This relates to the ruin of a small Gothic chapel near the north-west end of the cathedral at York, not noticed by Drake in his *Eboracum*. When Mr. Gray made me a visit at that place the summer before, he was much struck with the beautiful proportion of the windows in it, which induced me to get Mr. Paul Sandby to make a drawing of it; and also to endeavour, in a Letter to Mr. Gray, to explain to what foundation it belonged. As his answer contains some excellent general remarks on gothic buiding, I thought proper to publish it, though the particular matter which occasioned them was not of any great consequence.—  
*Mason.*

observed) similar to those in St. Sepulchre's Chapel, though far inferior in the proportions and neatness of workmanship. The same thing is repeated in the north transept; but this is only an imitation of the other, done for the sake of regularity; for this part of the building is no older than Archbishop Romaine, who came to the see in 1285, and died 1295.

All the buildings of Henry the Second's time (under whom Roger lived and died, 1185) are of a clumsy and heavy proportion, with a few rude and awkward ornaments; and this style continues to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, though with a little improvement, as in the nave of Fountain's abbey, &c. then all at once come in the tall picked arches, the light clustered columns, the capitals of curling foliage, the fretted tabernacles and vaultings, and a profusion of statues, &c. that constitute the good Gothic style; together with decreasing and flying buttresses, and pinnacles, on the outside. Nor must you conclude any thing from Roger's own tomb, which has (I remember) a wide surbased arch with scalloped ornaments, &c. for this can be no older than the nave itself, which was built by Archbishop Melton after the year 1315, one hundred and thirty years after Roger's death.

I have compared Helvetius\* and Elfrida, as you desired me†,

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\* See the Life of Helvetius, p. 17, and Essay, p. 205.

† As the plagiarism, to which Mr. Gray here alludes, is but little known, and I think, for its singularity, is somewhat curious, I shall beg the reader's patience while I dilate upon it; though I am aware it will stretch this note to an unconscionable length. M. Helvetius, in the third chapter of his third Essay de l'Esprit, which treats of the Extent of Memory, means to prove that this faculty, in the extreme, is not necessary to constitute a great Genius. For this purpose he examines whether the greatness of the very different talents of Locke

and find thirteen parallel passages; five of which, at least, are so direct and close as to leave no shadow of a doubt, and therefore confirm all the rest. It is a phenomenon that you will be in the right to inform yourself about, and which I long

and of Milton ought to be considered as the effect of their possessing this talent in an extraordinary degree. He then proceeds as follows: "As the last example of the small extent of memory necessary to a fine imagination, I shall give in a note *the translation of a piece of English poetry*; which, with the preceding, will, I believe, prove to those who would decompose the works of illustrious men, that a great genius does not necessarily suppose a great memory." I now set down that note with references to *Elfrida* underneath it, and I choose to give it in the English translation printed in 1759, that the parallel passages may be the more obvious at first sight. "A young Virgin, awaked and guided by Love, goes before the appearance of Aurora to a valley, where she waits for the coming of her Lover, who, at the rising of the sun, is to offer a sacrifice to the Gods. Her soul, in the soft situation in which she is placed by the hopes of approaching happiness, indulges, while waiting for him, the pleasure of contemplating the beauties of Nature, and the rising of that luminary that was to bring the object of her tenderness." She expresses herself thus:

*"Already the Sun gilds the tops of those antique Oaks, and the waves of those falling torrents that roar among the rocks shine with his beams; already I perceive the summit of those shaggy mountains whence arise the vaults which, half-concealed in the air, offer a formidable retreat to the Solitary, who there retires".* Night folds up her veil. *Ye wanton fires that mislead the wandering traveller, retire<sup>b</sup>* to the quagmires and marshy

<sup>a</sup> How nobly does this venerable wood,  
Gilt with the glories of the orient sun,  
Embosom yon fair mansion!  
—— On the shaggy mound,  
Where tumbling torrents roar around;  
Where pendant mountains o'er your head  
Stretch a formidable shade——  
Where lull'd in pious peace the Hermit lies.

<sup>b</sup> Away ye goblins all,  
Wont the bewilder'd traveller to daunt——

to understand. Another phenomenon is, that I read it without finding it out: all I remember is, that I thought it not at all *English*, and did not much like it; and the reason is plain,

“ fens; and thou sun, lord of the heavens, who fillest the air with reviving  
 “ heat, who sowest with dewy pearls the flowers of these meadows, and  
 “ givest colours to the varied beauties of nature, receive my first homage,  
 “ and hasten thy course. Thy appearance proclaims that of my lover. Freed  
 “ from the pious cares that detain him still at the foot of the altars, love  
 “ will soon bring him to mine<sup>d</sup>. Let all around me partake of my joy. Let  
 “ all bless the rising luminary by which we are enlightened. Ye flowers that  
 “ inclose in your bosoms the odours that cool night condenses there, open your  
 “ buds, and exhale in the air your balmy vapours. I know not whether the  
 “ delightful intoxication that possesses my soul, does not embellish whatever I  
 “ behold; but the rivulet, that in pleasing meanders winds along this valley, en-  
 “ chants me with his murmurs. *Zephyrus caresses me with his breath; the*  
 “ *fragrant plants, pressed under my feet, waft to my senses their perfume.*  
 “ *Oh! if Felicity sometimes condescends to visit the abode of mortals, to*  
 “ *these places doubtless, she retires<sup>e</sup>.* But with what secret trouble am I agi-  
 “ tated? Already Impatience mingles its poison with the sweetness of my ex-

° Hail to thy living light

Ambrosial Morn—

That bids each dewy-spangled flow’ret rise,

And dart around its vermil dies—

Unfolds the scene of glory to our eye,

Where, thron’d in artless majesty,

The Cherub Beauty sits on Nature’s rustic shrine.—

<sup>d</sup> ’Twill not be long, ere his unbending mind

Shall lose in sweet oblivion every care

Among th’ embowering shades that veil Elfrida.

° The soft air

Salutes me with most cool and temperate breath,

And, as I tread, the flower-besprinkled lawn

Sends up a gale of fragrance. I should guess,

If e’er Content deign’d visit mortal clime,

This was her place of dearest residence.

for the lyric flights and choral flowers suited not in the least with the circumstances or character of the speaker, as he had contrived it.

“pectation. This valley has already lost all its beauties. Is joy then so fleeting? *It is as easy to snatch it from us, as for the light down of these plants to be blown away by the breath of the Zephyrs<sup>f</sup>.* In vain have I recourse to flattering Hope. Each moment encreases my disturbance. He will come no more. Who keeps him at a distance from me? What duty more sacred than that of calming the inquietudes of Love! But what do I say? *Fly jealous suspicions, injurious to his fidelity<sup>g</sup>,* and formed to extinguish my tenderness. *If Jealousy grows by the side of Love, it will stifle it, if not pulled up by the roots; it is the Ivy which, by a verdant chain, embraces, but dries up the trunk which serves for its support<sup>h</sup>.* I know my Lover too well to doubt of his tenderness. He, like me, has, far from the pomp of courts, sought the tranquil asylum of the Fields. Touched by the simplicity of my heart, and by my beauty, my sensual rivals call him in vain to their arms. Shall he be seduced by the advances of coquetry, *which, on the cheek of the young maid, tarnishes the snow of innocence and the carnation of modesty, and daubs it with the whiteness of art and the paint of effrontery<sup>i</sup>.* What do I say? his contempt for her is perhaps only a snare for me. Can I be ig-

<sup>f</sup> For Safety now sits wav’ring on your love,  
Like the light down upon the thistle’s beard,  
Which ev’ry breeze may part.

<sup>g</sup> Avaunt! ye vain delusive fears.

<sup>h</sup> See Elfrida;

Ah see! how round yon branching Elm the Ivy  
Clasps its *green chain*, and poisons what supports it.  
Not less injurious to the shoots of Love  
Is sickly Jealousy.

<sup>i</sup> —To guard

Your beauties from the blast of courtly gales.  
The crimson blush of virgin modesty,  
The delicate soft tints of innocence,  
There all fly off, and leave no boast behind  
But well-ranged, faded features.

“ norant of the partiality of men, and the arts they employ to seduce us? Nourished  
 “ in a contempt for our sex, it is not us, it is their pleasures that they love.  
 “ Cruel as they are, they have placed in the rank of the virtues the barbarous  
 “ fury of revenge, and the mad love of their country; but never have they  
 “ reckoned fidelity among the virtues. Without remorse they abuse innocence,  
 “ and often their vanity contemplates our griefs with delight. But no; fly far  
 “ from me, ye odious thoughts, my lover will come! A thousand times have I  
 “ experienced it: *As soon as I perceive him my agitated mind is calm, and*  
 “ *I often forget the too just cause I have for complaint; for near him I*  
 “ *can only know happiness*<sup>k</sup>. Yet if he is treacherous to me; if, in the very  
 “ moment when my love accuses him, he consummates the crime of infidelity in  
 “ another bosom, may all nature take up arms in revenge! may he perish! What  
 “ do I say? *Ye Elements, be deaf to my cries! Thou Earth, open not*  
 “ *thy profound abyss! let the monster walk the time prescribed him on thy*  
 “ *splendid surface, let him still commit new crimes, and still cause the tears*  
 “ *of the two credulous maids to flow; and if heaven avenges them and*  
 “ *punishes him, may it at least be at the prayer of some other unfortunate*  
 “ *woman*<sup>l</sup>.”

<sup>k</sup> —My truant heart

Forgets each lesson that Resentment taught,  
 And in thy sight knows only to be happy.

In the French it is more literal, “ *Pres de lui je ne sçais qu’être heureuse.*”

<sup>l</sup> Till then, ye elements, rest; and thou firm earth,  
 Ope not thy yawning jaws; but let this monster  
 Stalk his due time on thine affrighted surface:  
 Yes, let him still go on, still execute  
 His savage purposes, and daily make  
 More widows weep, as I do.

Here ends this odd instance of plagiarism. When M. Helvetius was in England, a year or two after I had made the discovery of it, I took my measures (as Mr. Gray advised me) to learn how he came by it; and accordingly requested two noblemen, to whom he was introduced, to ask him some questions concerning it; but I could gain no satisfactory answer. I do not, however, by any means, suppose that the person who cooked up the disjointed parts of my drama into this strange fricassee, was M. Helvetius himself; I rather imagine (as I did from the first) that he was imposed upon by some young English traveller, who contrived this expedient in order to pass with him for a poet. The great philosopher, it is true, has in this note been proved to be *the receiver of stolen goods*; but out of respect to his numerous fashionable disciples, both abroad and at home, whose credit might suffer with that of their master, I acquit him of what would only be held criminal at the Old Bailey, that he received these goods *knowing them to be stolen.*—Mason.

## LETTER CVI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BROWN\*.

*February 17, 1763.*

YOU will make my best acknowledgments to Mr. Howe; who, not content to rank me in the number of his friends, is so polite as to make excuses for having done me that honour.

*I was not born so far from the sun,* as to be ignorant of Count Algarotti's name and reputation; nor am I so far advanced in years, or in philosophy, as not to feel the warmth of his approbation. The Odes in question, as their motto shews, were meant to be *vocal to the intelligent alone.* How few *they* were in my own country, Mr. Howe can testify; and yet my ambition was terminated by that small circle. I have good reason to be proud, if my voice has reached the ear and apprehension of a stranger, distinguished as one of the best judges in Europe.

I am equally pleased with the just applause he bestows on Mr. Mason; and particularly on his *Caractacus*, which is the work of a Man: whereas *Elfrida* is only that of a boy, a promising boy indeed, and of no common genius: yet this is the popular performance, and the other little known in comparison.

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\* Now Master of Pembroke-Hall.—*Mason.*



Neither Count Algarotti nor Mr. Howe (I believe) have heard of Ossian, the Son of Fingal. If Mr. Howe were not upon the wing, and on his way homewards, I would send it to him in Italy. He would there see that Imagination dwelt many hundred years ago, in all her pomp, on the cold and barren mountains of Scotland. The truth (I believe) is, that without any respect of climates, she reigns in all nascent societies of men, where the necessities of life, force every one to think and act much for himself\*.

Adieu!

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\* One is led to think from this paragraph that the scepticism, which Mr. Gray had expressed before, concerning these works of Ossian, was now entirely removed. I know no way of accounting for this (as he had certainly received no stronger evidence of their authenticity) but from the turn of his studies at the time. He had of late much busied himself in antiquities, and consequently had imbibed too much of the spirit of a profest antiquarian; now we know, from a thousand instances, that no set of men are more willingly duped than these, especially by any thing that comes to them under the fascinating form of a new discovery.—*Mason.*

## LETTER CVII.

COUNT ALGAROTTI TO MR. GRAY.

*Pisa, 24 Aprile, 1763.*

SONO stato lungo tempo in dubbio se un dilettaute quale io sono, dovea mandare alcune sue coserelle a un Professore quale è V. S. Illus<sup>mo</sup>, a un arbitro di ogni poetica eleganza. Nè ci volea meno che l'autorità del valorissimo Sig<sup>r</sup>. How per persuadermi a ciò fare. V. S. Ill<sup>mo</sup> accolga queste mie coserelle con quella medesima bontà con cui ha voluto accogliere quella lettera che dice pur poco delle tante cose, che fanno sentire alle anime armoniche di ammirabili suoi versi. Io sarò per quanto io porrò, *Præco laudum tuarum*, e quella mia lettera si stamperà in un nuovo Giornale, che si fa in Venezia, intitolato *la Minerva*, perchè sappia la Italia che la Inghilterra, ricca di un \* Omero, di uno † Archimede, di un ‡ Demostene, non manca del suo Pindaro. Al Sig<sup>r</sup>. How le non saprei dire quanti obblighi io abbia, ma si maggiore è certamente quello di avermi presentato alla sua Musa, e di avermi procurato la occasione di poterla assicurare della perfetta ed altissima stima, con cui io ho l'honore di sottoscrivermi;

De V. S. Illus<sup>mo</sup>

Devotis. &amp;c.

ALGAROTTI.

\* Milton.

† Newton.

‡ Mr. Pitt.

## LETTER CVIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOU may well wonder at my long taciturnity: I wonder too, and know not what cause to assign, for it is certain I think of you daily. I believe it is owing to the nothingness of my history, for except six weeks that I passed in town, towards the end of Spring, and a little jaunt to Epsom and Box-hill, I have been here time out of mind, in a place where no events grow, though we preserve those of former days by way of *Hortus Siccus* in our libraries. My slumbers were disturbed the other day by an unexpected visit from Mr. Walpole, who dined with me; seemed mighty happy for the time he stayed, and said he could like to live here; but hurried home in the evening to his new gallery, which is all gothicism and gold, and crimson, and looking-glass. He has purchased, at an auction\* in Suffolk, ebony chairs and old moveables, enough to load a waggon.

Mason and I have received letters from Count Algarotti, Chambellan de sa Majesté le Roi de Prusse, with observations (that is panegyrics) on our Tragedies and our Odes, and a present of certain Italian Dissertations, which he has lately published, on the state of Painting and Musick: one of them

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\* See Mr. Walpole's Letter on the subject to G. Montague. Works, Vol. V. p. 639.

is dedicated to Mr. Pitt, whom he styles—*Uomo immortale e Restitutore d'Inghilterra Amico del gran Frederico.*

I was in town when Mr. Middleton died, and immediately got all the information I could (first from Stonehewer, and then from your brother) of the dispositions he had made. I suppose they are as good as you expected, and though the prospect is but small, that you should enjoy the benefit of them in your own person, yet that is not impossible; and your son (I think) stands a very good chance, which cannot chuse, but open an agreeable prospect to you, in which I take a part, and congratulate you both upon it. I doubt you have not read Rousseau's\* *Emile*: every body that has children should read it more than once, for though it abounds with his usual glorious absurdity, though his general scheme of education be an impracticable chimera; yet there are a thousand lights struck out, a thousand important truths better expressed than ever they were before, that may be of service to the wisest man; particularly, I think, he has observed children with more at-

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\*That I may put together the rest of Mr. Gray's sentiments concerning this singular writer, I insert here an extract from a Letter of a later date, written to myself. "I have not read the *Philosophic Dictionary*. I can now stay with great patience for any thing that comes from Voltaire. They tell me it is flippery, and blasphemy, and wit. I could have forgiven myself if I had not read Rousseau's *Lettres de la Montagne*. Always excepting the *Contract social*, it is the dullest performance he ever published. It is a weak attempt to separate the miracles from the morality of the gospel. The latter (he would have you think) he believes was sent from God; and the former he very explicitly takes for an imposture: this is in order to prove the cruelty and injustice of the State of Geneva in burning his *Emile*. The latter part of his book is to shew the abuses that have crept into the constitution of his country, which point, if you are concerned about it, he makes out very well; and his intention in this is plainly to raise a tumult in the city, and to be revenged on the *Petit Conseil*, who condemned his writings to the flames."—*Mason*.

tention, and knows their meaning and the working of their little passions better than any other writer. As to his religious discussions, which have alarmed the world, and engaged their thoughts more than any other part of his book; I set them all at nought, and wish they had been omitted. Mrs. Jonathan told me you begun your evening prayer as soon as I was gone, and that it had a great effect upon the congregation: I hope you have not grown weary of it, nor lay it aside when company comes. Poor Mrs. Bonfoy (who taught me to pray) is dead; she struggled near a week against the Iliac Passion (I fear) in great torture, with all her senses about her, and with much resolution took leave of her physician some days before she expired, and would suffer no one to see her afterwards but common servants.

You describe Winston *con tanto amore*, that I take it amiss I was not suffered to see it, and want to be buried there too. But enough of death! I have forgot to tell you that Dr. Long has had an audience of the King and Queen, an hour long, at Buckingham House. His errand was to present them with a Lyricord (such a one!) of his own making, and a glass sphere: he had long been soliciting this honour, which Lord Bute at last procured him, and he is very happy. The King told him he bid fair for a century of life at least; asked him whether he preached; why he did not write verses in the Cambridge collection; and what not! The Q. spoke French to him, and asked how he liked Handel. And I ask you how you like the present times? whether you had not rather be a printer's devil than a secretary of state? You are to expect (I hear) a new ministry, composed of the Earl of Shelburne, Mr. Rigby, Duke and Dutchess of Bedford, Earl Gower, &c. which doubtless will give universal satisfaction. The great Lord Holland, who is at Paris, being lately asked by a young man, who was

returning home, whether he had any commands in England, made no reply but by shrugging up his shoulders, and fetching a deep sigh.

I kept an exact account of heat and cold here in the Spring; the sum and substance of which is, that (at nine in the morning) on the 18th of January, the therm. was at 31; and the small birds were so tame you might take them up with your hand: this was the greatest cold. On the 15th of April it was at 58, and the same afternoon at 65, which was the greatest heat from Jan. to May 1st.

- Feb. 3. Snowdrops flowered.  
 12. Crocus and hepatica fl. the snow then lieing, and therm. at 45.  
 18. Chaffinch sings. Bees appear.  
 21. White butterfly abroad.  
 25. Gnats fly, and large flies. Mezereon fl.  
 27. Honeysuckle and gooseberry unfold their leaves.
- March 1. Violet flowers (in the garden) Rose opens its leaf.  
 3. Daffodil and single hyacinth fl Spider spins.  
 5. Thrush singing.  
 6. Elder in leaf. Currant and weeping willow in leaf.  
 8. Apricot blows. Skylark singing.  
 11. Wind very high at S.E. which continued with hard frost.  
 16. Frost gone.  
 18. Apricot in full bloom.  
 19. Almond flowers. Lilac, barberry, and gelder-rose in leaf.
- April 2. Standard apricot, and wall-pears flower. Quince, apple, and sweet-briar, in leaf. Currant flowers. Dutch elm opens its leaf.  
 4. Plumb in leaf.  
 5. Crown imperial fl.  
 6. Plumb flowers; hawthorn, horse-chesnut, mountain-ash in leaf.  
 9. Lime-tree in leaf; jonquil and single anemone flower. Lady-birds seen.  
 11. Cowslip flowers, and auriculas. Swallows appear. Young rooks caw in the nest.  
 14. Red-start appears. Cherries in full bloom.  
 15. Frontignac vine in leaf; double wall-flower blows.  
 16. Nightingale sings. Apple blossoms.

- April 19. Chaffinch and red-start sit on their eggs.  
 20. Elm, willow, and ash in flower, (with the black-thorn), hawthorn in full leaf.  
 21. Sycamore quite green. Oak puts out.

Pray present my respects to Mrs. and Miss Wharton.

I am ever sincerely yours.

*Pembroke, August 5th, 1763.*

We have nothing but rain and thunder of late.

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## LETTER CIX.

MR. GRAY TO COUNT ALGAROTTI.

*Cambridge, Sep. 9th, 1763.*

SIR,

I RECEIVED sometime since the unexpected honour of a Letter from you,\* and the promise of a pleasure, which

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\* Mr. Taylor How was the channel of intercourse, between Mr. Gray, Mr. Mason, and Count Algarotti; with the latter he was particularly intimate, and it seems only to have been from the disapprobation expressed by Mr. Gray, that he was induced to lay aside his favourite intention of republishing the Count's works in England. By the kindness and liberality of the same gentleman, who has furnished him with the Originals of Mr. Gray's Letters to Mr. How and Count Algarotti, the Editor is enabled in this note to lay before the reader the great Lord Chatham's opinion of the Count, as expressed in two letters; the first of

till of late I had not the opportunity of enjoying. Forgive me if I make my acknowledgements in my native tongue, as I see it is perfectly familiar to you, and I (though not unacquainted with the writings of Italy) should from disuse speak its language with an ill grace, and with still more constraint to one, who possesses it in all its strength and purity.

I see with great satisfaction your efforts to reunite the congenial arts of poetry, music, and the dance, which with the assistance of painting and architecture, regulated by taste, and supported by magnificence and power, might form the noblest scene, and bestow the sublimest pleasure, that the imagination can conceive. But who shall realize these delightful visions? There is, I own, one Prince in Europe, that wants neither the

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which is addressed to Mr. Hollis, (afterwards Mr. Hollis Brand) dated Hayes, Dec. 27, 1762.—“With regard to the great honour destined to him from Pisa Mr. Pitt blushes while he reads and while he answers; and standing as an example of human vanity, accepts with pride what he too well knows he has not the least title to receive.”

Little did he dream that his name was to live to posterity before Count Algarotti, by joining it with his own, forbid it to die, “till Literature shall be no more, thus giving him to be indeed immortal.”—“Mr. Pitt desires the favour of Mr. Hollis to convey to Count Algarotti, as soon as may be, these sentiments of respect and gratitude, at the same time offering to Mr. How his best acknowledgements, with the assurances of great esteem and consideration.”

Lord Chatham in a Letter to Mr. How, dated Hayes, July 4th, 1764, on the death of Count Algarotti, mentions him in these terms:—“The honour of your obliging Letter from Spa, brought me the melancholy news of Count Algarotti’s death, together with the information of the last very affecting testimony of esteem which that gentleman has left behind him in favour of one, who only knew him in his works, and in his fame; and who must for ever resign the pleasing hope he had formed of a personal acquaintance and friendship with a person, who does equal honour to Letters by the elegance of his compositions, and to human nature by the integrity, candour, and generosity of his character.”—*Ed.*



will, the spirit, nor the ability: but can he call up Milton from his grave? can he re-animate Marcello, or bid the Barbeuna, or the Sallé move again? can he (as much a king as he is) govern an Italian *Virtuosa*, destroy her caprice and impertinence, without hurting her talents, or command those unmeaning graces and tricks of voice to be silent, that have gained the adoration of her own country.

One cause, that so long has hindered, and (I fear) will hinder that happy union, which you propose, seems to be this: that poetry (which, as you allow, must lead the way, and direct the operation of the subordinate arts) implies at least a liberal education, a degree of literature, and various knowledge, whereas the others (with a few exceptions) are in the hands of slaves and mercenaries, I mean of people without education, who, though neither destitute of genius, nor insensible to fame, must yet make gain their principal end, and subject themselves to the prevailing taste of those, whose fortune only distinguishes them from the multitude.

I cannot help telling you, that eight or ten years ago, I was a witness to the power of your comic music.—There was a little troop of Buffi, that exhibited a *Burletta* in London, not in the Opera House, where the audience is chiefly of the better sort, but on one of the common Theatres full of all kinds of people, and (I believe) the fuller from that natural aversion we bear to foreigners; their looks and their noise made it evident, they did not come thither to hear; and on similar occasions I have known candles lighted, broken bottles, and pen knives flung on the stage, the benches torn up, the scenes hurried into the street and set on fire. The curtain drew up, the music was of Cocchi, with a few airs of Pergolesi interspersed. The singers were (as usual) deplorable, but there was one girl (she

called herself the Niccolina) with little voice and less beauty; but with the utmost justness of ear, the strongest expression of countenance, the most speaking eyes, the greatest vivacity and variety of gesture. Her first appearance instantly fixed their attention; the tumult sunk at once, or if any murmur rose, it was hushed by a general cry for silence. Her first air ravished every body; they forgot their prejudices, they forgot that they did not understand a word of the language; they entered into all the humour of the part; made her repeat all her songs, and continued their transports, their laughter, and applause to the end of the piece. Within these three last years the Paganini and Amici have met with almost the same applause once a week from a politer audience on the Opera stage. The truth is, the Opera itself, though supported here at a great expence for so many years, has rather maintained itself by the admiration bestowed on a few particular voices, on the borrowed taste of a few men of condition, that have learned in Italy how to admire, than by any genuine love we bear to the best Italian music: nor have we yet got any style of our own, and this I attribute in great measure to the language, which in spite of its energy, plenty, and the crowd of excellent writers this nation has produced, does yet (I am sorry to say it) retain too much of its barbarous original to adapt itself to musical composition. I by no means wish to have been born any thing but an Englishman; yet I should rejoice to exchange tongues with Italy. Why this nation has made no advances hitherto in painting and sculpture it is hard to say. The fact is undeniable, and we have the vanity to apologize for ourselves, as Virgil did for the Romans, *Excudent alii, &c.* It is sure that architecture had introduced itself in the reign of the unfortunate Charles I. and Inigo Jones has left us some few monuments of his skill, that shew him capable of greater things. Charles had not only a love for the beautiful arts, but some taste in them. The

confusion that soon followed, swept away his magnificent collection; the artists were dispersed, or ruined, and the arts disregarded till very lately. The young monarch now on the throne is said to esteem and understand them. I wish he may have the leisure to cultivate and the skill to encourage them with due regard to merit; otherwise it is better to neglect them. You, Sir, have pointed out the true sources, and the best examples to your countrymen; they have nothing to do, but to be what they once were: and yet perhaps it is more difficult to restore good taste to a nation, that has degenerated, than to introduce it in one, where as yet it has never flourished. You are generous enough to wish, and sanguine enough to foresee, that it shall one day flourish in England. I too must wish, but can hardly extend my hopes so far. It is well for us that you do not see our public exhibitions.—But our artists are yet in their infancy, and therefore I will not absolutely despair.

I owe to Mr. How the honour I have of conversing with Count Algarotti, and it seems as if I meant to indulge myself in the opportunity: but I have done. Sir, I will only add, that I am proud of your approbation, having no relish for any other fame, than what is conferred by the few real judges, that are so thinly scattered over the face of the earth.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

Your most obliged humble Servant,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER CX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. HOW.

*Cambridge, Sept. 10, 1763.*

I OUGHT long since to have made you my acknowledgments for the obliging testimonies of your esteem that you have conferred upon me; but Count Algarotti's books\* did not come to my hands till the end of July, and since that time I have been prevented by illness from doing any of my duties. I have read them more than once, with increasing satisfaction; and should wish mankind had eyes to descry the genuine sources of their own pleasures, and judgment to know the extent that nature has prescribed to them. If this were the case, it would be their interest to appoint Count Algarotti their "Arbiter Elegantiarum." He is highly civil to our nation; but there is one point in which he does not do us justice: I am the more solicitous about it, because it relates to the only taste we can call our own; the only proof of our original talent in matter of pleasure, I mean our skill in gardening, *or rather* † laying out grounds; *and this is no small honour to us, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it when they see it* ‡. That the Chinese have this beautiful art in high perfection, seems very probable from the Je-

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\* Three small treatises on Painting, the Opera, and the French Academy for Painters in Italy; they have been since collected in the Leghorn edition of his works.—*Mason*.

† And—MS.

‡ This is *not* in the Original in this place.—*Ed.*

suits' Letters, and more from Chambers's little discourse, published some years ago\*; but it is very certain we copied nothing from them, nor had any thing but nature for our model. It is not forty years since the art was born among us†; and it is sure that there was nothing in Europe like it; and as sure, we then had no information on this head from China at all ‡.

I shall rejoice to see you in England, and talk over these and many other matters with you at leisure. Do not despair of your health, because you have not found all the effects you had promised yourself from a finer climate. I have known people who have experienced the same thing, and yet, at their return, have lost all their complaints as by miracle.

P.S. I have answered C. Algarotti, whose letter I conveyed to Mr. Mason, but whether he has received his books I have not yet heard. Mr. Brown charges me with his best compliments.

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\* The author has since enlarged, and published it under the title of a *Dissertation on Oriental Gardening*; in which he has put it out of all doubt, that the Chinese and English tastes are totally dissimilar.—*Mason*.

† See Mr. Walpole's history of this art at the end of the last volume of his *Anecdotes of Painters*, when he favours the world with its publication.—*Mason*.

‡ I question whether this be not saying too much. Sir William Temple's account of the Chinese gardens was published some years before this period; and it is probable that might have promoted our endeavours, not indeed of imitating them, but of imitating (what he said was their archetype) Nature.—*Mason*.

## EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM

M<sup>R</sup>. HOW TO M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY.*Brussels, Nov. 8, 1768.*

AS in the letter with which you honoured me of late, you expressed a solicitude about the imputation, laid upon us by Count Algarotti, of a borrowed taste in our method of laying out grounds, this, I think, may well warrant, and perhaps even demand of me the communication of a passage in his last letter relative to that point.

“ Mi spiace solamente che quella critica concernente i Giardini  
 “ Inglesi non la abbia fatta á me medesimo; quasi egli dovesse  
 “ credermi piu amico della mia opinione che della veritá Ecco,  
 “ come ho cangiato qual luogo. Dopo le parole *nel tesser la*  
 “ *favola di un poema.* ‘ Simili ai Giardini della Cina sono  
 “ quelli che piantano gl’Inglesi dietro al medesimo modello  
 “ della Natura.’ Quanto ella ha di vago é di vario, boschetti,  
 “ collinette, acque vive, praterie con dei tempietti, degli obe-  
 “ lischi, ed anche di belle rovine che spuntano quá e lá, si  
 “ trova quivi reunito dal gusto dei Kent, e dei Chambers\*,  
 “ che hanno di tanto sorpassato il le Nautre, tenuto già il  
 “ maestro dell’ Architettura, diro cosi, de’ Giardini. Dalle Ville

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\* As he had written on the subject, this mistake was natural enough in Count Algarotti.—*Mason.*

“ d’Inghilterra é sbandita la simmetria Francese, i più bei siti  
 “ pajono naturali, il culto é misto col neglecto, é li disordine  
 “ che vi regna é l’effetto dell’ arte la meglio ordinata.”

May I take the liberty of remarking here, Sir, that every Author of a reputation so established will not *quite so easily*, so readily, and so explicitly give up his own opinion in deference to that of another, or even to conviction itself! Nor perhaps would *he* so soon have kissed the rod from any vulgar hand; but he is thoroughly informed to *whose* correction he submits.

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## LETTER CXI.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO THE REV. WILLIAM ROBINSON.

*Pembroke Hall, October 10, 1763.*

DEAR (REVEREND) BILLY,

HAVING been upon the ramble, I have neglected all my duties, in hopes of finding pleasures in their room; which, after all (as you know well), one never finds. My conscience reproaches me with your obliging letter, and would (I really think) carry me into Somersetshire, did not poverty and winter stare me in the face, and bid me sit still. I well remember Dr. Ross’s kind invitation, and in better days still hope to accept it. Doubt not but my inclinations will be quickened by the hopes I entertain of seeing you in so many

new lights; the travelled Mr. Robinson, with a thousand important airs and graces, so much *virtù*, so much *sçavoir-vivre*! the husband, the father, the rich clergyman, warm, snug, and contented as a bishop. My mouth waters; but sure—the family will be in town this winter, and I shall see you there in November. Is this the fine autumn you promised me? Oh! I hear you (not curse, you must not, but) . . . this untoward climate. I doubt not but you write to Mason, though he does not tell me so. There is he, repining at his four-and-twenty weeks residence at York, unable to visit his bowers, the work of his own hands, at Aston, except in the depth of winter; and longing for the flesh-pots and coffee-houses of Cambridge. There is nobody contented but you and I—oh yes, and Dr. Ross, who (I shrewdly suspect) is the happiest of the three. Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me sincerely

Your friend and humble servant,

T. GRAY.

Present my compliments to Mrs. Robinson. Some time or other I hope to have the honour of being better known to her. Mr. Brown is well, and much obliged to you for your kind remembrance of him.



## LETTER CXII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. HOW.

*London, November, 1763.*

I AM ashamed of my\* own indolence in not answering your former letter: a second, which I have since received, adds to my shame, and quickens my motions. I can see no manner of objection to your design of publishing C. A.'s works complete in your own country. It will be an evidence of your regard for him, that cannot but be very acceptable to him. The Glasgow-press, or that of Baskerville, have given specimens of their art, equal (at least) in beauty to any thing that Europe can produce. The expence you will not much regard on such an occasion, and (if you suffer them to be sold) that would be greatly diminished, and most probably reimbursed. As to notes (and I think some will be necessary) I easily believe you will not overload the text with them, and besides every thing of that kind will be concerted between you. If you propose any vignettes or other matters of ornament, it would be well they were designed in Italy, and the gravings executed either there or in France, for in this country they are woeful and beyond measure dear. The revising of the press must be your own labour, as tedious as it is inglorious; but to this you must

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\* The following Letter, with the exception of two or three short sentences, does not appear in Mason's Edition of Gray. It is addressed to Mr. How, at Brussels.—*Ed.*

submit. As we improve in our types, we grow daily more negligent in point of correctness, and this even in our own tongue. What will it be in the Italian?

I did not mean you should have told C. A. my objection, at least not as from me, who have no pretence to take such a liberty with him; but I am glad he has altered the passage. He cannot wonder, if I wished to save to our nation the only honour it has in matters of taste, and no small one, since neither Italy nor France have ever had the least notion of it, nor yet do at all comprehend it, when they see it. Mr. Mason has received the books in question from an unknown hand, which I take to be Mr. Hollis, from whom I too have received a beautiful set of Engravings, as a present; I know not why, unless as a friend of yours. I saw and read the beginning of this year, the *Congresso di Citera*, and was excessively pleased in spite of prejudice, for I am naturally no friend to allegory, nor to poetical prose. Entre nous, what gives me the least pleasure of any of his writings, that I have seen, is the *Newtoniasm*. It is so direct an imitation of Fontenelle, a writer not easy to imitate, and least of all in the Italian tongue, whose character and graces are of a higher style, and never adapt themselves easily to the elegant *badinage* and *legereté* of conversation, that sets so well on the French. But this is a secret between us.

I am glad to hear he thinks of revisiting England; though I am a little ashamed of my country at this present\*. Our late acquired glory does not set becomingly upon us; and even

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\* This refers to another extract from Count Algarotti's Letter, given by Mr. How in his Letter to Mr. Gray, dated Brussels, Nov. 8, 1763, in which the Count mentions the probability of his visiting England.—*Ed.*

the Author of it, that *Restitutor d'Inghilterra*, is doing God knows what! If he should design to follow the track of vulgar Ministers, and regain his power by ways injurious to his fame, whom can we trust hereafter! M. de Nivernois on his return to France says (I hear) of England, " *Quel Roy, quel Peuple, quelle Societé!* And so say I. Adieu, Sir, I am

Your most humble servant,

T. G.

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## LETTER CXIII.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO D. WHARTON.

*February 21, 1764.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

IF the ill-news be true, which your last letter to Mr. Brown makes very probable, I am heartily sorry for the loss you have had of poor Mr. R. Wharton, as I am sure you cannot but feel it very sensibly in many respects.

I have indeed been very remiss in writing to you, nor can allege any other excuse for it but the lowness of spirits, which takes from me the power of doing every thing I ought; this is not altogether without cause, for ever since I went last to town, in the beginning of November, I have suffered a good

deal from a complaint, which I often mentioned to you, and which is now almost constant. I have left off wine, eat less than common, have made use of the common applications in such cases, and am now taking soap; yet find no essential amendment in myself, so that I have but an uncomfortable prospect before me, even if things remain as they are, but I own what I apprehend is still worse.

Mason has passed three weeks here with me in his way to town. The general report was, that he was going to be married out of hand; but I find it was only a faint sort of tendency that way, that may, or may not come to something of maturity, just as the season of the year shall incline him. The best I can tell you of her is, that she is no fine lady, and the worst, that her fortune is not large. Now you know it might have been a fine lady with no money at all. He still talks of visiting Old-Park before he is tied down to his summer residence.

This silly dirty place has had all its thoughts taken up with choosing a new high steward, and had not Lord Hardwicke surprisingly and to the shame of the faculty, recovered by a quack medicine, I believe in my conscience the noble Earl of Sandwich had been chosen, though (let me do them the justice to say) not without a considerable opposition. His principal Agents are Dr. Brook of St. John's, Mr. Brocket, and Dr. Long, whose old tory notions, that had long lain by neglected and forgotten, are brought out again and furbished for present use, though rusty and out of joint, like his own spheres and orreries. Their crests are much fallen, and countenances lengthened by the transactions of last week, for the ministry on Tuesday last (after sitting till near eight in the morning) carried a small point by a majority of only 40, and on another previous

division by one of 10 only, and on Friday last (at five in the morning) there were 220 to 234, and by this the court only obtained to adjourn the debate for four months, and not to get any declaration in favour of their measures. If they hold their ground many weeks after this, I shall wonder; but the new reign has already produced many wonders. The other house, I hear, will soon take in hand a book lately published by some scoundrel lawyer on the Prerogative; in which is scraped together all the flattery and blasphemy of our old law books in honour of kings. I presume it is understood that the court will support the cause of this impudent scribbler. There is another impudent fellow of the same profession, but somewhat more conspicuous by his place (a friend of yours, with whom I supped at your house ten or eleven years ago) that has gained to himself the most general and universal detestation of any man perhaps in this age. I congratulate you on your acquaintance with him.

Mr. Brown is preparing your grafts, which are to be sent about a week hence, for that is the proper time; but as your parcels used to be carried to your brother's, we are afraid they may be neglected there in the present confusion. If you think so, you will direct him forthwith to whom he may address them. Pray tell me, when you are at leisure, all the transactions and improvements of Old-Park, that I may rectify and model my ideas accordingly. What has become of you in these inundations, that have drowned us all, and in this hot and unseasonable winter? present my respects to Mrs. Wharton, and my compliments to Miss. How do the little family do?

I am ever sincerely yours.

## LETTER CXIV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

Cambridge, July 10, 1764.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I DO remember, and shall ever remember, as I ought, your extreme kindness in offering to be present, and to assist me in the *perilous hour*. When I received your letter I was pleased to find, I had done every thing almost that you advised. The fault lay in deferring matters too long. \*

\* \* \* \* \*

\* Nine or ten strokes of the lancet, and the application of a caustic, with fomentations innumerable, I suffered manfully: indeed the pain in idea is much greater than in reality, and now I am glad I know it. It is certain, I am better at present, than I had been in at least a year before the operation. I should tell you, that for some days before I submitted to it, I had taken soap in large quantities, and for aught I know, the inflammation might be rather increased by it. Dr. Whytt (I remember) speaking of the use of lime-water and soap; says, that if the patient be subject to the piles, he must omit the latter. Towards the end of my confinement, during which (you may believe) I lived on nothing, came the gout in one foot, *but so tame you might have stroked it\**; such a *minikin*, you

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\* George Montagu said of our last earthquake "that it was so tame you might have stroked it." Walpole's Letters, V. 491. I have mentioned several

might have played with it; in three or four days it disappeared.

It was true, as Stonehewer told you, that I had a great tendency towards Old-Park and Hart-le-pool; but on prudent consideration I find I cannot well afford it, and must defer that pleasure to another summer. The minikin and I act upon the same principles: she cannot be a river, nor I a traveller, without money. If we had but a *head*, we should, both of us, make a figure in the world.

Mason does not seem very impatient, for he writes word, that he is busy in modelling antique vases in clay; and in reading a course of ecclesiastical history, when I expected *consummation*, and was praying heaven to give him a good and gentle governess; no man wants such a thing more, in all senses; but his greatest wants do not make him move a foot the faster, nor has he, properly speaking, any thing one can call a passion about him, except a little malice and revenge.

Our election is in Westminster Hall; but it is not likely that any great matter can be done in it till Michaelmas Term next. In the mean time Lord Sandwich and his friends do what they can to keep up an interest and a bustle. Here is a poor scribbler that he hires to write a weekly paper called the *Scrutator*, who by abuse of characters does all in his power to provoke people; but cannot so much as get himself answered.

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coincidences of thought and expression of this kind in the letters of Gray, and Walpole, which I conceived to be a kind of common property; the reader indeed will recognize much of that species of humour which distinguishes Gray's correspondence in the letters of Walpole, inferior, I think, in its comic force; sometimes deviating too far from propriety in search of subjects for the display of its talent, and not altogether free from affectation.—*Ed.*

I could not find any one in town that ever heard of it (though the subject is well known there) and if any body saw its name in the advertisements, I believe they only took it for a *scrutoire* to be sold. The Nation is in the same hands as the University, and really does not make so manful a resistance. Grumble indeed every one does, but since Wilkes's affair, they fall off their metal, and seem to shrink under the brazen hand of Norton and his colleagues.

I hear there will be no parliament till after Christmas. If the French should be so unwise as to suffer the Spanish Court to go on in their present measures (for they refuse to pay the ransom of Manilla, and have driven away our logwood cutters already), down go their friends in the ministry, and all the schemes of right divine, and prerogative; and this is perhaps the best chance we have. Are you not struck with the great similarity there is between the first years of Charles I. and the present times? who would have thought it possible five years ago?

The old rogue Lord Bath is dead at last. I understood the contest for his spoils lay between your noble friend at Raby, and Mr. Colman, the comic poet, but whether they are fallen to either of them I have not heard as yet. Pray, what is the policy of that castle? the elder brother lives more than usual in the country, as if he were not in the best humour with his friends at court; and the younger has been at times an orator in the opposition. Have they been disobliged, or do they fear to disoblige their former friends who may come into play again?

Two more volumes of Buffon are come over; I mention them in case you choose to have them. I know of nothing



else, except half a dozen new works of that inexhaustible, eternal, entertaining scribbler Voltaire, who at last (I fear) will go to heaven, for to him entirely it is owing, that the king of France and his council have received and set aside the decision of the parliament of Thoulouse in the affair of Calas: the poor man, 'tis true, has been broke on the wheel long ago; but his widow and wretched family may have some reparation, and his murtherers may smart a little for it. You see a scribbler may be of some use in the world.

If you see Stonehewer at his return from Buxton, be so good to tell him, that there will be only 200 \* copies of Lord Herbert's Life printed, half of which are for Lord Powis, and the rest will be given away only. If I happen to have two (which I do not expect) he shall have one of them.

Ah! poor James Lyon!—how do the family bear it? My best respects to the lady of Old-Park (the duchess I should say) and lady Mary, &c. I hope they are all well. Are Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan with you? Do you say your prayers o'nights? Adieu!

am ever yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown, who is quite well, presents his humble service. He would wish to come to-morrow, only he thinks it impossible, and does not believe any body did ever really go so far.

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\* The Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, for the first time printed at the Strawberry Hill Press, in small 4to. in 1764. 200 Copies. See Walpole's Works, II. p. 515.—*Ed.*

## LETTER CXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

I RECEIVED your letter at Southampton; and as I would wish to treat every body, according to their own rule and measure of good breeding, have, against my inclination, waited till now before I answered it, purely out of fear and respect, and an ingenuous diffidence of my own abilities. If you will not take this as an excuse, accept it at least as a well-turned period, which is always my principal concern.

So I proceed to tell you that my health is much improved by the sea, not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the common people do: no! I only walked by it, and looked upon it. The climate is remarkably mild, even in October and November; no snow has been seen to lie there for these thirty years past; the myrtles grow in the ground against the houses, and Guernsey lilies bloom in every window; the town, clean and well-built, surrounded by its old stone-walls, with their towers and gateways, stands at the point of a peninsula, and opens full south to an arm of the sea, which, having formed two beautiful bays on each hand of it, stretches away in direct view, till it joins the British Channel; it is skirted on either side with gently-rising grounds, cloathed with thick wood, and directly cross its mouth rise the high lands of the Isle of Wight at

distance, but distinctly seen. In the bosom of the woods (concealed from profane eyes) lie hid the ruins of Netley abbey; there may be richer and greater houses of religion, but the Abbot is content with his situation. See there, at the top of that hanging meadow, under the shade of those old trees that bend into a half circle about it, he is walking slowly (good man!) and bidding his beads for the souls of his benefactors, interred in that venerable pile that lies beneath him. Beyond it (the meadow still descending) nods a thicket of oaks that mask the building, and have excluded a view too garish and luxuriant for a holy eye; only on either hand they leave an opening to the blue glittering sea. Did you not observe how, as that white sail shot by and was lost, he turned and crossed himself to drive the tempter from him that had thrown that distraction in his way? I should tell you that the ferryman who rowed me, a lusty young fellow, told me that he would not for all the world pass a night at the abbey (there were such things seen near it) though there was a power of money hid there. From thence I went to Salisbury, Wilton, and Stonehenge; but of these I say no more, they will be published at the University press.

P. S. I must not close my letter without giving you one principal event of my history; which was, that (in the course of my late tour) I set out one morning before five o'clock, the moon shining through a dark and misty autumnal air, and got to the sea-coast time enough to be at the Sun's Levee. I saw the clouds and dark vapours open gradually to right and left, rolling over one another in great smoky wreaths, and the tide (as it flowed gently in upon the sands) first whitening, then slightly tinged with gold and blue; and all at once a little line of insufferable brightness that (before I can write these five words) was grown to half an orb, and now to a whole one,

too glorious to be distinctly seen\*. It is very odd it makes no figure on paper; yet I shall remember it as long as the sun, or at least as long as I endure. I wonder whether any body ever saw it before? I hardly believe it.

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## LETTER CXVI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE. *J. H. 1763*

*Sunday, Dec. 30, 1764.*

I HAVE received the Castle of Otranto, and return you my thanks for it. It engages our attention here†, makes some of us cry a little, and all in general afraid to go to bed o' nights. We take it for a translation, and should believe it to be a true story, if it were not for St. Nicholas.

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\* This puts me in mind of a similar description written by Dr. Jeremy Taylor, which I shall here beg leave to present to the reader, who will find by it that the old Divine had occasionally as much power of description as even our modern Poet. "As when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness; gives light to the cock, and calls up the lark to mattins; and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns \* \* \*; and still (while a man tells the story) the sun gets up higher till he shews a fair face and a full light."—J. Taylor's *Holy Dying*, p. 17.—*Mason*.

† At Cambridge.

When your pen was in your hand you might have been a little more communicative, for though disposed enough to believe the opposition rather consumptive, I am entirely ignorant of all the symptoms. Your canonical book I have been reading with great satisfaction. He speaketh as one having authority. If Englishmen have any feeling left, methinks they must feel now; and if the Ministry have any feeling (whom nobody will suspect of insensibility) they must cut off the author's ears, for it is in all the forms a most wicked libel. Is the old man and the lawyer put on, or is it real? or has some real lawyer furnished a good part of the materials, and another person employed them? This I guess; for there is an uncouthness of diction in the beginning which is not supported throughout, though it now and then occurs again, as if the writer\* was weary of supporting the character he had assumed, when the subject had warmed him, beyond dissimulation.

Rousseau's Letters † I am reading heavily, heavily! He justifies himself, till he convinces me that he deserved to be burnt, at least that his book did. I am not got through him, and you never will. Voltaire I detest, and have not seen his book: I shall in good time. You surprise me, when you talk of going in ‡ February. Pray, does all the minority go too? I hope you have a reason. *Desperare de republica* is a deadly sin in politics.

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\* Mr. Gray may probably allude to a Pamphlet called "A Letter concerning Libels, Warrants, Seizure of Papers, and Security for the Peace or Behaviour, with a View to some late Proceedings, and the Defence of them by the Majority:"—supposed to have been written by William Greaves, Esq. a Master in Chancery, under the inspection of the late Lord Camden.—*Ed. of Walpole's Works.*

† The Letters de la Montagne.

‡ To Paris.

Adieu! I will not take my leave of you; for (you perceive) this letter means to beg another, when you can spare a little.

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## LETTER CXVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. PALGRAVE\*.

*March, 1765.*

MY instructions, of which you are so desirous, are two-fold: the first part relates to what is past, and that will be rather diffuse: the second, to what is to come; and that we shall treat more succinctly, and with all due brevity.

First, when you come to Paris you will not fail to visit the cloister of the Chartreuse, where Le Sueur (in the history of St. Bruno) has almost equalled Raphael. Then your Gothic inclinations will naturally lead you to the Sainte Chapelle built by St. Louis: in the treasury is preserved one of the noblest gems of the Augustan age. When you take a trip into the country, there is a fine old chapel at Vincennes with admirable painted windows; and at Fontainebleau, the remains of Francis the First's magnificence might give you some pleasure. In your way to Lyons you will take notice of the view over the Saone, from about Tournus and Macon. Fail not to walk a few miles along the banks of the Rhone, down the river. I would certainly

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\* Mr. Gray's correspondent was now making the tour of France and Italy.  
*Mason.*

make a little journey to the Grande Chartreuse, up the mountains: at your return out of Italy this will have little effect. At Turin you will visit the Capuchins' convent just without the city, and the Superga at no great distance, for the sake of the views. At Genoa observe the Terreno of the Palace Brignoli, as a model of an apartment elegantly disposed in a hot climate. At Parma you will adore the great Madonna and St. Jerom, once at St. Antonio Abbate, but now (I am told) in the Ducal Palace. In the Madonna della Steccata observe the Moses breaking the tables, a chiaroscuro figure of the Parmeggiano at too great a height, and ill-lighted, but immense. At the Capuchins, the great Pietá of Annib. Carracci; in the Villa Ducale, the room painted by Carlo Cignani; and the last works of Agostino Caracci at Modena\*. I know not what remains now, the flower

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\* When our Author was himself in Italy, he studied with much attention the different manners of the old masters. I find a paper written at the time in which he has set down several subjects proper for painting, which he had never seen executed, and has affixed the names of different masters to each piece, to show which of their pencils he thought would have been most proper to treat it. As I doubt not but this paper will be an acceptable present to the Reynoldses and Wests of the age, I shall here insert it.

An Altar Piece.—Guido.

The top, a Heaven; in the middle, at a distance, the Padre-Eterno indistinctly seen, and lost, as it were, in glory. On either hand, Angels of all degrees in attitudes of adoration and wonder. A little lower, and next the eye, supported on the wings of Seraphs, Christ (the principal figure) with an air of calm and serene majesty, his hand extended, as commanding the elements to their several places: near him an Angel of superior rank bearing the golden compasses (that Milton describes); beneath the Chaos, like a dark and turbulent ocean, only illumined by the Spirit, who is brooding over it.

A small Picture.—Correggio.

Eve newly created, admiring her own shadow in the lake.

of the collection is gone to Dresden. Bologna is too vast a subject for me to treat: the palaces and churches are open; you have nothing to do but to see them all. In coming down the Appennine you will see (if the sun shines) all Tuscany before you. And so I have brought you to Florence, where to be sure there is nothing worth seeing. Secondly,

*The famous Venus of this master, now in the possession of Sir William Hamilton, proves how judiciously Mr. Gray fixed upon his pencil for the execution of this charming subject. M.*

Another.—Domenichino.

Medea in a pensive posture, with revenge and maternal affection striving in her visage; her two children at play, sporting with one another before her. On one side a bust of Jason, to which they bear some resemblance.

A Statue.—Michael Angelo.

Agave in the moment she returns to her senses; the head of her Son, fallen on the ground from her hand.

*Vide Ovid. Met. lib. iii. l. 701. &c. M.*

A Picture.—Salvator Rosa.

Æneas and the Sybil sacrificing to Pluto by torch light in the wood, the assistants in a fright. The Day beginning to break, so as dimly to show the mouth of the cavern.

Sigismonda with the heart of Guiscardo before her. I have seen a small print on this subject, where the expression is admirable, said to be graven from a picture of Correggio.

*Afterwards, when he had seen the original in the possession of the late Sir Luke Schaub, he always expressed the highest admiration of it; though we see, by his here giving it to Salvator Rosa, he thought the subject too horrid to be treated by Correggio; and indeed I believe it is agreed that the capital picture in question is not of his hand. M.*



1. Vide, quodcunque videndum est.
2. Quodcunque ego non vidi, id tu vide.
3. Quodcunque videris, scribe & describe; memoria ne fide.\*
4. Scribendo nil admirare; & cum pictor non sis, verbis omnia depinge.

Another.—Albano, or the Parmeggiano.

Iphigenia asleep by the fountain side, her maids about her; Cymon gazing and laughing.

*This subject has been often treated; once indeed very curiously by Sir Peter Lely, in the way of portrait, when his sacred Majesty, Charles the Second, represented Cymon, and the Dutchess of Cleveland and Mrs. Eleanor Gwin (in as indecent attitudes as his royal taste could prescribe) were Iphigenia and her attendants. M.*

Another.—Domenichino, or the Carracci.

Electra with the urn, in which she imagined were her Brother's ashes, lamenting over them; Orestes smothering his concern.

Another.—Correggio.

Ithuriel and Zephon entering the bower of Adam and Eve; they sleeping. The light to proceed from the Angels.

Another.—Nicholas Poussin.

Alcestis dying; her children weeping, and hanging upon her robe; the youngest of them, a little boy, crying too, but appearing rather to do so, because the others are afflicted, than from any sense of the reason of their sorrow: her right arm should be round this, her left extended towards the rest, as recommending them to her Lord's care; he fainting, and supported by the attendants.

\* See Philo de Miraculis, p. 9.

5. Tritam viatorum compitam calca, & cum poteris, desere.
6. Eme, quodcunque emendum est; I do not mean pictures, medals, gems, drawings, &c. only; but clothes, stockings, shoes, handkerchiefs, little moveables; every thing you may want all your life long: but have a care of the custom house.

Pray present my most respectful compliments to Mr. Weddell\*. I conclude when the winter is over, and you have seen Rome and Naples, you will strike out of the beaten path of English travellers, and see a little of the country, throw yourselves into the bosom of the Appennine, survey the horrid lake of Amsanctus (look in Cluver's Italy), catch the breezes on the coast of Taranto and Salerno, expatiate to the very toe of the continent, perhaps strike over the Faro of Messina, and having measured the gigantic columns of Girgenti, and the tremendous caverns of Syracuse, refresh yourselves amidst the fragrant vale of Enna. Oh! che bel riposo! Addio.

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Salvator Rosa.

Hannibal passing the Alps; the mountaineers rolling down rocks upon his army; elephants tumbling down the precipices.

Another.—Domenichino.

Arria giving Claudius's order to Pætus, and stabbing herself at the same time.

N. Poussin, or Le Seur.

Virginius murdering his daughter; Appius at a distance, starting up from his tribunal; the people amazed, but few of them seeing the action itself.

\* William Weddell, Esq. of Newby, in Yorkshire.—*Mason*.

## LETTER CXVIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Camb. 29th April, 1765.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE lately heard, that you have been very ill, and that in the midst of your illness \* \* \* \* \* was obliged to fly from her persecutor, and put herself under your protection. Pray inform me, as soon as you can, of the state of your health in the first place; and next, how you have been able to secure a poor frightened woman from the brutality of such a husband, which under our excellent constitution (I take it) is rather a more difficult thing, than it would be in Turkey. For me I passed the latter part of the last Autumn at Southampton all alone (for I went to no room, nor saw any company, as they call it) in a most beautiful country and very gentle climate. The air and the walks agreed with me wonderfully. The sea-water I scarce tried (as the winter approached) enough, to say whether it would suit me or not. Sometime after I returned hither, came the gout in both feet successively, very gentle as to pain, but it left a weakness and sense of lassitude behind it, that even yet is not wholly dissipated. I have a great propensity to Hartlepool this summer, it is in your neighbourhood, and that is to make up for climate and for trees. The sea, the turf, and the rocks, I remember, have merit enough of their own. Mr. Brown is so invincibly attached to his duties of treasurer, and tutor, and I know not what, that I give up all hopes of bringing him

with me: nor do I (till I have been at London) speak determinately as to myself: perhaps I may find good reasons (against my inclination) to change my mind.

Your Mother, the University, has succeeded in her great cause against the Secretary of State. L<sup>d</sup>. Hardwicke is declared duly elected by a majority of one voice. All the Judges of the King's-bench took occasion to declare their opinion in set speeches on the question; I suppose, in order to gain a little popularity, for whatever seems against Lord Sandwich must be popular. L<sup>d</sup>. Mansfield was express on two points, that the Universities were not subject to any Royal Visitations, but might always apply to and receive redress from his Majesty's Courts of Justice; and that they were bound by no statutes, but such as they themselves had thought fit to receive. These things are doubtless of far more consequence to them than the cause in question, for which I am the less concerned, because I do believe the two Pretenders had (privately) agreed the matter before-hand, for the House of Yorke have undoubtedly been long making up to the Court. I should tell you, that Dr. Long's affidavit was only begun to be read, and laid aside as of no consequence. I suppose you know by this time, that our friend\* the Bishop of Chester was the private Ambassador of L<sup>d</sup>. Sandwich to this place, and made proposals in his name. He also was present on the side of that worthy nobleman at the remarkable interview with Mr. Charles Yorke. It is certain he refused the Archbishoprick of Armagh; but why, I cannot yet learn: some say, because they intended to quarter so many pensions upon it: others, because they would keep to themselves the disposal of all the preferments. But neither of these seem to be sufficient reasons.

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\* Dr. Edmund Keene: I possess one or two sportive Epigrams, written by Mr. Gray, on this gentleman.—*Ed.*

It is sure he wrote circular letters to his friends to acquaint them of this refusal, and that he was snubbed for doing so. Whereas B<sup>r</sup>. Newton, to whom it was first offered, made a great secret of it, as a good courtier should do. Now I am talking of Bishops, I must tell you that not long ago B<sup>r</sup>. Warburton in a sermon at Court asserted, that all preferments were bestowed on the most illiterate and worthless objects, and in speaking turned himself about and stared directly at the B<sup>r</sup>. of London, he added, that if any one arose distinguished for merit and learning, there was a combination of dunces to keep him down. I need not tell you that he expected the Bishoprick of London himself when Terrick got it: so ends my ecclesiastical history.

Our friend the Precentor, who has so long been in a *maritorient* way, is not yet married, and I doubt, it is all gone off. I dare not ask about it, but if I go northward, shall take him in my way, and see whether he will tell me. Present my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton, and Miss. I have no idea of the family at present, and expect to see a multitude of little new faces, that know not Joseph.

Adieu! dear Sir,

I am ever most sincerely yours,

T. G.

I hear you are well again, but pray tell me how well.

## LETTER CXIX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Thursday, 6th June, 1765, York.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

HERE am I (thanks to Mr. Precentor's hospitality) laid up with the gout: yet as to day I begin to walk again about the house on two legs, I flatter myself I shall be able to see you next week at Old Park. As to mine host of the Minster his eyes are very bad (in imitation of Horace) and he is besides tied down here to residence: yet he talks as if we might chance to see him in the bishoprick during the summer for a little while. His compliments join themselves to mine, and beg you would present them to Mrs. Wharton, and the numerous family. Adieu! no Mr. Brown! he is immersed too deep in Quintilian and Livy.

## LETTER CXX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I DEFERRED writing to you, till I had seen a little more of this country, than you yourself had seen, and now

being just returned from an excursion, which I and the Major have been making into the Highlands, I sit down to tell you about it: but first I must return to my journey hither, on which I shall be very short, partly because you know the way as far as Edinburgh, and partly that there was not a great deal worth remarking. The first night we passed at Tweedmouth (77 miles,) the next at Edinburgh (53 miles;) where Lord Strathmore left the Major and me, to go to Lenox-love, (L<sup>d</sup>. Blantyre's) where his aunt lives. So that afternoon and all next day I had leisure to visit the castle, Holy-Rood-House, Heriot's Hospital, Arthur's Seat, &c. and am not sorry to have seen that most picturesque (at a distance) and nastiest (when near) of all capital cities.

I supped with Dr. Robertson and other literati, and the next morning Lord S. came for us. We crossed the Queen's Ferry in a four-oared yawl, without a sail, and were tossed about rather more than I should wish to hazard again. Lay at Perth, a large *Scotch Town*, with much wood about it, on the banks of the Tay, a very noble river: next morning ferried over it, and came by dinner time to Glamis, being (from Edinburgh) 67 miles; which makes in all from Hetton, 197 miles. \*The castle stands in Strathmore (that is the great valley), which winds about from Stonehaven on the east coast of Kincairdinshire, obliquely as far as Stirling, near 100 miles in length, and from 7 to 10 miles in breadth, cultivated every where to the foot of the hills on either hand with oats or bere-barley, except where the soil is mere peat earth (black as a coal), or barren sand covered only with broom and heath, or a short grass fit for sheep. Here and there appear, just above ground, the huts of the inhabitants, which they call towns, built of and covered with turf; and among them, at great distances

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\* This is said to be the very Castle in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth.  
*Mason.*

the gentlemen's houses, with inclosures and a few trees round them. Amidst these our castle distinguishes itself, the middle part of it rising proudly out of what seems a thick wood of tall trees, with a cluster of hanging towers at the top. You descend to it gradually from the south, through a double and triple avenue of Scotch firs, 60 or 70 feet high, under three gateways. This approach is a full mile long, and when you have passed the second gate, the firs change to limes, and another oblique avenue goes off on either hand toward the offices; these as well as all the enclosures that surround the house, are bordered with three or four ranks of sycamores, ashes, and white poplars of the noblest height, and from 70 to 100 years old. Other alleys there are that go off at right angles with the long one, small groves and walled gardens of Earl Patrick's planting, full of broad leaved elms, oaks, birch, black cherry trees, laburnums, &c. all of great stature and size, which have not till this week begun to show the least sense of morning frosts. The third gate delivers you into a court with a broad pavement and grass plats, adorned with statues of the four Stuart kings, bordered with old silver firs and yew trees alternately, and opening with an iron palisade on either side to two square old fashioned parterres, surrounded by stone fruit walls. The house from the height of it, the greatness of its mass, the many towers a-top, the spread of its wings, has really a very singular and striking appearance, like nothing I ever saw. You will comprehend something of its shape, from the plan of the second floor, which I enclose; the wings are about fifty feet high, the body (which is the old castle with walls ten feet thick) is near 100 from the leads. I see to the South of me, (just at the end of the avenue) the little town of Glames, the houses built of stone and slated; with a neat kirk and small square tower, (a rarity in this region), just beyond it rises a beautiful round hill, and another ridge of a larger form adjacent to it, both covered with woods of tall fir: beyond them peep over the black hills of *Sid-law*, over which winds the road



to Dundee. To the North, within about seven miles of me, begin to rise the Grampians, hill above hill, on whose tops three weeks ago, I could plainly see some traces of the snow, that fell in May last. To the East winds away the *Strath* such as I have before described it, among the hills which sink lower and lower, as they approach the sea. To the West, the same valley, (not plain, but broken, unequal ground) runs on far above twenty miles in view. There I see the crags above Dunkeld; there *Beni-gloe* and *Beni-more* rise above the clouds, and there is that *She-Khallian* that spires into a cone above them all, and lies at least 45 miles (in a direct line) from this place. L<sup>d</sup>. S. who is the greatest farmer in this neighbourhood, is from break of day to dark night among his husbandmen and labourers; he has near 2000 acres of lands in his own hand, and is at present employed in building a low wall of four miles long; and in widening the bed of the little river *Deane*, which runs to S. and S.E. of the house, from about twenty to fifty feet wide, both to prevent inundations, and to drain the lake of Forfar. This work will be two years more in completing; and must be three miles in length. All the Highlanders that can be got, are employed in it; many of them know no English, and I hear them singing Erse-songs all day long. The price of labour is eight-pence a day; but to such as will join together and engage to perform a certain portion in a limited time, two shillings. I must say that all our labours seem to prosper, and my L<sup>d</sup>. has casually found in digging such quantities of shell-marle, as not only to fertilize his own grounds, but are disposed of at a good price to all his neighbours. In his nurseries are thousands of oaks, beech, larches, horse-chesnuts, spruce-fir, &c., thick as they can stand, and whose only fault is, that they are grown tall and vigorous before he has determined where to plant them out. The most advantageous spot we have for beauty lies West of the house, where (when the stone walls of the meadows are taken

away) the grounds (naturally unequal) will have a very park-like appearance, they are already full of trees, which need only thinning here and there to break the regularity of their lines, and through them winds the *Burn of Glames*, a clear and rapid trout-stream, which joins the R. Deane hard by. Pursuing the course of this brook upwards, you come to a narrow sequestered valley, sheltered from all winds, through which it runs murmuring among great stones; on one hand the ground gently rises into a hill, on the other are the rocky banks of the rivulet almost perpendicular, yet covered with sycamore, ash, and fir, that (though it seems to have no place, or soil to grow in, yet) has risen to a good height, and forms a thick shade. You may continue along this gill, and passing by one end of the village and its church for half-a-mile, it leads to an opening between the two hills covered with fir-woods, that I mentioned above, through which the stream makes its way, and forms a cascade of ten or twelve feet over broken rocks. A very little art is necessary to make all this a beautiful scene. The weather till the last week has been in general very fine and warm: we have had no fires till now, and often have sat with the windows open an hour after sunset. Now and then a shower has come, and sometimes sudden gusts of wind descend from the mountains that finish as suddenly as they arose: but to-day it blows a hurricane. Upon the whole I have been exceedingly lucky in my weather, and particularly in my highland expedition of five days.

We set out then the 11th of September, and continuing along the Strath to the West passed through *Megill*, (where is the tomb of *Queen Wanders*, that was riven to dethe by staned-horses for nae gude that she did. So the women there told me, I am sure) through Cowper of Angus, over the river Ila, then over a wide and dismal heath fit for an assembly of witches, till we came to a string of four small lakes in a valley, whose deep

blue waters, and green margin, with a gentleman's house or two seated on them in little groves, contrasted with the black desert, in which they were enclosed. The ground now grew unequal; the hills more rocky seemed to close in upon us, till the road came to the brow of a steep descent, and (the sun then setting) between two woods of oak we saw far below us the river Tay come sweeping along at the bottom of a precipice, at least 150 feet deep, clear as glass, full to the brim, and very rapid in its course. It seemed to issue out of woods thick and tall, that rose on either hand, and were overhung by broken rocky crags, of vast height; above them to the West the tops of higher mountains appeared, on which the evening clouds reposed. Down by the side of the river, under the thickest shades is seated the town of Dunkeld; in the midst of it stands a round cathedral, the towers and shell of the building still entire; a little beyond it a large house of the Duke of Athol with its offices and gardens extends a mile beyond the town; and as his grounds were interrupted by the streets and roads, he has flung arches of communication across them, that add to the scenery of the place, which of itself is built of good white stone, and handsomely slated, so that no one would take it for a Scotch town till they came into it; here we passed the night. If I told you how, you would bless yourself. Next day we set forward to Taymouth twenty-seven miles farther West; the road winding through beautiful woods, with the Tay almost always in full view to the right, being here from three to four hundred feet over. The Strath-Tay, from a mile to three miles or more wide, covered with corn, and spotted with groups of people, then in the midst of their harvest; on either hand a vast chain of rocky mountains, that changed their face, and opened something new every hundred yards, as the way turned, or the clouds passed. In short altogether it was one of the most pleasing days I have passed these many years, and at every step I wished for you. At the

close of the day, we came to *Balloch\**, so the place was called, but now for decency *Taymouth*; improperly enough, for here it is that the river issues out of Loch-Tay, (a glorious lake fifteen miles long, and one and a half broad) surrounded with prodigious mountains. There on its North Eastern brink impending over it, is the vast hill of Lawers; to the East is that monstrous creation of God, *She-khallian* (i. e. the Maiden's Pap) spiring above the clouds. Directly West, (beyond the end of the lake) *Benimore* (the great mountain) rises to a most awful height, and looks down on the tomb of Fingal. Lord Braidalbane's *policy* (so they call here all such ground as is laid out for pleasure) takes in about 2000 acres, of which his house, offices, and a deer-park about three miles round, occupy the plain or bottom, which is little above a mile in breadth; through it winds the Tay, which by means of a bridge, I found here to be 156 feet over. His plantations and woods rise with the ground on either side of the vale, to the very summit of the enormous crags that overhang it; along them on the mountain's side runs a terrass one mile and a half long, that overlooks the course of the river. From several seats and temples perched on particular rocky eminences you command the lake for many miles in length, which turns like some huge river, and loses itself among the mountains that surround it. At its Eastern extremity where the river issues out of it, on a Peninsula, my Lord has built a neat little town, and church, with a high square tower, and just before it lies a small round island in the lake covered with trees, amongst which are the ruins of some little religious house. Trees (by the way) grow here to great size and beauty. I saw four old chesnuts in the road, as you enter the park, of vast bulk and height. One beech tree, I

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\* Mr. Pennant in his tour in Scotland, explains this word "the Mouth of the Loch."—*Mason*.

measured that was sixteen feet seven inches in the girth and (I guessed) near eighty feet in height. The gardener presented us with peaches, nectarines, and plums from the stone walls of the kitchen garden (for there are no brick nor hot walls) the peaches were good, the rest well tasted, but scarce ripe. We had also golden-pippins from an espalier (not ripe) and a melon very well flavoured and fit to cut. Of the house I have little to say, it is a very good nobleman's house, handsomely furnished, and well kept, very comfortable to inhabit, but not worth going far to see. Of the Earl's taste I have not much more to say, it is one of those noble situations that man cannot spoil; it is however certain, that he has built an inn and a town just where his principal walks should have been, and in the most wonderful spot of ground that perhaps belongs to him. In this inn however we lay, and next day returning down the river four miles, we passed it over a fine bridge, built at the expence of the government, and continued our way to Loije-Rait, just below which, in a most charming scene, the *Tummell*, which is here the larger river of the two, falls into the *Tay*. We ferried over the *Tummell*, in order to get into Marshal Wade's road, (which leads from Dunkeld to Inverness) and continued our way along it toward the North. The road is excellent, but dangerous enough in conscience, the river often running directly under us at the bottom of a precipice 200 feet deep, sometimes masqued indeed by wood, that finds means to grow where I could not stand; but very often quite naked and without any defence: in such places we walked for miles together, partly for fear, and partly to admire the beauty of the country; which the beauty of the weather set off to the greatest advantage. As evening came on, we approached the Pass of Gillikrankie, where in the year 1745, the Hessians with their Prince at their head stopped short and refused to march a foot farther.

“ Vestibulum ante ipsum primisq; in faucibus Orci,”

stands the solitary mansion of Mr. Robinson of Faseley. Close by it rises a hill covered with oak, with grotesque masses of rock staring from among their trunks, like the sullen countenances of Fingal and all his family frowning on the little mortals of modern days. From between this hill and the adjacent mountains, pent in a narrow channel, comes roaring out the river Tummell, and falls headlong down, enclosed in white foam, which rises into a mist all round it.—But my paper is deficient, and I must say nothing of the Pass itself, the black river Garry, the Blair of Athol, Mount Beni-gloe, my return (by another road) to Dunkeld, the Hermitage, the *Stra-Brann*, and the rumbling Brigg. In short since I saw the Alps, I have seen nothing sublime till now. In about a week I shall set forward by the Stirling road on my return all alone. Pray for me till I see you, for I dread Edinburgh and the itch; and expect to find very little in my way worth the perils I am to endure. My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and the young ladies, (including herself) and to Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan, if they are with you. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. G.

[*Glames, Sept. 1765.*]

## LETTER CXXI.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. BEATTIE.\**Glames-Castle, Sept. 8, 1765.*

A LITTLE journey I have been making to Arbroath, has been the cause that I did not answer your very obliging letter so soon as I ought to have done. A man of merit, that honours me with his esteem, and has the frankness to tell me so, doubtless can need no excuses: his apology is made, and we are already acquainted, however distant from each other.

I fear I cannot (as I would wish) do myself the pleasure of waiting on you at Aberdeen, being under an engagement to go to-morrow to Taymouth, and, if the weather will allow it, to the Blair of Athol: this will take up four or five days, and at my return the approach of winter will scarce permit me to think of any farther expeditions northwards. My stay here will, however, be a fortnight or three weeks longer; and if in that time any business or invitation should call you this way, Lord Strathmore gives me commission to say, he shall be extremely glad to see you at Glames; and doubt not it will be a particular satisfaction to me to receive and thank you in person for the favourable sentiments you have entertained of me, and the civilities with which you have honoured me.

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\* Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic in the Marischal College, Aberdeen.—*Mason*.

## LETTER CXXII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

*Glames-Castle, Oct. 2, 1765.*

I MUST beg you would present my most grateful acknowledgments to your society for the public mark of their esteem, which you say they are disposed to confer on me\*. I embrace, with so deep and just a sense of their goodness, the substance of that honour they do me, that I hope it may plead my pardon with them if I do not accept the form. I have been, Sir, for several years a member of the University of Cambridge, and formerly (when I had some thoughts of the profession) took a Bachelor of Laws' degree there; since that time, though long qualified by my standing, I have always neglected to finish my course, and claim my doctor's degree: judge, therefore, whether it will not look like a slight, and some sort of contempt, if I receive the same degree from a Sister University. I certainly would avoid giving any offence to a set of men, among whom I have passed so many easy, and I may say, happy hours of my life; yet shall ever retain in my memory the obligations you have laid me under, and be proud of my connection with the University of Aberdeen.

It is a pleasure to me to find that you are not offended with the liberties I took when you were at Glames; you took

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\* The Marischal College of Aberdeen had desired to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Gray to receive from them the degree of Doctor of Laws. Mr. Beattie wrote to him on the subject, and this is the answer.—*Mason*.



me too literally, if you thought I meant in the least to discourage you in your pursuit of poetry: all I intended to say was, that if either vanity (that is, a general and undistinguishing desire of applause), or interest, or ambition has any place in the breast of a poet, he stands a great chance in these our days of being severely disappointed; and yet, after all these passions are suppressed, there may remain in the mind of one, “*ingenti percussus amore,*” (and such I take you to be) incitements of a better sort, strong enough to make him write verse all his life, both for his own pleasure and that of all posterity.

\* I am sorry for the trouble you have had to gratify my curiosity and love of superstition\*; yet I heartily thank you. On Monday, Sir, I set forward on my way to England; where if I can be of any little use to you, or should ever have the good fortune to see you, it will be a particular satisfaction to me. Lord Strathmore and the family here desire me to make their compliments to you.

P. S. Remember Dryden, and be blind to all his faults †.

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\* Mr. Gray, when in Scotland, had been very inquisitive after the popular superstitions of the country; his correspondent sent him two books on this subject, foolish ones indeed, as might be expected, but the best that could be had; a *History of Second-sight*, and a *History of Witches*.—*Mason*.

† Mr. Beattie, it seems, in their late interview, had expressed himself with less admiration of Dryden than Mr. Gray thought his due. He told him in reply, “that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he had learned it wholly from that great poet. And pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification were singularly happy and harmonious.”—*Mason*.

## LETTER CXXIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

IT is long since that I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me that she was recovered, otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and to inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is, that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this is obvious, and (what you call) a trite observation. You are a green gosling! I was at the same age (very near) as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart\*. Many a corollary could I draw from this axiom for your use (not for my own), but I will leave you the merit of doing it for yourself. Pray tell me how your health is: I conclude it perfect, as I hear you offered yourself as a guide to Mr. Palgrave into the Sierra-Morena of Yorkshire. For me, I passed the end of May and all June in Kent, not disagreeably. In the west part of it, from every eminence, the eye

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\* He seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh. After his death her gowns and wearing apparel were found in a trunk in his apartments just as she had left them; it seemed as if he could never take the resolution to open it, in order to distribute them to his female relations, to whom, by his will, he bequeathed them.—*Mason*.

catches some long reach of the Thames or Medway, with all their shipping: in the east the sea breaks in upon you, and mixes its white transient sails and glittering blue expanse with the deeper and brighter greens of the woods and corn. This sentence is so fine I am quite ashamed; but no matter! You must translate it into prose. Palgrave, if he heard it, would cover his face with his pudding sleeve. I do not tell you of the great and small beasts, and creeping things innumerable, that I met with, because you do not suspect that this world is inhabited by any thing but men, and women, and clergy, and such two-legged cattle. Now I am here again very disconsolate, and all alone, for Mr. Brown is gone, and the cares of this world are coming thick upon me; you, I hope, are better off, riding and walking in the woods of Studley, &c. &c. I must not wish for you here; besides I am going to town at Michaelmas, by no means for amusement.

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## LETTER CXXIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE. *Despatched*

*Cambridge, Dec. 13, 1765.*

I AM very much obliged to you for the detail you enter into on the subject of your own health, in this you cannot be too circumstantial for me, who had received no account of you, but at second hand: such as, that you were dangerously ill, and therefore went to France; that you meant to try a

better climate, and therefore staid at Paris; that you had relapsed, and were confined to your bed, and extremely in vogue, and supped in the best company, and were at all public diversions. I rejoiced to find (improbable as it seemed) that all the wonderful part of this is strictly true, and that the serious part has been a little exaggerated. This latter I conclude, not so much from your own account of yourself, as from the spirits in which I see you write: and long may they continue to support you! I mean in a reasonable degree of elevation; but if (take notice) they are so volatile, so flippant, as to suggest any of those doctrines of health, which you preach with all the zeal of a French atheist; at least, if they really do influence your practice; I utterly renounce them and all their works. They are *evil spirits*, and will lead you to destruction.—You have long built your hopes on temperance, you say, and hardiness. On the first point we are agreed. The second has totally disappointed you, and *therefore* you will persist in it, by all means. But then be sure to persist too in being young, in stopping the course of time, and making the shadow return back upon your sun dial. If you find this not so easy, acquiesce with a good grace in my anilities, put on your under stockings of yarn, or woollen, even in the night time. Don't provoke me! or I shall order you two night caps (which by the way would do your eyes good), and put a little of any French liqueur into your water, they are nothing but brandy and sugar, and among their various flavours, some of them may surely be palatable enough. The pain in your feet I *can bear*; but I shudder at the sickness in your stomach, and the weakness that still continues. I conjure you, as you love yourself; I conjure you by Strawberry, not to trifle with these edge-tools. There is no cure for the gout, when in the stomach, but to throw it into the limbs. There is no relief for

the gout in the limbs, but in gentle warmth and gradual perspiration.

I was much entertained with your account of our neighbours. As an Englishman and an Antigallican, I rejoice at their dullness and their nastiness, though I fear we shall come to imitate them in both. Their atheism is a little too much, too shocking to rejoice at. I have been long sick at it in their authors, and hated them for it; but I pity their poor innocent people of fashion. They were bad enough when they believed every thing!

I have searched where you directed me, which I could not do sooner, as I was at London when I received your letter, and could not easily find her Grace's\* works. Here they abound in every library. The print you ask after is the frontispiece to *Nature's pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil*. But lest there should be any mistake, I must tell you the family are not at dinner, but sitting round a rousing fire and telling stories. The room is just such a one as we lived in at Rheims: I mean as to the glazing and ceiling. The chimney is supported by cariatides: over the mantle-piece the arms of the family. The duke and duchess are crowned with laurel. A servant stands behind him, holding a hat and feather. Another is shutting a window. Diepenbecke delin. and (I think) S. Clouwe sculps. It is a very pretty and curious print, and I thank you for the sight of it. If it ever was a picture, what a picture to have! I must tell you, that upon cleaning an old picture here at St. John's Lodge, which I always took for a Holbein, on a ring which the figure wears, they have found H. H. It has been always called B. V. Fisher; but

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\* Duchess of Newcastle.

is plainly a layman, and probably Sir Anthony Denny, who was a benefactor to the college.

What is come of your Sevigné curiosity? I should be glad of a line now and then, when you have leisure. I wish you well,

And am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

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## LETTER CXXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BENTHAM.

*About the year 1765.*

TO THE REV. MR. BENTHAM.

MR. GRAY returns the papers and prints to Mr. Bentham, with many thanks for the sight of them.

Concludes he has laid aside his intention of publishing the first four sections of his Introduction, that contain the settlement and progress of Christianity among the Saxons; as (however curious and instructive of themselves) they certainly have too slight a connection with the subject in hand to make a part of the present work.

Has received much entertainment and information from his remarks on the state of Architecture among the Saxons, and

thinks he has proved his point against the authority of Stow and Somner. The words of Eddius, Richard of Hexham, &c. must be every where cited in the original tongue, as the most accurate translation is in these cases not to be trusted; this Mr. B. has indeed commonly done in the MSS. but not every where.

P. 31. He says, the instances Sir C. Wren brings, were, *some of them at least*, undoubtedly erected after the Conquest. Sure they were all so without exception.

There is much probability in what he asserts with respect to the *New Norman Mode* of building; though this is not, nor perhaps can be, made out with so much precision as the former point.

P. 35. Here, where the Author is giving a compendious view of the peculiarities that distinguish the Saxon style, it might be mentioned, that they had no tabernacles (or niches and canopies), nor any statues to adorn their buildings on the outside, which are the principal grace of what is called the Gothick; the only exception that I can recollect, is a little figure of Bishop Herebert Losing over the north transept door at Norwich, which appears to be of that time: but this is rather a mezzo-relievo than a statue, and it is well known that they used reliefs sometimes with profusion, as in the Saxon gateway of the Abbey at Bury, the gate of the Temple church at London, and the two gates at Ely, &c.

The want of pinnacles and of tracery in the vaults, are afterwards mentioned, but may as well be placed here too (in short) among the other characteristics.

Escutcheons of arms are hardly (if ever) seen in these fabrics, which are the most frequent of all decorations in after-times.

P. 34. Beside the chevron-work (or zig-zag moulding) so common, which is here mentioned, there is also,

The *Billeted-moulding*, as if a cylinder should be cut into small pieces of equal length, and these stuck on alternately round the face of the arches, as in the choir at Peterborough, and at St. Cross, &c.

The *Nail-head*, resembling the heads of great nails driven in at regular distances, as in the nave of old St. Paul's, and the great tower of Hereford, &c.

The *Nebule*, a projection terminated by an undulating line as under the upper range of windows, on the outside of Peterborough.

Then to adorn their vast massive columns there was the *spiral-groove* winding round the shafts, and the *net*, or *lozenge-work*, overspreading them, both of which appear at Durham, and the first in the undercroft at Canterbury.

These few things are mentioned only, because Mr. Bentham's work is so nearly complete in this part, that one would wish it were quite so. His own observation may doubtless suggest to him many more peculiarities, which, however minute in appearance, are not contemptible, because they directly belong to his subject, and contribute to ascertain the age of an edifice at first sight. The great deficiency is from Henry VIth's time to the Reformation, when the art was indeed at its height.



P. 36. At York, under the choir, remains much of the old work, built by Archbishop Roger, of Bishop's-bridge, in Henry III's reign; the arches are but just pointed, and rise on short round pillars, whose capitals are adorned with animals and foliage.

P. 37. Possibly the pointed arch might take its rise from those arcades we see in the early Norman (or Saxon) buildings on walls, where the wide semicircular arches cross and intersect each other, and form thereby at their intersection exactly a narrow and sharp-pointed arch. In the wall south of the choir at St. Cross, is a facing of such wide, round, interlaced arches by way of ornament to a flat vacant space; only so much of it as lies between the legs of the two neighbouring arches, where they cross each other, is pierced through the fabric, and forms a little range of long pointed windows. It is of King Stephen's time.

P. 43. As Mr. B. has thought it proper to make a compliment to the *present set of governors* in their respective churches, it were to be wished he would insert a little reflection on the rage of repairing, beautifying, whitewashing, painting, and gilding, and above all, the mixture of Greek (or Roman) ornaments in Gothic edifices. This well-meant fury has been and will be little less fatal to our ancient magnificent edifices, than the Reformation and the civil wars.

Mr. G. would wish to be told (at Mr. Bentham's leisure) whether over the great pointed arches, on which the western tower at Ely rises, any thing like a semicircular curve appears in the stone work? and whether the screen (or rood-loft) with some part of the south-cross, may not possibly be a part of the more ancient church built by Abbot Simeon and Fitz-Gilbert.

## LETTER CXXVI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*March 5, 1766. Pemb. C.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I AM amazed at myself when I think I have never wrote to you; to be sure it is the sin of witchcraft, or something worse. Something indeed might be said for it, had I been married like Mason, who (for the first time since that great event) has just thought fit to tell me, that he never passed so happy a winter as the last; and this in spite of his anxieties, which perhaps (he says) might even make a part of his happiness: for his wife is by no means in health; she has a constant cough, yet he is assured her lungs are not affected, and that it is nothing of the consumptive kind. What say you to this case? May I flatter him that breeding will be a cure for this disorder? If so, I hear she is in a fair way to be well. As to me, I have been neither happy nor miserable, but in a gentle stupefaction of mind, and very tolerable health of body, hitherto: if they last, I shall not much complain. The accounts one has lately had from all parts make me suppose you buried under the snow, like the old Queen of Denmark. As soon as you are dug out, I should rejoice to hear your voice from the battlements of Old Park. The greatest cold we have felt here was Jan. 2: Thermom. (in the garden) at four in the afternoon, standing at  $30\frac{1}{2}$  Deg. and next day fell a little snow, which did not lie: it was the first we had

had during the winter. Again, Feb. 5, toward night, Therm. was down at 30 Deg. with a clear sky. The Snowdrops then beginning to blow in the garden. Next day was a little snow, but on the 11th and 12th fell a deep snow, (the weather not very cold), which however was melted on the 15th, and made a flood in the river. Next day the Thrush was singing, and the Rooks building. At and about London, instead of snow, they had heavy rains. On the 19th the red Hepatica blew, and next day the Primrose. The Crocus is now in full bloom. So ends my chronicle.

My Oracle\* of State (who now and then utters a little, as far as he may with discretion) is a very slave and pack horse, that never breathes any air better than that of London; except like an apprentice on Sundays with his Master and Co.: however he is in health, and a very good boy. It is strange the turn that things have taken:—that the late Ministry should negotiate a reconciliation with Lord Bute, and that Lord Temple should join them: that they should, after making their (bad) apologies, be received with a gracious kind of contempt, and told that his Lordship could enter into no political connections with them; that on the first division on the American business that happened in the House of Lords, they should however all join to carry a point against the Ministry, by a majority indeed of four only; but the Duke of York present, and making one: that when the Ministers expostulated in a proper place, they should be seriously assured the King would support them: that on a division, on an insignificant point to try their strength, in the House of Commons, they should again lose it by 12 majority: that they should persist nevertheless that

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\* I believe Gray alludes to Mr. Stonehewer, the friend and Secretary of the Duke of Grafton.—*Ed.*

Mr. Pitt should appear *tanquam e Machinâ*, speak for three hours and a half, and assert the rights of the Colonies in their greatest latitude: that the Minister should profess himself ready to act with, and even serve under him: that he should receive such a compliment with coldness, and a sort of derision: that Norton should move to send him to the Tower: that when the great questions came on, the Ministry should always carry their point at one, two, three in the morning, by majorities of 110 and 170. (Mr. Pitt entirely concurring with them, and the Tories, people of the Court, and many Placemen, even Lord G. Sackville, constantly voting against them): all these events are unaccountable on any principles of common sense. I attribute much of the singular part to the interposition of *women*, as rash as they are foolish. On Monday (I do not doubt, though as yet I do not certainly know it) the Bill to repeal the Stamp-Act went through that House, and to-day it is before the Lords, who surely will not venture to throw it out. Oh, that they would!—but after this important business is well over, there must be an *eclaircissement*. Some amends must be made, and some gracious condescensions insisted on, or else who would go on that really means to serve his country! The D. of Bedford and Lord Temple were gone down to their villas, and I believe are not likely to come back. Lord Chesterfield, who had not been for many years at the House, came the other day to qualify himself, in order to have a Proxy that should vote with the Ministry. Somebody (I thought) made no bad application of those lines in Virgil, Lib. 6, v. 489.\*

“ At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæq. Phalanges,” &c.

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\* At Danaûm proceres, Agamemnoniæq. phalanges,  
 Ut vidère virum, fulgentiaque arma per umbras,  
 Ingenti trepidare metu; pars vertere terga,  
 \* Ceu quondam petiere ratis: pars tollere vocem,  
 Exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantis.

to Mr. Pitt's first appearance (for no one expected him) in the House. Turn to the place. Every thing is politics. There are no literary productions worth your notice, at least of our country. The French have finished their great Encyclopædia in 17 volumes, but there are many flimsy articles very hastily treated, and great incorrectness of the press. There are now 13 volumes of Buffon's Natural History, and he has not come to the Monkeys yet, who are a very numerous people. The\* Life of Petrarch has entertained me; it is not well written, but very curious, and laid together from his own letters and the original writings of the 14th century. So that it takes in much of the history of those obscure times, and the characters of many remarkable persons. There are 2 vols. 4to. and another (unpublished yet) that will complete it.

Mr. Walpole writes me now and then a long and lively letter from Paris, to which place he went the last Summer, with the gout upon him; sometimes in his limbs; often in his stomach and head. He has got somehow well (not by means of the climate, one would think), goes to all public places, sees all the best company, and is very much in fashion. He says he sunk, like Queen Eleanor, at Charing Cross, and has risen

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\* *Memoires pour la Vie de François Petrarque, tirés de ses Œuvres, & des Auteurs Contemporains, par L'Abbè de Sade. 3 Tom. 4to 1764.* The Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch, by F. Tytler, Lord Woodhouslee, is directed against the Hypothesis of the Abbe de Sade, that the Laura of Petrarch was *Laura de Noves*, who married *Hugh de Sade*. In a Note to the 6th Volume of his Roman History (p. 567) Gibbon sketches the character of this Work—"The *Memoires sur la Vie de Petrarque* (he says) form a copious, original, and entertaining Work, a labour of love, composed from the accurate study of Petrarch and his contemporaries. But the Hero is too often lost in the general history of the age, and the Author too often languishes in the affectation of politeness and gallantry."—*Ed.*

again at Paris. He returns again in April; but his health is certainly in a deplorable state. Mad. de la Perrière is come over from the Hague to be Ministress at London: her father-in-law Viry is now first Minister at Turin. I sat a morning with her before I left London: she is a prodigious fine lady, and a Catholick (though she did not expressly own it to me), not fatter than she was. She had a cage of foreign birds, and a piping bullfinch at her elbow, two little dogs on a cushion in her lap, a cockatoo on her shoulder, and a strong suspicion of rouge on her cheeks: they were all exceeding glad to see me, and I them.

Pray tell me the history of your Winter, and present my respects to Mrs. Wharton. I hope Miss Wharton and Miss Peggy, with the assistance of sister Betty, make a great progress in Natural History. Recommend me to all their good graces, and believe me ever

Truly yours.

If you chance to see or send to Mr. and Mrs. Leighton, I will trouble you to make my compliments. I have never received the box of shells, though possibly it may wait for me at Mr. Jonathan's in town; where I shall be in April. Mr. Brown is well, and desires to be remembered to you and Mrs. Wharton, I have just heard there are like to be warm debates in the House of Lords, but that the Ministry will undoubtedly carry it in spite of them all. They say Lord Camden will soon be chancellor.

## LETTER CXXVII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

WHATEVER my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener, or with more pleasure, than to Old Park. I hope you have made my peace with Miss Deborah. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory as the rest of the little family; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one a piece to all the others; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small) as you are to be my proxy\*.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued with very short intervals till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June, not disagreeably, in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me in the same manner before. The whole country is a rich and well cultivated garden; orchards, cherry grounds, hop grounds, intermixed with corn and frequent villages, gentle risings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape, with all their navigation. It was indeed

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\* Some readers will think this paragraph very trifling; yet many, I hope, will take it as I give it, for a pleasing example of the amiableness of his domestic character.—  
*Mason.*

owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of spring; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham Down\*; in these parts the whole soil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the Isle of Thanet, saw Margate (which is Bartholomew Fair by the sea side), Ramsgate, and other places there; and so come by Sandwich, Deal, Dover, Folkestone, and Hythe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool, there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs, of no great height, till you come to Dover. There indeed they are noble and picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a *shipless* sea, but every where peopled with white sails and vessels of all sizes in motion; and take notice (except in the Isle which is all corn fields, and has very little enclosure) there are in all places hedge rows and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach, particularly Hythe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires of a night (aye and a day too) several times even in June: but don't go and take advantage of this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

Your friend Rousseau (I doubt) grows tired of Mr. Davenport and Derbyshire; he has picked a quarrel with David Hume, and writes him letters of fourteen pages folio, upbraiding him with all his *noirceurs*; take one only as a specimen. He says, that at Calais they chanced to sleep in the same room

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\* At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, Esq. late Member for Canterbury, then resided.—*Mason*.



together, and that he overheard David talking in his sleep, and saying, '*Ah! je le tiens, ce Jean Jacques là.*' In short (I fear), for want of persecution and admiration, (for these are his real complaints) he will go back to the Continent.

What shall I say to you about the ministry? I am as angry as a common council man of London about my Lord Chatham; but a little more patient, and will hold my tongue till the end of the year. In the mean time I do mutter in secret, and to you, that to quit the House of Commons, his natural strength, to sap his own popularity and grandeur (which no one but himself could have done) by assuming a foolish title; and to hope that he could win by it, and attach to him a court that hate him, and will dismiss him as soon as ever they dare, was the weakest thing that ever was done by so great a man. Had it not been for this, I should have rejoiced at the breach between him and Lord Temple, and at the union between him and the Duke of Grafton and Mr. Conway: but patience! we shall see! Stonehewer perhaps is in the country (for he hoped for a month's leave of absence), and if you see him you will learn more than I can tell you.

Mason is at Aston; he is no longer so anxious about his wife's health, as he was, though I find she still has a cough, and moreover I find she is not with child; but he made such a bragging, how could one chuse but believe him.

When I was in town I marked in my pocket-book the utmost limits and divisions of the two columns in your thermometer, and asked Mr. Ayscough, the instrument maker, on Ludgate Hill, what scales they were; he immediately assured me that one was Fahrenheit's, and showed me one exactly so divided; the other he took for Reaumur's, but, as he said, there were

different scales of his contrivance, he could not exactly tell which of them it was. Your brother told me you wanted to know who wrote Duke Wharton's life in the *Biographia*: I think it is chiefly borrowed from a silly book enough, called *Memoirs of that Duke*, but who put it together there, no one can inform me; the only person certainly known to write in that vile collection (I mean these latter volumes), is Dr. Nicholls, who was expelled here for stealing books. Have you read the *New Bath Guide*? it is the only thing in fashion, and is a new and original kind of humour. Miss Prue's *Conversion* I doubt you will paste down, as Sir W. St. Quintyn did before he carried it to his daughter; yet I remember you all read *Crazy Tales* without pasting. Buffon's first collection of monkeys are come out, (it makes the fourteenth volume) something, but not much to my edification; for he is pretty well acquainted with their persons, but not with their manners.

I shall be glad to hear how far Mrs. E——, has succeeded, and when you see an end to her troubles. My best regards to Mrs. Wharton, and compliments to all your family: I will not name them lest I should affront any body. Adieu, dear Sir,

I am most sincerely yours,

T. G.

*Pembroke College, August 26, 1766.*

Mr. Brown is gone to see his brother, near Margate. When is L<sup>d</sup>. Str. to be married? If Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan are with you I desire my compliments.

## LETTER CXXVIII.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. MASON.*March 28, 1767.*

I BREAK in upon you at a moment, when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say, that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst \* be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me: but if the last struggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you, who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

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\* As this little Billet (which I received at the Hot-Wells at Bristol) then breathed, and still seems to breathe, the very voice of Friendship in its tenderest and most pathetic note, I cannot refrain from publishing it in this place. I opened it almost at the precise moment when it would necessarily be the most affecting.—*Mason*.

## LETTER CXXIX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Sunday, 21 June, 1767. Aston.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

HERE we are, Mr. Brown and I, in a wilderness of sweets, an elysium among the coal-pits, a terrestrial heaven; mind, it is not I, but Mason, that says all this, and bids me tell it you. To-morrow we visit Dovedale and the wonders of the Peak, the Monday following we go to York to reside, and two or three days after set out for Old-Park, where I shall remain upon your hands; and Mr. Brown about the time of Durham races must go on to Gibside, and for aught I know to Glamis. Mason remains tied down to his Minster, for half a year, he and Mr. Brown desire their best compliments to you and Mrs. Wharton. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

Mr. Brown owns the pleasantest day he ever past, was yesterday at Roche Abbey; it is indeed divine.

## LETTER CXXX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

*Old Park, near Darlington, Durham,  
August 12, 1767.*

I RECEIVED from Mr. Williamson, that very obliging mark you were pleased to give me of your remembrance: Had I not entertained some slight hopes of revisiting Scotland this summer, and consequently of seeing you at Aberdeen, I had sooner acknowledged, by letter, the favour you have done me. Those hopes are now at an end; but I do not therefore despair of seeing again a country that has given me so much pleasure; nor of telling you, in person, how much I esteem you and (as you choose to call them) your amusements: the specimen of them, which you were so good as to send me, I think excellent; the sentiments are such as a melancholy imagination naturally suggests in solitude and silence, and that (though light and business may suspend or banish them at times) return with but so much the greater force upon a feeling heart: the diction is elegant and unconstrained; not loaded with epithets and figures, nor flagging into prose; the versification is easy and harmonious. My only objection is \* \* \* \* †

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† A paragraph is here omitted, as it contained merely a few particular criticisms; a liberty of the same kind I have before taken in some of the preceding letters. The poem in question contained many touching reflections on mortality: it is to be hoped Dr. Beattie will one day give it to the public.—*Mason.*

You see, Sir, I take the liberty you indulged me in, when I first saw you; and therefore I make no excuses for it, but desire you would take your revenge on me in kind.

I have read over (but too hastily) Mr. Ferguson's book. There are uncommon strains of eloquence in it: and I was surprized to find not one single idiom of his country (I think) in the whole work. He has not the fault you mention\*: his application to the heart is frequent, and often successful. His love of Montesquieu and Tacitus has led him into a manner of writing too short-winded and sententious; which those great men, had they lived in better times and under a better government, would have avoided.

I know no pretence that I have to the honour Lord Gray is pleased to do me†: but if his Lordship chooses to own me, it certainly is not my business to deny it. I say not this merely on account of his quality, but because he is a very worthy and accomplished person. I am truly sorry for the great loss he has had since I left Scotland. If you should chance to see him, I will beg you to present my respectful humble service to his Lordship.

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\* To explain this, I must take the liberty to transcribe a paragraph from Mr. Beattie's letter dated March 30, to which the above is an answer: "A Professor at Edinburgh has published an Essay on the History of Civil Society, but I have not seen it. It is a fault common to almost all our Scotch authors, that they are too metaphysical: I wish they would learn to speak more to the heart, and less to the understanding; but alas! this is a talent which heaven only can bestow: Whereas the philosophic spirit (as we call it) is merely artificial and level to the capacity of every man, who has much patience, a little learning, and no taste." He has since dilated on this just sentiment in his admirable Essay on the Immutability of Truth.—*Mason*.

† Lord Gray had said that our Author was related to his family.—*Mason*.

I gave Mr. Williamson all the information I was able in the short time he staid with me. He seemed to answer well the character you gave me of him: but what I chiefly envied in him, was his ability of walking all the way from Aberdeen to Cambridge, and back again; which if I possessed, you would soon see your obliged, &c.

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## LETTER CXXXI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

*Pembroke-Hall, Dec. 24, 1767.*

SINCE I had the pleasure of receiving your last letter, which did not reach me till I had left the North, and was come to London, I have been confined to my room with a fit of the gout: now I am recovered and in quiet at Cambridge, I take up my pen to thank you for your very friendly offers, which have so much the air of frankness and real good meaning, that were my body as tractable and easy of conveyance as my mind, you would see me to-morrow in the chamber you have so hospitably laid out for me at Aberdeen. But, alas! I am a summer-bird, and can only sit drooping till the sun returns: even then too my wings may chance to be clipped, and little in plight for so distant an excursion.

The proposal you make me, about printing at Glasgow what little I have ever written, does me honour. I leave my reputation in that part of the kingdom to your care; and only

desire you would not let your partiality to me and mine mislead you. If you persist in your design, Mr. Foulis certainly ought to be acquainted with what I am now going to tell you. When I was in London the last spring, Dodsley, the bookseller, asked my leave to reprint, in a smaller form, all I ever published; to which I consented: and added, that I would send him a few explanatory notes; and if he would omit entirely the *Long Story*, (which was never meant for the public, and only suffered to appear in that pompous edition because of Mr. Bentley's designs, which were not intelligible without it) I promised to send him something else to print instead of it, lest the bulk of so small a volume should be reduced to nothing at all. Now it is very certain that I had rather see them printed at Glasgow (especially as you will condescend to revise the press) than at London; but I know not how to retract my promise to Dodsley. By the way, you perhaps may imagine that I have some kind of interest in this publication; but the truth is, I have none whatever. The expence is his, and so is the profit, if there be any. I therefore told him the other day, in general terms, that I heard there would be an edition put out in Scotland by a friend of mine, whom I could not refuse; and that, if so, I would send thither a copy of the same notes and additions that I had promised to send to him. This did not seem at all to cool his courage; Mr. Foulis must therefore judge for himself, whether he thinks it worth while to print what is going to be printed also at London. If he does I will send him (in a packet to you) the same things I shall send to Dodsley. They are imitations of two pieces of old Norwegian poetry, in which there was a wild spirit that struck me; but for my paraphrases I cannot say much; you will judge. The rest are nothing but a few parallel passages, and small notes just to explain what people said at the time was wrapped in total darkness. You will please to tell me, as soon



as you can conveniently, what Mr. Foulis says on this head; that (if he drops the design) I may save myself and you the trouble of this packet. I ask your pardon for talking so long about it; a little more, and my letter would be as big as all my works.

I have read, with much pleasure, an Ode of yours (in which you have done me the honour to adopt a measure that I have used) on Lord Hay's birth-day. Though I do not love panegyric, I cannot but applaud this, for there is nothing mean in it. The diction is easy and noble, the texture of the thoughts lyric, and the versification harmonious. The few expressions I object to are \* \* \* \* †. These, indeed, are minutiae; but, they weigh for something, as half a grain makes a difference in the value of a diamond.

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## LETTER CXXXII. \*

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

MANY and various maladies have I laboured under since I left the North, but none of them (thanks to my summer expedition) *jusqu'à mourir*. The gout came regularly while I was in town, first in one, then in the other foot, but so tame you might have stroked it. Since I got hither, *another* of my

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† Another paragraph of particular criticism is here omitted.—*Mason*.

troublesome companions for life has confined me to my room, but abstinence has (I believe) got the better of that too, and to-morrow I go abroad again. I sent to your brother, before I left London, the *maps* you wanted, the *Decouvertes des Russes*, *Voyage de Gmelin en Sibirie*, Mr. Clerke of Chichester on the *Saxon coins*, Lee's *Linnaean Dictionary*, *Verrall's Cookery*, and something else that I have forgot; as to Hudson's *Flora Anglica*, it is not to be had, being out of print; a new and more correct edition is soon expected. Willoughby's book of *fishes* was never published in English, so would not answer your end. That of the *birds* is indeed in English, but not to be had in the shops, and sells at auctions from 30 to 40 shillings, so I did not buy it without farther orders. I hope this cargo is safe arrived. And another little one, that I sent to Miss Wharton and Miss Peggy, directed to the former, to be left at Mr. Tho. Wilkinson's, in Durham. This went by the Newcastle waggon about 6th of December, and contained twelve flower roots; viz. 3 Soleil d'or Narcissus. 2 White Italian ditto. (N. B. of the double white and yellow Italian there are none to be had this year). 2 Pileus Cardinalis, red. 1 Kroonvogel. 1 Degeraad, double white. 1 Bella Gris delin. 1 Hermaphrodite. And 1 incomparable, double blue, Hyacinths. For these you must get glasses from Newcastle; in the same box was a pocket lens, which Miss Wharton (if she pleased) was to give to Aunt Middleton, who wanted such a thing.

I desire to know what you thought of Mason's plans for your ground (which makes so pretty a figure on paper); and whether *Summers* came to Old Park to advise about planting. He is a very intelligent modest young man, and might be of great use there. Has Miss Wharton served her time yet as bride maid? I hope it may prove a good omen to her! Does Miss Peggy

rival Claude Lorraine yet, and when does she go to York? Do Debo and Betty tend their chrysalises and their samplers? Is Kee's mouth as pretty as ever? Does Robin read like a doctor, dance like a fairy, and bow like a courtier? Does Dicky kick up his heels and study geography? Please to answer me as to all these particulars. My thermometer presents her compliments to her country sister, and proposes now to open a correspondence with her. She lives against a pale in the garden, with her back to the East at 9 o'clock in the morning precisely; at any other hour she is not visible, unless upon some great occasion. I was in London from 3d November to 14th December, during which time the weather was commonly open, damp and mild, with the wind in the West, veering either to North or South. On the last mentioned day I found some Brambles and Fever-few yet flowering in the hedges; and in gardens the double Chrysanthemum, double Chamomile, Borage, Stocks, and single Wall-flowers. These were all cut off on the 24th by an East wind and hard frost. Thermometer at 31. Next day and to-day it was at 30. On the 26th a little snow fell, which still lies and freezes.

Our ministry has taken in some odd coadjutors not much to its credit or strength; it appeared from the first day that the Parliament met, that the opposition were all to pieces among themselves, and soon after the Duke of Bedford civilly declared to Mr. Grenville, that he had the highest opinion of his abilities, but as it was contrary to his principles to keep up a constant opposition to the King's measures, he must not wonder, if his friends should drop the plan they had for some time been pursuing, accordingly he made his terms: four or five of them were directly to be provided for; the rest were to wait till there was room. Lord Shelburne (the Secretary), and Mr. Cook (Joint Paymaster) were to have gone out, but Lord

Chatham insisted on their staying in (it is said) and prevailed; Mr. Conway retires, and is to have the army when Lord Ligonier dies; this is voluntary, I imagine. Lord Northington goes off with his pension. Lord Weymouth and Earl Gower supply their places. Mr. Thynne is Master of the Household. Lord Sandwich, Joint Paymaster, (Lord Hillsborough being created Secretary of State for America.) Rigby is the other that must come in (to what place I know not), and conduct, I suppose, the House of Commons. How much better and nobler would it have been, to have left all these beggars in the lurch! Indeed what could be said against it, as all that could oppose the ministry were already broke into three parts, and one of them had declared publicly against the other two? I conclude the Rockingham party will at last prevail, as they have some character and credit with the people still left.

Adieu! my dear Sir, you have had I hope no returns of your asthma since you lay in your own bed. My best respects to Mrs. Wharton, and love to all the family.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

*Dec. 28, 1767. Pemb. Coll.*

Shall I write out and send you what Leland says of your neighbourhood. It is nothing but short notes taken in his journey. But that journey was towards the end of Henry Eighth's reign, just after the dissolution of monasteries, which makes it valuable.

## SPECIMEN.

From St. Andre's Akeland to Raby Castle 5 miles part by arable, but more by pastures. And moorish hilly ground, baren of wood. Raby is the largest castel of Loggings in al the north cuntry, and is of a strong building; but not set ether on hil, or very strong ground. As I entered by a causey into it, there was a litle stayre on the right hand, and in the first area were but two towres, one at eche end, as entres, and no other builded; yn the second area, as an entring, was a great gate of iren with a tour, and 2 or 3 mo on the right hand, then were al the chief toures of the third court, as in the hart of the castel. The haul, and al the houses of offices be large and stately; and in the haul I saw an incredible great beame of an hart. The great chaumber was exceeding large, but now it is false-rofid, and devided into 2 or 3 partes. I saw ther a litle chaumber, wherein was in windows of colored glass al the petigre of y<sup>e</sup> Nevilles, &c.

## LETTER CXXXIII.\*

MR. GRAY TO MR. HOW.

*Cambridge, Pemb. Coll. Jan. 12, 1768.*

SIR,

YOU perceive by Mr. Brown's letter, that I passed all the summer in the North of England, went from thence to London, and did not arrive here till the middle of December, where I found your parcel. Since that time I have been generally confined to my room; and besides I was willing to go through the eight volumes before I returned you an answer. This must be my excuse to you, for only doing now what in mere civility I ought to have done long ago.

First, I must condole with you, that so neat an edition should swarm in almost every page with errors of the press, not only in notes and citations from Greek, French, and English authors, but in the Italian text itself, greatly to the disreputation of the Leghorn publishers. This is the only reason, I think, that could make an edition in England necessary; but I doubt you would not find the matter <sup>says</sup> mended here; our presses, as they improve in beauty, ~~de~~ <sup>impro</sup>ving daily in accuracy; besides, you would find the expense very considerable, and the sale in no proportion to it, as in reality, it is but few people in England that read currently and with

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\* In the following letter, Mr. Gray seems on more mature consideration, to have altered his former opinion respecting the eligibility of the publication of Count Algarotti's works in England. It differs much from the printed copy.—*Ed.*

pleasure the Italian tongue, and the fine old editions of their capital writers are sold in London for a lower price than they bear in Italy. An English translation I can by no means advise; the justness of thought and good sense might remain, but the graces of elocution (which make a great part of Algarotti's merit) would be entirely lost, and that merely from the very different genius and complexion of the two languages,

I rather think these volumes should be handsomely bound, before they are put into the library; they bind very neatly here; and if you approve it, Mr. Brown will order it to be done. Doubtless there can be no impropriety in making the same present to the University, nor need you at all to fear for the reputation of your friend: he has merit enough to recommend him in any country. A tincture of various sorts of knowledge, an acquaintance with all the beautiful arts, an easy command, a precision, warmth, and richness of expression, and a judgment that is rarely mistaken on any subject to which he applies it. Of the dialogues I have formerly told you my thoughts. The essays and letter (many of them entirely new to me) *on the arts*, are curious and entertaining; those on other subjects, (even where the thoughts are not new, but borrowed from his various reading and conversation) often better put, and better expressed than in the originals. I rejoice when I see Machiavel defended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation or any age has produced. Most of the other discourses, military or political, are well worth reading, though that on Kouli-Khan was a mere jeu-d'esprit, a sort of historical exercise. The letters from Russia I have read before with pleasure, particularly the narrative of Munich's and Lascy's campaigns. The detached thoughts are often new and just; but there should have been a revisal of them, as they are frequently to be found in his letters repeated in the very same words. Some too of

the familiar letters might have been spared. The Congress of Cythera I had seen and liked before, the Giudicio d'Amore is an addition rather inferior to it. The verses are not equal to the prose, but they are above mediocrity.

I shall be glad to hear your health is improved, and that you have thoughts of favouring us with your company here, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

THO<sup>s</sup>. GRAY.

## LETTER CXXXIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

*Pembroke Hall, Feb. 1, 1768.*

I AM almost sorry to have raised any degree of impatience in you, because I can by no means satisfy it. The sole reason I have to publish these few additions now, is to make up (in both) for the omission of that *Long Story*; and as to the notes, I do it out of spite, because the public did not understand the two Odes (which I have called Pindaric); though the first was not very dark, and the second alluded to a few common facts to be found in any sixpenny history of England, by way of question and answer, for the use of children. The parallel passages I insert out of justice to those



writers from whom I happened to take the hint of any line, as far as I can recollect.

I rejoice to be in the hands of Mr. Foulis, who has the laudable ambition of surpassing his predecessors, the *Etiennes* and the *Elzevirs*, as well in literature, as in the proper art of his profession: he surprises me in mentioning a Lady, after whom I have been enquiring these fourteen years in vain. When the two Odes were first published, I sent them to her; but as I was forced to direct them very much at random, probably they never came to her hands. When the present edition comes out, I beg of Mr. Foulis to offer her a copy, in my name, with my respects and grateful remembrances; he will send another to you, Sir, and a third to Lord Gray, if he will do me the honour of accepting it. These are all the presents I pretend to make (for I would have it considered only as a new edition of an old book); after this if he pleases to send me one or two, I shall think myself obliged to him. I cannot advise him to print a great number; especially as Dodsley has it in his power to print as many as he pleases, though I desire him not to do so.

You are very good to me in taking this trouble upon you: all I can say is, that I shall be happy to return it in kind, whenever you will give me the opportunity.

## LETTER CXXXV.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>R</sup>. WALPOLE.*Feb. 14, 1768. Pemb. College.*

I RECEIVED the book \* you were so good to send me, and have read it again (indeed I could hardly be said to have read it before) with attention and with pleasure. Your second edition is so rapid in its progress, that it will now hardly answer any purpose to tell you either my own objections, or those of other people. Certain it is, that you are universally read here; but what *we* think is not so easy to come at. We stay as usual to see the success, to learn the judgement of the town, to be directed in our opinions by those of more competent judges. If they like you, we shall; if any one of name write against you, we give you up; for we are modest and diffident of ourselves, and not without reason. History in particular is not our *fort*; for (the truth is) we read only modern books and pamphlets of the day. I have heard it objected, that you raise doubts and difficulties, and do not satisfy them by telling us what is really the case. I have heard you charged with disrespect to the King of Prussia; and above all to King William, and the Revolution. These are seriously the most sensible things I have heard said, and all that I recollect. If you please to justify yourself, you may.

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\* Walpole's *Historic Doubts*.

My own objections are little more essential : they relate chiefly to inaccuracies of style, which either debase the expression or obscure the meaning. I could point out several small particulars of this kind, and will do so, if you think it can serve any purpose after publication. When I hear you read, they often escape me, partly because I am attending to the subject, and partly because from habit I understand you where a stranger might often be at a loss.

As to your \* arguments, most of the principal parts are made out with a clearness and evidence that no one would expect, where materials are so scarce. Yet I still suspect Richard of the murder of Henry VI. The chronicler of Croyland charges it full on him, though without a name or any mention of circumstances. The interests of Edward were the interests of Richard too, though the throne were not then in view; and that Henry still stood in their way, they might well imagine, because, though deposed and imprisoned once before, he had regained his liberty and his crown; and was still adored by

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\* The Reader will probably not dislike to read Voltaire's opinion of Mr. Walpole's book, as expressed in a Letter to the Author, 15th July, 1768.—  
 Avant le départ de ma Lettre j'ai eu le temps, Monsieur, de lire votre Richard trois. Vous seriez un excellent attorney general; vous pesez toutes les probabilités; mais il paraît, que vous avez un inclination secrète pour ce bossu. Vous voulez qu'il ait été beau garçon, et même galant homme. Le bénédictin Calmet, a fait une dissertation pour prouver que Jésus-Christ avoit un fort beau visage. Je veux croire avec vous, que Richard trois, n'étoit ni si laid, ni si méchant qu'on le dit; mais je n'aurois pas voulu avoir a faire à lui. Votre Rose blanche, et votre Rose rouge, avoient de terribles épines pour la nation.

' Those gracious kings are all a pack of Rogues!'

En lisant l'histoire des York et des Lancastre, et de bien d'autres, on croit lire l'histoire des voleurs de grand chemin. Pour votre Henri sept, il n'étoit que coupeur de bourses.—*Ed.*

the people. I should think, from the word *tyranni*, the passage was written after Richard had assumed the crown : but, if it was earlier, does not the bare imputation imply very early suspicions, at least of Richard's bloody nature, especially in the mouth of a person that was no enemy to the House of York, nor friend to that of Beaufort?

That the Duchess of Burgundy, to try the temper of the nation, should set up a false Pretender to the Throne (when she had the true Duke of York in her hands), and that the queen-mother (knowing her son was alive) should countenance that design, is a piece of policy utterly incomprehensible; being the most likely means to ruin their own scheme, and throw a just suspicion of fraud and falsehood on the cause of truth, which Henry could not fail to seize and turn to his advantage. Mr. Hume's first query, as far as relates to the queen-mother, will still have some weight. Is it probable she should give her eldest daughter to Henry, and invite him to claim the crown, unless she had been sure that her sons were then dead? As to her seeming consent to the match between Elizabeth and Richard, she and her daughters were in his power, which appeared now well fixed; his enemies' designs within the kingdom being every where defeated, and Henry unable to raise any considerable force abroad. She was timorous and hopeless; or she might dissemble, in order to cover her secret dealings with Richmond: and if this were the case, she hazarded little, supposing Richard to dissemble too, and never to have thought seriously of marrying his niece.

Another unaccountable thing is, that Richard, a prince of the House of York, undoubtedly brave, clear-sighted, artful, attentive to business; of boundless generosity, as appears from his grants; just and merciful, as his laws and his pardons seem

to testify; having subdued the Queen and her hated faction, and been called first to the protectorship and then to the crown by the nobility and by the parliament; with the common people to friend (as Carte often asserts), and having nothing against him but the illegitimate family of his brother Edward, and the attainted House of Clarence (both of them within his power);—that such a man should see within a few months Buckingham, his best friend, and almost all the southern and western counties in one day in arms against him; that having seen all these insurrections come to nothing, he should march with a gallant army against a handful of needy adventurers, led by a fugitive, who had not the shadow of a title, nor any virtues to recommend him, nor any foreign strength to depend on; that he should be betrayed by almost all his troops, and fall a sacrifice;—all this is to me utterly improbable, and I do not ever expect to see it accounted for.

I take this opportunity to tell you, that Algarotti (as I see in the new edition of his works printed at Leghorn) being employed to buy pictures for the King of Poland, purchased among others the famous Holbein that was at Venice. It don't appear that he knew any thing of your book: yet he calls it *the consul Meyer and his family*, as if it were then known to be so in that city. A young man here, who is a diligent reader of books, an antiquary, and a painter, informs me, that at the Red-Lion Inn at Newmarket is a piece of tapestry containing the very design of your marriage of Henry the Sixth, only with several more figures in it, both men and women; that he would have bought it of the people, but they refused to part with it. Mr. Mason, who is here, desires to present his best respects to you. He says, that to efface from our annals the history of any tyrant, is to do an essential injury to mankind:

but he forgives it, because you have shewn Henry the Seventh to be a greater devil than Richard.

Pray do not be out of humour. When you first commenced an author, you exposed yourself to pit, boxes, and gallery. Any coxcomb in the world may come in and hiss if he pleases; aye, and (what is almost as bad) clap too, and you cannot hinder him. I saw a little squib fired at you in a newspaper by some of the *House of Yorke*, for speaking lightly of chancellors.

Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER CXXXVI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

*Pembroke College, Feb. 25, 1768.*

TO your friendly accusation I am glad I can plead not guilty with a safe conscience. Dodsley told me in the Spring that the plates from Mr. Bentley's designs were worn out, and he wanted to have them copied and reduced to a smaller scale for a new edition. I dissuaded him from so silly an expence, and desired he would put in no ornaments at all. The *long story* was to be totally omitted, as its only use (that of explaining the prints) was gone: but to supply the place of

it in bulk, lest *my works* should be mistaken for the works of a flea, or a pismire, I promised to send him an equal weight of poetry or prose: so, since my return hither, I put up about two ounces of stuff, viz. the Fatal Sisters, the Descent of Odin, (of both which you have copies), a bit of something from the Welch, and certain little Notes, partly from justice (to acknowledge the debt, where I had borrowed any thing) partly from ill temper, just to tell the gentle reader that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth, the Witch of Endor. This is literally all; and with all this, I shall be but a shrimp of an author. I gave leave also to print the same thing at Glasgow; but I doubt my packet has miscarried, for I hear nothing of its arrival as yet. To what you say to me so civilly, that I ought to write more, I reply in your own words (like the Pamphleteer, who is going to confute you out of your own mouth) What has one to do when *turned of fifty*, but really to think of finishing? However, I will be candid, (for you seem to be so with me), and avow to you, that till fourscore-and-ten, whenever the humour takes me, I will write, because I like it; and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much, it is because I cannot. As you have not this last plea, I see no reason why you should not continue as long as it is agreeable to yourself, and to all such as have any curiosity or judgement in the subject you choose to treat. By the way let me tell you (while it is fresh) that Lord Sandwich, who was lately dining at Cambridge, speaking (as I am told) handsomely of your book, said, it was pity you did not know that his cousin Manchester had a genealogy of the Kings, which came down no lower than to Richard III. and at the end of it were two portraits of Richard and his Son, in which that King appeared to be a handsome man. I tell you it as I heard it: perhaps you may think it worth enquiring into.

I have looked into Speed and Leslie. It appears very odd that Speed in the speech he makes for P. Warbeck, addressed to James IV. of Scotland, should three times cite the *manuscript proclamation* of Perkin, then in the hands of Sir Robert Cotton; and yet when he gives us the proclamation afterwards (on occasion of the insurrection in Cornwall) he does not cite any such manuscript. In Casley's Catalogue of the Cotton Library you may see whether this manuscript proclamation still exists or not: if it does, it may be found at the Museum. Leslie will give you no satisfaction at all: though no subject of England, he could not write freely on this matter, as the title of Mary (his mistress) to the crown of England was derived from that of Henry VII. Accordingly he every where treats Perkin as an impostor; yet drops several little expressions inconsistent with that supposition. He has preserved no proclamation: he only puts a short speech into Perkin's mouth, the substance of which is taken by Speed, and translated in the end of his, which is a good deal longer: the whole matter is treated by Leslie very concisely and superficially. I can easily transcribe it, if you please; but I do not see that it could answer any purpose.

Mr. Boswell's book I was going to recommend to you, when I received your letter: it has pleased and moved me strangely, all (I mean) that relates to Paoli. He is a man born two thousand years after his time! The pamphlet proves what I have always maintained, that any fool may write a most valuable book by chance, if he will only tell us what he heard and saw with veracity. Of Mr. Boswell's truth I have not the least suspicion, because I am sure he could invent nothing of this kind. The true title of this part of his work is, a Dialogue between a Green-goose and a Hero.



I had been told of a manuscript in Benet Library: the inscription of it is *Itinerarium Fratris Simeonis et Hugonis Illuminatoris*, 1322. Would not one think this should promise something? They were two Franciscan friars that came from Ireland, and passed through Wales to London, to Canterbury, to Dover, and so to France in their way to Jerusalem. All that relates to our own country has been transcribed for me, and (sorry am I to say) signifies not a halfpenny: only this little bit might be inserted in your next edition of the *Painters*: *Ad aliud caput civitatis (Londoniæ) est monasterium nigrorum monachorum nomine Westmonasterium, in quo constanter et communiter omnes reges Angliæ sepeliuntur—et eidem monasterio quasi immediatè conjungitur illud famosissimum palatium regis, in quo est illa vulgata camera, in cujus parietibus sunt omnes historiæ bellicæ totius Bibliæ ineffabiliter depictæ, atque in Gallico completissimè et perfectissimè conscriptæ, in non modicâ intuentium admiratione et maximâ regali magnificentiâ.*

I have had certain observations on your Royal and Noble Authors given me to send you perhaps about three years ago: last week I found them in a drawer, and (my conscience being troubled) now enclose them to you. I have even forgot whose they are.

I have been also told of a passage in Ph. de Comines, which (if you know) ought not to have been passed over. The Book is not at hand at present, and I must conclude my letter.

Adieu! I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER CXXXVII.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. WALPOLE.*Pembroke-Hall, March 6, 1768.*

HERE is sir William Cornwallis, entitled *Essayes of certaine Paradoxes*. 2d Edit. 1617. Lond.

King Richard III.	}	Praised.
The French Pockes.		
Nothing.		
Good to be in debt.		
Sadnesse.		
Julian the Apostate's virtues.	)	

The title-page will probably suffice you; but if you would know any more of him, he has read nothing but the common chronicles, and those without attention; for example, speaking of Anne the queen, he says, she was barren, of which Richard had often complained to Rotheram. He extenuates the murder of Henry VI. and his son: the first, he says, might be a malicious insinuation, for that many did suppose he died of mere melancholy and grief: the latter cannot be proved to be the action of Richard (though executed in his presence); and if it were, he did it out of love to his brother Edward. He justifies the death of the Lords at Pomfret, from reasons of state, for his own preservation, the safety of the commonwealth, and the ancient nobility. The execution of Hastings he ex-

cuses from necessity, from the dishonesty and sensuality of the man: what was his crime with respect to Richard, he does not say. Dr. Shaw's Sermon was not by the King's command, but to be imputed to the preacher's own ambition: but if it was by order, *to charge his mother with adultery was a matter of no such great moment, since it is no wonder in that sex.* Of the murder in the Tower he doubts; but if it were by his order, the offence was to God, not to his people; and *how could he demonstrate his love more amply, than to venture his soul for their quiet?* Have you enough, pray? you see it is an idle declamation, the exercise of a school-boy that is to be bred a statesman.

I have looked in Stowe; to be sure there is no proclamation there. Mr. Hume, I suppose, means *Speed*, where it is given, how truly I know not; but that he had seen the original is sure, and seems to quote the very words of it in the beginning of that speech which Perkin makes to James IV. and also just afterwards, where he treats of the Cornish rebellion. Guthrie, you see, has vented himself in the *Critical Review*. His *History* I never saw, nor is it here, nor do I know any one that ever saw it. He is a rascal, but rascals may chance to meet with curious records; and that commission to Sir I. Tyrrell (if it be not a lie) is such; so is the order for Henry the Sixth's funeral. I would by no means take notice of him, write what he would. I am glad you have seen the *Manchester Roll*.

It is not I that talk of Phil. de Comines. It was mentioned to me as a thing that looked like a voluntary omission, but I see you have taken notice of it, in the note to p. 71, though rather too slightly. You have not observed that the same writer says, c. 55. *Richard tua de sa main ou fit tuer en sa presence, quelque lieu apart, ce bon homme le Roi Henry.* Another

oversight I think there is at p. 43, where you speak of the *Roll of Parliament*, and the contract with Lady Eleanor Boteler, as things newly come to light. Whereas Speed has given at large the same Roll in his History. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. GRAY.

## LETTER CXXXVIII.\*

MR. GRAY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

*Cambridge, July, 1768.*

MY LORD,

YOUR Grace has dealt nobly with me; and the same delicacy of mind that induced you to confer this favour on me, unsolicited and unexpected, may perhaps make you averse to receive my sincerest thanks and grateful acknowledgements. Yet your Grace must excuse me, they will have their way: they are indeed but words; yet I know and feel they come from my heart, and therefore are not wholly unworthy of your Grace's acceptance. I even flatter myself (such is my pride) that you have some little satisfaction in your own work. If I did not deceive myself in this, it would compleat the happiness of,

My Lord, your Grace's

Most obliged and devoted servant.

\* The two following Letters explain the occasion of this address, in a way so honourable to his Grace, and are withal so authentic a testimony of Mr. Gray's gratitude, that they leave me nothing to add on the subject.—*Mason.*

## LETTER CXXXIX.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Jermyn Street, Aug. 1, (at Mr. Roberts's) 1768.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE been remiss in answering your last letter, which was sent me to Ramsgate, from Cambridge. For I have passed a good part of the summer in different parts of Kent, much to my satisfaction. Could I have advised any thing essential in poor Mrs. — case, I had certainly replied immediately, but we seem of one mind in it. There was nothing left but to appeal to delegates (let the trouble and expense be what they will almost) and to punish, if it be practicable that old villain, who upon the bench of justice dared to set at nought all common sense and humanity.

I write to you now chiefly to tell you (and I think you will be pleased, nay I expect the whole family will be pleased with it) that on Sunday se'nnight, Brocket, died by a fall from his horse, being (as I hear) drunk, and some say, returning from Hinchinbroke. That on the Wednesday following I received a letter from the D. of Grafton, saying he had the king's commands to *offer* me the vacant Professorship, that, &c. (but I shall not write all he says) and he adds at the end, *that from private as well as public considerations, he must take the warmest part in approving so well judged a measure, as he hopes I do not doubt of*

*the real regard and esteem, with which he has the honor to be, &c.* there's for you, so on Thursday the king signed the warrant, and next day at his levee I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches; which I shall not report, because every body who goes to Court, does so. By the way, I desire you would say, that all the Cabinet Council in words of great favour approved the nomination of your humble servant: and this I am bid to say, and was told to leave my name at their several doors. I have told you the outside of the matter, and all the manner. For the inside you know enough easily to guess it, and you will guess right. As to his grace I have not seen him before or since.

I shall continue here perhaps a fortnight longer, perishing with heat; I have no Thermometer with me, but I feel it as I did at Naples. Next summer (if it be as much in my power, as it is in my wishes) I meet you at the foot of Skiddaw. My respects to Mrs. Wharton, and the young ladies great and small. Love to Robin and Richard. Adieu!

I am truly yours.

## LETTER CXL.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.\*

*Jernyn-Street, Aug. 3, 1768.*

THAT Mr. Brockett has broken his neck, by a fall from his horse, you will have seen in the newspapers; and also that I, your humble servant, have kissed the King's hand for his succession: they are both true, but the manner how you know not; only I can assure you that I had no hand at all in his fall, and almost as little in the second event. He died on the Sunday; on Wednesday following his Grace the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very polite letter to say, that his Majesty had commanded him to offer me the vacant Professorship, not only as a reward of, &c. but as a credit to, &c. with much more too high for me to transcribe: So on Thursday the King signed the warrant, and next day, at his levee, I kissed his hand; he made me several gracious speeches, which I shall not repeat, because every body, that goes to Court, does so: besides, the day was so hot, and the ceremony so embarrassing to me, that I hardly knew what he said.

Adieu. I am to perish here with heat this fortnight yet, and then to Cambridge; to be sure my dignity is a little the worse for wear, but mended and washed, it will do for me.

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\* Rector of Loude and Bradwell in Suffolk. His acquaintance with Mr. Gray commenced a few years before the date of this, when he was a student of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.—*Mason.*

## LETTER CXLI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

*Pembroke-Hall, Oct. 31, 1768.*

IT is some time since I received from Mr. Foulis two copies of my poems, one by the hands of Mr. T. Pitt the other by Mr. Merrill, a bookseller of this town: it is indeed a most beautiful edition, and must certainly do credit both to him and to me: but I fear it will be of no other advantage to him, as Dodsley has contrived to glut the town already with two editions beforehand, one of 1500, and the other of 750, both indeed far inferior to that of Glasgow, but sold at half the price. I must repeat my thanks, Sir, for the trouble you have been pleased to give yourself on my account; and through you I must desire leave to convey my acknowledgements to Mr. Foulis, for the pains and expence he has been at in this publication.

We live at so great a distance, that, perhaps, you may not yet have learned, what, I flatter myself, you will not be displeased to hear: the middle of last summer his Majesty was pleased to appoint me Regius Professor of Modern History in this University; it is the best thing the Crown has to bestow (on a layman) here; the salary is 400l. per ann. but what enhances the value of it to me is, that it was bestowed without being asked. The person, who held it before me, died on the Sunday; and on Wednesday following the Duke of Grafton wrote me a letter to say, that the King offered me this office,



with many additional expressions of kindness on his Grace's part, to whom I am but little known, and whom I have not seen either before or since he did me this favour. Instances of a benefit so nobly conferred, I believe, are rare; and therefore I tell you of it as a thing that does honour, not only to me, but to the Minister.

As I lived here before from choice, I shall now continue to do so from obligation: if business or curiosity should call you southwards, you will find few friends that will see you with more cordial satisfaction, than, dear Sir, &c.

END OF THE FOURTH SECTION.



**SECTION THE FIFTH.**

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**LETTER I.**

**MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.**

*London, April 20, 1769.*

DEAR DOCTOR,•

YOU have reason to call me negligent, nor have I any thing to allege in my own defence, but two successive fits of the gout, which though weakly and not severe, were at least dispiriting, and lasted a long time. I rejoiced to hear your alarms for Robin and Kitty ended so happily, and with them (I hope) are fled a great part of your future inquietudes on this account. In the summer, I flatter myself, we may all meet in health once more at Old Park, and a part of us, perhaps, at the foot of Skiddaw. I am to call on Mason in my way, and bring him with me to visit his own works. Mr. Brown admitted your nephew according to your orders, and will provide him with a room against October.

I do not guess what intelligence Stonehewer gave you about my employments, but the worst employment I have had, has

been to write something for musick against the Duke of Grafton comes to Cambridge. I must comfort myself with the intention, for I know it will bring abuse enough on me;\* however it is done, and given to the Vice-chancellor, and there is an end. I am come to town for a fortnight, and find every thing in extreme confusion, as you may guess from your newspapers. Nothing but force threatened on both sides, and the law (as usual) watching the event, and ready to side with the strongest. The only good thing I hear, is that France is on the brink of a general bankruptcy, and their fleet (the only thing they have laid out money on of late) in no condition of service.

The spring is come in all its beauty, and for two or three days I am going to meet it at Windsor; adieu! and let us pray it may continué till July. Remember me to Mrs. Wharton, and all the family.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

Mason has left us, and is gone to Aston.

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\* When the late Duke of Grafton (says Mr. Mathias, in his *Observations on Gray*, p. 53.) was elected Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, it is known that Mr. Gray, from an impulse of what he looked on as a species of duty, spontaneously offered to write the Ode for his Grace's installation. He considered it nevertheless as a sort of task, as a set composition; and a considerable time passed before he could prevail upon himself, or rather before he actually felt the power to begin it. But one morning after breakfast, Mr. Nicholls called on him, and knocking at his chamber door, Mr. Gray got up hastily and threw it open himself, and running up to him in a hurried voice and tone, exclaimed, 'Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground!' Mr. Nicholls was so astonished that he thought his senses were deranged, but Mr. Gray in a moment after resumed his usual pleasant manner, and repeating several verses at the beginning of that inimitable composition, said, 'Well, I have begun the Ode, and now I shall finish it.'—*Ed.*

## LETTER II.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

I WAS absent from College, and did not receive your melancholy letter till my return hither yesterday; so you must not attribute this delay to me but to accident: to sympathize with you in such a loss\* is an easy task for me, but to comfort you not so easy; can I wish to see you unaffected with the sad scene now before your eyes, or with the loss of a person that, through a great part of your life, has proved himself so kind a friend to you? He who best knows our nature (for he made us what we are) by such afflictions recalls us from our wandering thoughts and idle merriment; from the insolence of youth and prosperity, to serious reflection, to our duty, and to himself; nor need we hasten to get rid of these impressions; time (by appointment of the same Power) will cure the smart, and in some hearts soon blot out all the traces of sorrow; but such as preserve them longest (for it is partly left in our own power) do perhaps best acquiesce in the will of the chastiser.

For the consequences of this sudden loss, I see them well, and I think, in a like situation, could fortify my mind, so as to support them with cheerfulness and good hopes, though not naturally inclined to see things in their best aspect. When you have time to turn yourself round, you must think seriously of your profession; you know I would have wished to see you wear the livery of it long ago: but I will not dwell on this

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\* The death of his uncle Governor Floyer.

subject at present. To be obliged to those we love and esteem is a pleasure; but to serve and oblige them is a still greater; and this, with independence (no vulgar blessing), are what a profession at your age may reasonably promise: without it they are hardly attainable. Remember I speak from experience.

In the mean time while your present situation lasts, which I hope will not be long, continue your kindness and confidence in me, by trusting me with the whole of it; and surely you hazard nothing by so doing: that situation does not appear so new to me as it does to you. You well know the tenour of my conversation (urged at times perhaps a little farther than you liked) has been intended to prepare you for this event, and to familiarize your mind with this spectre, which you call by its worst name: but remember that "*Honesta res est læta paupertas.*" I see it with respect, and so will every one, whose poverty is not seated in their mind\*. There is but one real evil in it (take my word who know it well), and that is, that you have less the power of assisting others, who have not the same resources to support them. You have youth: you have many kind well-intentioned people belonging to you; many acquaintance of your own, or families that will wish to serve you. Consider how many have had the same, or greater cause for dejection, with none of these resources before their eyes. Adieu. I sincerely wish your happiness.

P. S. I have just heard that a friend of mine is struck with a paralytick disorder, in which state it is likely he may live incapable of assisting himself, in the hands of servants or relations that only gape after his spoils, perhaps for years to come: think how many things may befall a man far worse than poverty or death.

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\* An excellent thought finely expressed.—*Mason.*

## LETTER III.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

*Pembroke College, June 24, 1769.*

AND so you have a garden of your own,\* and you plant and transplant, and are dirty and amused! Are not you ashamed of yourself? Why, I have no such thing, you monster, nor ever shall be either dirty or amused as long as I live. My gardens are in the windows like those of a lodger up three pair of stairs in Petticoat Lane, or Camomile Street, and they go to bed regularly under the same roof that I do. Dear, how charming it must be to walk out in one's own *garding*, and sit on a bench in the open air, with a fountain and leaden statue, and a rolling stone, and an arbour: have a care of sore throats though, and the *agoe*.

However, be it known to you, though I have no garden, I have sold my estate and got a thousand guineas†, and four-

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\* Mr. Nicholls, by having pursued the advice of his correspondent, we find was now possessed of that competency which he wished him. Happy, not only in having so sage an adviser, but in his own good sense which prompted him to follow such advice. The gaiety, whim, and humour of this letter contrast prettily with the gravity and serious reflection of the former.—*Mason*.

† Consisting of Houses on the west side of Hand-Alley, London: Mrs. Olliffe was the Aunt here mentioned, who had a share in this estate, and for whom he procured this annuity. She died in 1771, a few months before her nephew.—*Mason*.

score pounds a year for my old aunt, and a twenty pound prize in the lottery, and Lord knows what arrears in the treasury, and am a rich fellow enough, go to; and\* a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him, and in a few days shall have new window curtains: Are you avized of that? Ay, and a new mattress to lie upon.

My Ode has been rehearsed again and again†, and the scholars have got scraps by heart: I expect to see it torn piece-meal in the North Briton before it is born. If you will come you shall see it, and sing in it amidst a chorus from Salisbury and Gloucester music meeting, great names there, and all well versed in Judas Maccabæus. I wish it were once over; for then I immediately go for a few days to London, and so with Mr. Brown to Aston, though I fear it will rain the whole summer, and Skiddaw will be invisible and inaccessible to mortals.

I have got De la Landes' Voyage through Italy, in eight volumes; he is a member of the academy of sciences, and pretty good to read. I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters: Poor Man! he was always wishing for

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\* Mr. Mason has not remarked that these are the words of Dogberry, in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' which Gray uses. 'I am a wise fellow, and which is more an officer, and which is more an householder, and which is more as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him: bring him away. Oh! that I had been writ down an ass!'—*Ed.*

† Ode for Music on the Duke of Grafton's Installation. See Poems, (Vol. I.) p. 43. His reason for writing it is given in the next letter.—*Mason.*



money, for fame, and other distinctions; and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned; but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen who wrote verses too.

I have just found the beginning of a letter, which somebody had dropped: I should rather call it first thoughts for the beginning of a letter; for there are many scratches and corrections. As I cannot use it myself (having got a beginning already of my own) I send it for your use on some great occasion.

*Dear Sir,*

“ After so long silence, the hopes of pardon, and prospect  
 “ of forgiveness might seem entirely extinct, or at least very  
 “ remote, was I not truly sensible of your goodness and can-  
 “ dour, which is the only asylum that my negligence can fly  
 “ to, since every apology would prove insufficient to counter-  
 “ balance it, or alleviate my fault: How then shall my defici-  
 “ ency presume to make so bold an attempt, or be able to  
 “ suffer the hardships of so rough a campaign? &c. &c. &c.

## LETTER IV.

M<sup>r</sup>. GRAY TO M<sup>r</sup>. BEATTIE.*Cambridge, July 16, 1769.*

THE late ceremony of the Duke of Grafton's installation has hindered me from acknowledging sooner the satisfaction your friendly compliment gave me: I thought myself bound in gratitude to his Grace, unasked, to take upon me the task of writing those verses which are usually set to music on this occasion\*. I do not think them worth sending you, because they are by nature doomed to live but a single day; or, if their existence is prolonged beyond that date, it is only by means of newspaper parodies, and witless criticisms. This sort of abuse I had reason to expect, but did not think it worth while to avoid.

Mr. Foulis is magnificent in his gratitude†: I cannot figure

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\* In a short note which he wrote to Mr. Stonehewer, June 12, when, at his request he sent him the Ode in manuscript for his Grace's perusal, he expresses this motive more fully. 'I did not intend the Duke should have heard me till he could not help it. You are desired to make the best excuses you can to his Grace for the liberty I have taken of praising him to his face; but as somebody was necessarily to do this, I did not see why Gratitude should sit silent and leave it to Expectation to sing, who certainly would have sung, and that à gorge déployée upon such an occasion.—*Mason*.

† When the Glasgow edition of Mr. Gray's Poems was sold off (which it was in a short time), Mr. Foulis finding himself a considerable gainer, mentioned to Mr. Beattie, that he wished to make Mr. Gray a present either of his Homer, in 4 vols. folio, or the Greek Historians, printed likewise at his press, in 29 vols. duodecimo.—*Mason*.

to myself how it can be worth his while to offer me such a present. You can judge better of it than I; if he does not hurt himself by it, I would accept his Homer with many thanks. I have not got or even seen it.

I could wish to subscribe to his new edition of Milton, and desire to be set down for two copies of the large paper; but you must inform me where and when I may pay the money.

You have taught me to long for a second letter, and particularly for what you say will make the contents of it. I have nothing to requite it with, but plain and friendly truth; and that you shall have joined to a zeal for your fame, and a pleasure in your success.

I am now setting forward on a journey towards the North of England; but it will not reach so far as I could wish. I must return hither before Michaelmas, and shall barely have time to visit a few places, and a few friends.

## LETTER V.

M<sup>R</sup>. GRAY TO D<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.*Pembroke College, July 17, 1769.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

Mason being in residence at York, I lay aside my first design of going obliquely to Aston, and thence to Keswick; and set out with Mr. Brown to-morrow the common north road. We shall probably pass two or three days at York, and then come to Old Park; about the end of August we may cross the Appennine, and visit M. Skiddaw, when Mason may accompany or meet us on our way; and so you drop me there, to find my way through the deserts of Lancashire in my return homewards.

I am so fat, that I have suffered more from heat this last fortnight, than ever I did in Italy. The thermometer usually at 75, and (in the sun) at 116. My respects to Mrs. Wharton and the family.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

\* *JOURNAL*, 30 Sept. 1769.

Wind at N. W.; clouds and sunshine. A mile and a half from Brough, on a hill lay a great army encamped †. To the left opened a fine valley with green meadows and hedge rows; a gentleman's house peeping forth from a grove of old trees. On a nearer approach, appeared myriads of horses and cattle in the road itself, and in all the fields round me, a brisk stream hurrying cross the way, thousands of clean healthy people in their best party-coloured apparel, farmers and their families, esquires and their daughters, hastening up from the dales and down the fells on every side, glittering in the sun, and pressing forward to join the throng; while the dark hills, on many of whose tops the mists were yet hanging, served as a contrast to this gay and moving scene, which continued for near two miles more along the road, and the crowd (coming towards it) reached on as far as Appleby.

On the ascent of the hill above Appleby, the thick hanging wood, and the long reaches of the Eden (rapid, clear, and full as ever), winding below with views of the castle and town, gave much employment to the mirror ‡; but the sun was wanting and the sky overcast.

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\* The copy of the journal from which this is transcribed, is in the hand-writing of Dr. Wharton; much is altered and omitted, as the reader may ascertain by comparison, in Mason's *Memoirs of Gray*.—*Ed.*

† There is a great fair for cattle kept on the hill near Brough, on this day and the preceding.—*Mason.*

‡ 'Mr. Gray carried usually with him on these tours a plano-convex mirror, of about four inches diameter, on a black foib, and bound up like a pocket-book. A glass of this sort is perhaps the best and most convenient substitute for a camera obscura, of any thing that has hitherto been invented, and may be had of any optician.'—*Mason.*

Oats and barley cut every where, but not carried in. Passed Kirby-thore, Sir W. Dalston's house at Acorn-Bank, Winfield Park, Harthorn Oaks, Countess-Pillar, Brougham-Castle, Mr. Brown (one of the Six Clerks) his large new house; crossed the Eden, and the Eimot (pronounce Eeman) with its green vale, and at three o'clock dined with Mrs. Buchanan, at *Penrith*, on trout and partridge. In the afternoon walked up the Beacon-hill, a mile to the top, saw Winfield and Lowther Parks, and through an opening in the bosom of that cluster of mountains, which the Doctor well remembers, the lake of Ulz-water, with the craggy tops of a hundred nameless hills. These lie to W. and S.; to the N. a great extent of black and dreary plains; to E. Cross-fell, just visible through mists and vapours hovering round it.

October 1. Wind at S. W.; a grey autumnal day, air perfectly calm and gentle. Went to see Ulz-water, five miles distant. Soon left the Keswick road, and turned to the left through shady lanes along the vale of *Eeman*, which runs rapidly on near the way, rippling over the stones. To the right is *Delmaine*, a large fabric of pale red stone, with nine windows in front, and seven on the side, built by Mr. Hassel, behind it a fine lawn, surrounded by woods, and a long rocky eminence rising over them. A clear and brisk rivulet runs by the house to join the Eeman, whose course is in sight and at a small distance. Farther on appears *Hatton St. John*, a castle-like old mansion of Mr. Huddleston. Approached *Dunmallert*, a fine pointed hill, covered with wood, planted by old Mr. Hassel, before mentioned; who lives always at home, and delights in planting. Walked over a spongy meadow or two, and began to mount this hill through a broad and strait green alley among the trees, and with some toil gained the summit. From hence saw the lake opening directly at my feet, majestic in its

calmness, clear and smooth as a blue mirror, with winding shores and low points of land covered with green inclosures, white farm houses looking out among the trees, and cattle feeding. The water is almost every where bordered with cultivated lands gently sloping upwards till they reach the feet of the mountains, which rise very rude and awful with their broken tops on either hand; directly in front, at better than three miles distance *Plucc Fell*, one of the bravest among them, pushes its bold broad breast into the midst of the lake, and forces it to alter its course, forming first a large bay to the left, and then bending to the right. I descended *Dummalert* again by a side avenue, that was only not perpendicular, and came to *Barton* bridge over the *Ecman*, then walking through a path in the wood round the bottom of the hill, came forth where the *Ecman* issues out of the lake, and continued my way along its western shore close to the water, and generally on a level with it. Saw a cormorant flying over it and fishing.

(To be continued.)

## LETTER VI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Aston, 18 Oct. 1769.*

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HOPE you got safe and well home after that troublesome night\*; I long to hear you say so. For me I have continued well, been so favoured by the weather, that my walks have never once been hindered till yesterday (that is, during a fortnight and 3 or 4 days, and a journey of 300 miles and more) and am now at Aston for two days. Tomorrow I go towards Cambridge: Mason is not here, but Mr. Alderson receives me. My best respects to the family.

Adieu! I am ever yours.

Pray tell me about Stonehewer.

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\* Dr. Wharton who had intended to accompany Mr. Gray to Keswick, was seized at Brough with a violent fit of his asthma, which obliged him to return home. This was the reason that Mr. Gray undertook to write the following journal of his tour for his friend's amusement. He sent it under different covers, I give it here in continuation. It may not be amiss, however, to hint to the reader, that if he expects to find elaborate and nicely turned periods in this narration, he will be greatly disappointed. When Mr. Gray described places, he aimed only to be exact, clear, and intelligible; to convey peculiar, not general ideas, and to paint by the eye, not the fancy. There have been many accounts of the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes, both before and since this was written, and all of them better calculated to please readers, who are fond of what they call *fine writing*: Yet those who can content themselves with an elegant simplicity of narrative, will, I



*JOURNAL continued.—1 October, 1769.*

The figure of Ulz-water nothing resembles that laid down in our maps: it is 9 miles long, and (at widest) under a mile in breadth. After extending itself three miles and a half in a line to S. W. it turns at the foot of *Place Fell*, almost due W. and is here not twice the breadth of the Thames at London. It is soon again interrupted by the roots of *Helvellyn*, a lofty and very rugged mountain, and spreading again turns off to S. E. and is lost among the deep recesses of the hills. To this second turning I pursued my way about 4 miles along its borders beyond a village scattered among trees, and called *Water-Mallock*, in a pleasant grave day, perfectly calm and warm, but without a gleam of sunshine. Then the sky seeming to thicken, the valley to grow more desolate, and evening drawing on, I returned by the way I came to *Penrith*.

October 2. Wind at S. E.; sky clearing, *Cross Fell* misty, but the outline of the other hills very distinct. Set out at 10 for *Keswick*, by the road we went in 176 . Saw *Greystock* town and castle to the right, which lie only 3 miles (over the Fells) from Ulz-water. Passed through *Penraddick* and *Threlcot* at the feet of *Saddleback*, whose furrowed sides were gilt by noonday sun, while its brow appeared of a sad purple, from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it. The broad and green valley of *Gardies* and *Lowside*, with a swift stream glittering among the cottages, and meadows, lay to the left; and the much finer (but narrower) valley of *St. John's*, opening into

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flatter myself, find this to their taste; they will perceive it was written with a view, rather to inform than surprize; and, if they make it their companion when they take the same tour, it will inhanche their opinion of its intrinsic excellence: in this way I tried it myself before I resolved to print it.—*Mason*.

it. *Hill-top*, the large, though low mansion of the Gaskarths now a farm-house, seated on an eminence among woods under a steep fell, was what appeared the most conspicuous, and beside it a great rock, like some ancient tower nodding to its fall. Passed by the side of *Skiddaw*, and its cub called *Latter-rig*; and saw from an eminence, at two miles distance, the vale of Elysium in all its verdure, the sun then playing on the bosom of the lake, and lighting up all the mountains with its lustre. Dined by 2 o'clock at the *Queen's Head*, and then straggled out alone to the *Parsonage*, fell down on my back across a dirty lane, with my glass open in one hand, but broke only my knuckles, staid nevertheless, and saw the sun set in all its glory.

October 3. Wind at S. E.; a heavenly day. Rose at 7, and walked out under the conduct of my landlord to *Borrodale*. The grass was covered with a hoar frost, which soon melted and exhaled in a thin blueish smoke. Crossed the meadows obliquely, catching a diversity of views among the hills over the lake and islands, and changing prospect at every ten paces; left *Cockshut* and *Castle-hill* (which we formerly mounted) behind me, and drew near the foot of *Walla-crag*, whose bare and rocky brow, cut perpendicularly down above 400 feet, as I guess, awefully overlooks the way; our path here tends to the left, and the ground gently rising, and covered with a glade of scattering trees and bushes on the very margin of the water, opens both ways the most delicious view, that my eyes ever beheld. Behind you are the magnificent heights of *Walla-crag*; opposite lie the thick hanging woods of Lord Egremont, and *Newland* valley, with green and smiling fields embosomed in the dark cliffs; to the left the jaws of *Borrodale*, with that turbulent chaos of mountain behind mountain, rolled in confusion; beneath you, and stretching far away to the right, the shining

purity of the *Lake*, just ruffled by the breeze, enough to shew it is alive, reflecting rocks, woods, fields, and inverted tops of mountains, with the white buildings of *Keswick*, *Crosthwait* church, and *Skiddaw* for a back ground at a distance. Oh! Doctor! I never wished more for you; and pray think how the glass played its part in such a spot, which is called *Carf-close-reeds*; I chuse to set down these barbarous names, that any body may enquire on the place, and easily find the particular station that I mean. This scene continues to *Barrow-gate*; and a little farther, passing a brook called *Barrow-beck*, we entered *Borro-dale*. The crags, named *Lodoor-banks*, now begin to impend terribly over your way; and more terribly when you hear, that three years since an immense mass of rock tumbled at once from the brow, and barred all access to the dale (for this is the only road) till they could work their way through it. Luckily no one was passing at the time of this fall; but down the side of the mountain, and far into the lake, lie dispersed the huge fragments of this ruin, in all shapes and in all directions. Something farther, we turned aside into a coppice, ascending a little in front of *Lodoor* water-fall, the height appears to be about 200 feet, the quantity of water not great, though (these three days excepted) it had rained daily in the hills for near two months before; but then the stream was nobly broken, leaping from rock to rock, and foaming with fury. On one side a towering crag, that spired up to equal, if not overtop, the neighbouring cliffs (this lay all in shade and darkness); on the other hand a rounder broader projecting hill, shagged with wood, and illumined by the sun, which glanced sideways on the upper part of the cataract. The force of the water wearing a deep channel in the ground, hurries away to join the lake. We descended again, and passed the stream over a rude bridge. Soon after we came under *Gowder* crag, a hill more formidable to the eye and to the apprehension than

that of *Lodoor*; the rocks a-top, deep-cloven, perpendicularly, by the rains, hanging loose and nodding forwards, seem just starting from their base in shivers; the whole way down, and the road on both sides, is strewed with piles of the fragments, strangely thrown across each other, and of a dreadful bulk. The place reminds one of those passes in the Alps\*, where the guides tell you to move on with speed and say nothing, lest the agitation of the air should loosen the snows above, and bring down a mass that would overwhelm a caravan. I took their counsel here and hastened on in silence.

Non ragionam di lor; ma guarda, e passa!

(*To be continued.*)

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## LETTER VII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

HAVE you lost the former part of my journal? It was dated from *Aston*, 18th Oct. How does *Stonehewer* do?

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\* From rock to rock, with giant-bound,  
High on their iron poles they pass;  
Mute, lest the air convulsed by sound,  
Rend from above a frozen mass.

Rogers's Poems,  
"The Alps at Day-break." p. 163.

Will his father's condition allow him to return as yet? I beg my respects to all the family at Old-Park,

And am ever yours,

T. G.

29 Oct. 1769, Cambridge.

*JOURNAL continued.*

October 3. The hills here are clothed all up their steep sides with oak, ash, birch, holly, &c.: some of it has been cut 40 years ago, some within these eight years, yet all is sprung again green, flourishing, and tall for its age, in a place where no soil appears but the staring rock, and where a man could scarce stand upright.

Met a civil young farmer overseeing his reapers (for it is oat-harvest here) who conducted us to a neat white house in the village of Grange, which is built on a rising ground in the midst of a valley. Round it the mountains form an awful amphitheatre, and through it obliquely runs the Derwent clear as glass, and shewing under its bridge every trout that passes. Beside the village rises a round eminence of rock, covered entirely with old trees, and over that more proudly towers Castle-crag, invested also with wood on its sides, and bearing on its naked top some traces of a fort said to be Roman. By the side of this hill, which almost blocks up the way, the valley turns to the left and contracts its dimensions, till there is hardly any road but the rocky bed of the river. The wood of the mountains increases, and their summits grow loftier to the eye, and of more fantastic forms: among them appear *Eagle's-Cliff*,

*Dove's-Nest*, *Whitedale-pike*, &c. celebrated names in the annals of Keswick. The dale opens about four miles higher till you come to *Sea-Whaite* (where lies the way mounting the hills to the right, that leads to the *Wadd-mines*): all farther access is here barred to prying mortals, only there is a little path winding over the Fells, and for some weeks in the year passable to the Dale's-men; but the mountains know well that these innocent people will not reveal the mysteries of their ancient kingdom, the reign of Chaos and Old Night: only I learned that this dreadful road, dividing again, leads one branch to *Ravenglas*, and the other to *Hawkshead*.

For me, I went no farther than the farmer's at *Grange*: his mother and he brought us butter, that Siserah would have jumped at, though not in a lordly dish, bowls of milk, thin oaten cakes and ale; and we had carried a cold tongue thither with us. Our farmer was himself the man, that last year plundered the eagle's eirie: all the dale are up in arms on such an occasion, for they lose abundance of lambs yearly, not to mention hares, partridges, grouse, &c. He was let down from the cliff in ropes to the shelf of rock, on which the nest was built, the people above shouting and holloaing to fright the old birds, which flew screaming round, but did not dare to attack him. He brought off the eaglet (for there is rarely more than one) and an addle egg. The nest was roundish and more than a yard over, made of twigs twisted together. Seldom a year passes but they take the brood or eggs, and sometimes they shoot one, sometimes the other parent, but the survivor has always found a mate (probably in Ireland), and they breed near the old place. By his description I learn, that this species is the *Erne* (the *Vultur Albicilla* of Linnæus in his last edition, but in yours *Falco Albicilla*) so consult him and Pennant about it.

Walked leisurely home the way we came, but saw a new landscape: the features indeed were the same in part, but many new ones were disclosed by the mid-day sun, and the tints were entirely changed. Take notice this was the best or perhaps the only day for going up Skiddaw, but I thought it better employed: it was perfectly serene, and hot as Midsummer. In the evening walked alone down to the Lake by the side of *Crow-Park* after sun-set, and saw the solemn colouring of light draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many water-falls, not audible\* in the day-time. Wished for the Moon, but she was *dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.*

October 4. Wind E.; clouds and sunshine, and in the course of the day a few drops of rain. Walked to *Crow-Park*, now a rough pasture, once a glade of ancient oaks, whose large roots still remain on the ground, but nothing has sprung from them. If one single tree had remained, this would have been an unparalleled spot; and Smith judged right when he took his print of the Lake from hence, for it is a gentle eminence, not too high, on the very margin of the water, and commanding it from end to end, looking full into the *gorge* of *Borro-dale*; I prefer it even to Cockshut-hill, which lies beside it, and to which I walked in the afternoon. It is covered with young trees both sown and planted, oak, spruce, Scotch-fir, &c. all which thrive wonderfully. There is an easy ascent to the top, and the view far preferable to that on Castle-hill (which you

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\* 'A soft and lulling sound is heard  
Of streams inaudible by day.'

Wordsworth's *White Doe*, Canto IV.

remember) because this is lower and nearer to the Lake: for I find all points, that are much elevated, spoil the beauty of the valley, and makes its parts (which are not large) look poor and diminutive\*. While I was here, a little shower fell, red clouds came marching up the hills from the east, and part of a bright rainbow seemed to rise along the side of Castle-hill.

From hence I got to the *Parsonage*, a little before sunset, and saw in my glass a picture, that if I could transmit to you and fix it in all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty. The rest are in a sublimer style.

(*To be continued without end.*)

P. S. I beg your pardon, but I have no franks. The quill arrived very safe, and doubtless is a very snug and commodious method of travelling; for one of the rarities was alive and hearty, and was three times plunged in spirits, before I could get it to die. You are much improved in observation, for a common eye would certainly take it for a pismire. The place of its birth, form of the antennæ, and abdomen, particularly

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\* The *Picturesque Point* is always thus low in all prospects: A truth which though the landscape painter knows, he cannot always observe; since the patron who employs him to take a view of his place, usually carries him to some elevation for that purpose, in order, I suppose, that he may have more of him for his money. Yet when I say this, I would not be thought to mean that a drawing should be made from the lowest point possible; as for instance, in this very view, from the lake itself, for then a foreground would be wanting. On this account, when I sailed on Derwentwater, I did not receive so much pleasure from the superb amphitheatre of mountains around me, as when, like Mr. Gray, I traversed its margin; and I therefore think he did not lose much by not taking boat.—*Mason*.



the long *aculeus* under it, shew it to be a *Cynips*, (look among the *Hymenoptera*) not yet complete; for the four wings do not yet appear, that I see. It is not a species described by Linnæus, though he mentions others, that breed on the leaves, footstalks, buds, flowers, and bark of the oak. Remember me to Mrs. Wharton and the family. My love to Stonehewer, if he has not left Durham. Adieu!

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## LETTER VIII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Jan. 3, 1770, Pemb. C.*

(*JOURNAL continued.*)

OCTOBER 5.—Wind N. E. Clouds and sunshine. Walked through the meadows and corn-fields to the Derwent; and crossing it went up How-hill. It looks along the Basinthwaite water, and sees at the same time the course of the river, and a part of the upper lake with a full view of Skiddaw. Then I took my way through Portingskall village to the *Park*, a hill so called, covered entirely with wood: it is all a mass of crumbling slate. Passed round its foot between the trees and the edge of the water, and came to a Peninsula that juts out into the lake, and looks along it both ways. In front rises Walla-crag and Castle-hill, the town, the road to Penrith, Skiddaw and Saddle-back. Returning met a brisk and cold North Eastern blast, that ruffled all the surface of the lake, and made it rise in little waves that broke at the foot of the wood. After dinner walked up the Penrith road two miles or more, and turning into a corn-field to the right, called Castle-Rigg, saw a Druid circle of large stones 108 feet in diameter, the biggest not eight feet high, but

most of them still erect. They are fifty\* in number, the valley of St. John's appeared in sight, and the summits of *Catchidecam* (called by Camden, *Casticand*) and *Helvellyn*, said to be as high as *Skiddaw*, and to arise from a much higher base. A shower came on, and I returned.

October 6. Wind E.; clouds and sun. Went in a chaise eight miles along the East side of Bassingth-water, to *Ouse-bridge* (pronounce *Ews bridge*) the road in some part made, and very good, the rest slippery and dangerous cart-road, or narrow rugged lanes, but no precipices; it runs directly along the foot of *Skiddaw*. Opposite to *Widhope-brows* (clothed to the top with wood) a very beautiful view opens down the lake, which is narrower and longer than that of *Keswick*, less broken into bays, and without islands,† at the foot of it, a few paces from the brink, gently sloping upward, stands *Armathwaite*, in a thick grove of Scotch firs, commanding a noble view directly up the lake. At a small distance behind the house, is a large extent of wood, and still behind this, a ridge of cultivated hills, on which (according to the *Keswick Proverb*) the sun always shines. The inhabitants here on the contrary, call the vale of *Derwent-water*, the *Devil's Chamber-Pot*, and pronounce the name of *Skiddaw-Fell* (which terminates here,) with a sort of terror and aversion. *Armathwaite-house* is a modern fabric, not large, and built of dark red stone, belonging to *Mr. Spedding*, whose grandfather was steward to old *Sir James Lowther*, and bought this estate of the *Himers*. So you must look for *Mr. Michell* in some other country. The

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\* See this piece of antiquity more fully described, with a plate annexed, by *Mr. Pennant* in his *Second Tour to Scotland* in 1772, p. 38.—*Mason*.

† It is somewhat extraordinary that *Mr. Gray* omitted to mention the islands on *Derwentwater*; one of which, I think they call it *Vicar's Island*, makes a principal object in the scene. See *Smith's View of Derwentwater*.—*Mason*.

sky was overcast, and the wind cool, so after dining at a public house, which stands here near the bridge; (that crosses the Derwent just when it issues from the lake) and sauntering a little by the water-side, I came home again. The turnpike is finished from Cockermouth hither, (five miles) and is carrying on to Penrith;—several little showers to day. A man came in who said there was snow on *Cross-fell* this morning.

Oct. 7. Market day here. Wind, North East. Clouds and sunshine; little showers at intervals all day; yet walked in the morning to Crow-park; and in the evening up Penrith road; the clouds came rolling up the mountains all round very [dark\*] yet the moon shone at intervals, it was too damp to go towards the lake. To-morrow mean to bid farewell to Keswick.

Botany might be studied here to great advantage at another season, because of the great variety of soils, and elevations, all lying within a small compass. I observed nothing but several curious Lichens, and plenty of Gale, or Dutch Myrtle, perfuming the borders of the lake. This year the Wadd-mine had been opened, (which is done once in five years,) it is taken out in lumps sometimes as big as a man's fist, and will undergo no preparation by fire, not being fusible. When it is pure, soft, black, and close grained, it is worth sometimes 30 shillings a pound. There are no charr ever taken in these lakes, but plenty in Buttermere-water, which lies a little way, north of Borrodale, about Martlemas, which are potted here. They sow chiefly oats and bigg here, which are now cutting and still on the ground. The rains have done much hurt, yet

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\* This word is inserted by Mason, without remark; there is an omission in Gray's MS.—*Ed.*

observe, the soil is so thin and light, that no day has passed in which I could not walk out with ease, and you know I am no lover of dirt. Fell-mutton is now in season for about six weeks; it grows fat on the mountains, and nearly resembles venison; excellent pike and perch, (here called *bass*) trout is out of season; partridge in great plenty.

Receipt to dress Perch (for Mrs. Wharton). "Wash, but neither scale nor gut them. Broil till enough, then pull out the fins, and open them along the back; take out the bone, and all the inwards without breaking them: put in a large lump of butter and salt, clap the sides together, till it melts, and serve very hot; it is excellent. The skin must not be eaten."

October 8th. Left Keswick and took the Ambleside road in a gloomy morning; wind east and afterwards north east; about two miles from the town mounted an eminence, called *Castle Rigg*, and the sun breaking out discovered the most enchanting view I have yet seen of the whole valley behind me, the two lakes, the river, the mountain, all in their glory! had almost a mind to have gone back again. The road in some few parts is not completed, but good country road, through sound, but narrow and stony lanes, very safe in broad day-light. This is the case about *Causeway-foot*, and among *Naddle-fells* to *Lancowate*. The vale you go in has little breadth, the mountains are vast and rocky, the fields little and poor, and the inhabitants are now making hay, and see not the sun by two hours in a day so long as at Keswick. Came to the foot of Helvellyn, along which runs an excellent road, looking down from a little height on *Lee's-water*, (called also *Thirl-meer*, or *Wiborn-water*) and soon descending on its margin. The lake from its depth looks black, (though really as clear as glass) and from the gloom of the vast crags, that scowl over it: it is narrow and

about three miles long, resembling a river in its course; little shining torrents hurry down the rocks to join it, with not a bush to overshadow them, or cover their march: all is rock and loose stones up to the very brow, which lies so near your way, that not half the height of Helvellyn can be seen. (To be continued, but now we have got franks.)

Happy new year, and many to you all! Hepatica and mezereon now in flower! I saw Mrs. Jonathan, who is much fallen away, and was all in tears for the loss of her brother's child: she and Miss Wilson desired their compliments. Your nephew is here, and very well; so is Mr. Brown who presents his best wishes.

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## LETTER IX.

### MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

PAST by the little chapel of *Wiborn*, out of which the Sunday congregation were then issuing. Past a beck near *Dunmailrouse* and entered Westmorland a second time, now begin to see *Helm-crag*, distinguished from its rugged neighbours, not so much by its height, as by the strange broken outline of its top, like some gigantic building demolished, and the stones that composed it flung across each other in wild confusion. Just beyond it opens one of the sweetest landscapes that art ever attempted to imitate. The bosom of the mountains spreading here into a broad bason, discovers in the midst *Grasmere-water*; its margin is hollowed into small bays with bold eminences, some

of them rocks, some of soft turf that half conceal and vary the figure of the little lake they command. From the shore a low promontory pushes itself far into the water, and on it stands a white village with the parish-church rising in the midst of it, hanging enclosures, corn-fields, and meadows green as an emerald, with their trees, hedges, and cattle, fill up the whole space from the edge of the water. Just opposite to you is a large farm-house at the bottom of a steep smooth lawn embosomed in old woods, which climb half way up the mountain's side, and discover above them a broken line of crags, that crown the scene. Not a single red tile, no flaring gentleman's house or garden walls, break in upon the repose of this little unsuspected paradise; but all is peace, rusticity, and happy poverty in its neatest and most becoming attire.

The road winds here over *Grasmere-hill*, whose rocks soon conceal the water from your sight, yet it is continued along behind them, and, contracting itself to a river, communicates with *Ridale-water*, another small lake, but of inferior size and beauty; it seems shallow too, for large patches of reeds appear pretty far within it. Into this vale the road descends, on the opposite banks large and ancient woods mount up the hills, and just to the left of our way stands *Ridale-hall*, the family seat of Sir Mic. Fleming, but now a farm-house, a large old fashioned fabric, surrounded with wood, &c. not much too good for its present destination. Sir Michael is now on his travels, and all this timber far and wide belongs to him; I tremble for it when he returns. Near the house rises a huge crag called *Ridale-head*, which is said to command a full view of *Wynander-mere*, and I doubt it not, for within a mile that great lake is visible even from the road. As to going up the crag, one might as well go up *Skiddaw*.

Came to *Ambleside* eighteen miles to *Keswick* meaning to lie there, but on looking into the best bed-chamber, dark and damp as a cellar, grew delicate, gave up *Wynander-mere* in despair, and resolved I would go on to *Kendal* directly, fourteen miles farther\* ; the road in general fine turnpike, but some parts (about three miles in all) not made, yet without danger. Unexpectedly was well rewarded for my determination. The afternoon was fine, and the road for full five miles runs along the side of *Wynander-mere*, with delicious views across it, and almost from one end to the other ; it is ten miles in length and at most a mile over, resembling the course of some vast and magnificent river, but no flat marshy grounds, no osier beds, or patches of scrubby plantation on its banks ; at the head two vallies open among the mountains, one, that by which we came down, the other *Langsedale* in which *Wrynose* and *Hard-knot*, two great mountains rise above the rest. From thence the fells visibly sink and soften along its sides. Sometimes they run into

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\* By not staying a little at *Ambleside*, Mr. Gray lost the sight of two most magnificent cascades ; the one not above half a mile behind the inn, the other down *Ridale-crag*, where Sir Michael Fleming is now making a path way to the top of it. These, when I saw them, were in full torrent, whereas *Lawdoor* water-fall, which I visited in the evening of the very same day, was almost without a stream. Hence I conclude that this distinguished feature in the vale of *Keswick*, is, like the most Northern rivers, only in high beauty during bad weather. But his greatest loss was in not seeing a small water-fall, visible only through the window of a ruined summer-house in Sir Michael's orchard. Here Nature has performed every thing in little that she usually executes on her largest scale ; and on that account, like the miniature painter, seems to have finished every part of it in a studied manner ; not a little fragment of rock thrown into the bason, not a single stem of brushwood that starts from its craggy sides, but has its picturesque meaning ; and the little central stream dashing down a cleft of the darkest coloured stone, produces an effect of light and shadow beautiful beyond description. This little theatrical scene might be painted as large as the original, on a canvass not bigger than those which are usually dropped in the Opera-house.—*Mason*. See *Gilpin's Tour to the Lakes*, Vol. I. p. 169.—*Ed.*

it, (but with a gentle declivity) in their own dark and natural complexion; oftener they are green and cultivated, with farms interspersed, and round eminences on the border covered with trees: towards the South it seems to break into larger bays with several islands, and a wider extent of cultivation; the way rises continually till at a place called *Orresthead* it turns to South East, losing sight of the water. Passed by *Ing's* chapel and *Stavely*, but I can say no farther, for the dusk of the evening coming on I entered *Kendal*. almost in the dusk, and could distinguish only a shadow of the castle on a hill, and tenter grounds spread far and wide round the town, which I mistook for houses. My inn promised sadly, having two wooden galleries (like Scotland) in front of it. It was indeed an old ill-contrived house, but kept by civil sensible people, so I stayed two nights with them, and fared and slept very comfortably.

Oct. 9. Wind N. W. clouds and sun; air as mild as summer; all corn off the ground; sky-larks singing aloud; (by the way I saw not one at *Keswick*, perhaps because the place abounds with birds of prey) went up the castle hill, the town consists chiefly of three nearly parallel streets almost a mile long: except these all the other houses seem as if they had been dancing a country-dance and were out; there they stand back to back; corner to corner, some up hill, some down, without intent or meaning; along by their side runs a fine brisk stream, over which are three stone bridges, the buildings (a few comfortable houses excepted) are mean, of stone and covered with a bad rough cast. Near the end of the town stands a handsome house of Col. Wilson's, and adjoining to it the church, a very large Gothic fabric with a square tower; it has no particular ornaments but double aisles, and at the east end four chapels or choirs, one of the *Parrs*, another of the *Stricklands*, the third is the proper choir of the church,



and a fourth of the Bellinghams, a family now extinct. The remains of the castle are seated on a fine hill on the side of the river opposite to the town, almost the whole enclosure of walls remains with four towers, two square and two round, but their upper part and embattlements are demolished, it is of rough stone and cement; without any ornament or arms round, enclosing a court of like form, and surrounded by a moat, nor ever could have been larger than it is, for there are no traces of outworks, there is a good view of the town and river, with a fertile open valley through which it winds.

After dinner went along the *Milthrop* turnpike four miles to see the falls (or force) of the river Kent; came to *Siserge* (pronounce *Siser*) and turned down a lane to the left, *Siser*, the seat of the Stricklands, an old catholic family, is an ancient hall-house with a very large tower embattled: the rest of the buildings added to this are of later date, but all is white, and seen to advantage on a back ground of old trees; there is a small park also well wooded; opposite to this turned to the left and soon came to the river; it works its way in a narrow and deep rocky channel overhung with trees. The calmness and brightness of the evening, the roar of the waters, and the thumping of huge hammers at an iron forge not far distant, made it a singular walk, but as to the falls (for there are two) they are not four feet high. I went on down to the forge and saw the demons at work by the light of their own fires: the iron is brought in pigs to *Milthrop* by sea from *Scotland*, and is here beat into bars and plates. Two miles farther, at *Levens* is the seat of Lord Suffolk, where he sometimes passes the summer: it was a favourite place of his late Countess, but this I did not see.

Oct. 10. Went by *Burton* to *Lancaster*. Wind N. W. Clouds

and sun; twenty-two miles; very good country, well inclosed and wooded, with some common interspersed; passed at the foot of *Fariton-Knot* a high fell, four miles north of *Lancaster*, on a rising ground called *Bolton* (pronounce *Bouton*) we had a full view of *Curtmell-sands*, with here and there a passenger riding over them, (it being low water), the points of *Furness* shooting far into the sea, and lofty mountains partly covered with clouds extending North of them. *Lancaster* also appeared very conspicuous and fine, for its most distinguished features, the castle and the church, mounted on a green eminence, were all that could be seen. Woe is me! when I got thither, it was the second day of their fair; the inn in the principal street was a great old gloomy house full of people, but I found tolerable quarters, and even slept two nights in peace. Ascended the castle-hill in a fine afternoon, it takes up the higher top of the eminence on which it stands, and is irregularly round, encompassed with a deep moat. In front towards the town is a magnificent Gothic gateway, lofty and huge, the over-hanging battlements are supported by a triple range of corbels, the intervals pierced through and showing the day from above; on its top rise light watch-towers of small height, it opens below with a grand pointed arch; over this is a wrought tabernacle, doubtless once containing its founder's figure; on one side a shield of France semy quartered with England, on the other with a label ermine for John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. This opens to a court within, which I did not much care to enter, being the county gaol and full of prisoners, both criminals and debtors. From this gateway the walls continue and join it to a vast square tower of great height; the lower part at least of remote antiquity, for it has small round-headed lights, with plain short pillars on each side of them; there is a third tower also square and of less dimensions, this is all the castle: near it and but

little lower stands the church, a large and plain Gothic fabric; the high square tower at the west end has been rebuilt of late years, but nearly in the same style. There are no ornaments of arms, &c. any where to be seen, within it is light-some and spacious, but not one monument of antiquity, or piece of painted glass is left: from the church-yard there is an extensive sea-view (for now the tide had almost covered the sands and filled the river), and besides greatest part of *Furness*, I could distinguish *Peel-castle*, on the *Isle of Fowdrey*, which lies off its southern extremity: the town is built on the slope, and at the foot of the Castle-hill more than twice the bigness of Auckland, with many neat buildings of white stone, but a little disorderly in their position ad libitum like Kendal. Many also extend below on the Keys by the river side, where a number of ships were moored, some of them three mast vessels, decked out with their colours in honour of the fair. Here is a good bridge of four arches over the Lune, which runs when the tide is out in two streams divided by a bed of gravel, which is not covered but in spring tides; below the town it widens to near the breadth of the Thames at London, and meets the sea at five or six miles distance to the S. W.

October 11. Wind S. W.; clouds and sun: warm and a fine dappled sky: crossed the river, and walked over a peninsula three miles to the village of Pooton, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman mending his nets (while I enquired about the danger of passing those sands) told me in his dialect a moving story. How a brother of the trade, a cockler (as he styled him) driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the Seven Mile Sands, as they had frequently been used to do; for nobody in the village knew them better

than the old man did. When they were about half way over a thick fog rose, and as they advanced, they found the water much deeper than they expected. The old man was puzzled; he stopped and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with. They staid a little while for him but in vain. They called aloud, but no reply; at last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on. She would not leave the place; she wandered about, forlorn and amazed. She would not quit her horse, and get into the cart with them. They determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off and perished. The poor girls clung close to their cart, and the horse, sometimes wading, and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found soon after (next ebb,) that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he had left them.

In the afternoon wandered about the town and by the key, till it was dark. A little rain fell.

October 12. Wind North-east. Sky gloomy, then gleams of sunshine. Set out for Settle by a fine turnpike road, 29 miles.

Rich and beautiful enclosed country, diversified with frequent villages and churches, very uneven ground, and on the left the River Lune winding in a deep valley, its hanging banks clothed with fine woods, through which you catch long reaches of the water, as the road winds about at a considerable height above it. Passed the Park (Hon. Mr. Clifford's, a Catholic,) in the most picturesque part of the way. The grounds between

him and the River are indeed charming: \* the house is ordinary, and the Park nothing but a rocky fell, scattered over with ancient hawthorns. Came to Hornby, a little town on the River Wanning, over which a handsome bridge is now in building. The Castle in a lordly situation attracted me, so I walked up the hill to it. First presents itself a large but ordinary white gentleman's house, sashed; behind it rises the ancient keep built by Edward Stanley, Lord Monteagle, in Henry the VIIIth's time. It is now a shell only, though rafters are laid within it as for flooring. I went up a winding stone staircase in one corner to the leads, and at the angle is a single hexagon watch-tower rising some feet higher, fitted up in the taste of a modern *Toot*, with sash-windows in gilt frames, and a stucco cupola, and on the top a vast gilt eagle, by Mr. Charteris, the present possessor. But he has not lived here since the year 1745, when the people of Lancaster insulted him, threw stones into his coach, and almost made his wife (Lady Catherine Gordon) miscarry. Since that he has built a great ugly house of red stone (thank God it is not in England) near Haddington, which I remember to have passed by. He is the second son of the Earl of Wemyss, and brother to the Lord Elcho, grandson to Colonel Charteris, whose name he bears. From the leads of the tower there is a fine view of the country round, and much wood near the Castle. Ingleborough which I had

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\* This scene opens just three miles from Lancaster, on what is called the Queen's Road. To see the view in perfection, you must go into a field on the left. Here Ingleborough, behind a variety of lesser mountains, makes the background of the prospect: on each hand of the middle distance, rise two sloping hills; the left clothed with thick woods, the right with variegated rock and herbage: between them, in the richest of vallies, the Lune serpentizes for many a mile, and comes forth ample and clear, through a well-wooded and richly pastured fore-ground. Every feature which constitutes a perfect landscape of the extensive sort, is here not only boldly marked, but also in its best position.—*Mason*.

seen before distinctly at Lancaster, to North-east, was now completely wrapt in clouds, all but its summit, which might have been easily mistaken for a long black cloud too, fraught with an approaching storm. Now our road began gradually to mount towards the Appennine; the trees growing less and thin of leaves till we came to Inghilton, 18 miles. It is a pretty village, situated very high, and yet in a valley at the foot of that huge creature of God, *Ingleborough*, two torrents cross it with great stones rolled along their bed instead of water: over them are two handsome arches flung. Here at a little ale-house, were Sir Bellingham Graham, and Mr. Parker, Lord of the Manor, (one of them six feet and a half high, and the other as much in breadth) come to dine. The nipping air (though the afternoon was growing very bright) now taught us we were in Craven; the road was all up and down (though no where very steep) to the left were mountain-tops, to the right a wide valley, (all enclosed ground) and beyond it high hills again. In approaching Settle the crags on the left draw nearer to our way, till we ascended *Brunton-brow* into a cheerful valley (though thin of trees) to *Giggleswick*, a village with a small piece of water by its side covered over with coots. Near it a church which belongs also to Settle, and half a mile further, having passed the *Ribble*, over a bridge, arrived at Settle. It is a small market-town standing directly under a rocky fell. There are not a dozen good looking houses; the rest are old and low, with little wooden porticos in front. My Inn pleased me much (though small) for the neatness and civility of the good woman that kept it, so I lay there two nights, and went

October 13, to visit *Gordale-scar*. Wind N. E.: day gloomy and cold. It lay but six miles from Settle, but that way was directly over a fell, and it might rain, so I went round in a

chaise the only way one could get near it in a carriage, which made it full thirteen miles, and half of it such a road! but I got safe over it, so there's an end; and came to Maltham (pronounce it Maum) a village in the bosom of the mountains, seated in a wild and dreary valley: from thence I was to walk a mile over very rough ground. A torrent rattling along on the left hand. On the cliffs above hung a few goats; one of them danced and scratched an ear with its hind foot, in a place where I would not have stood stock-still for all beneath the moon. As I advanced, the crags seemed to close in, but discovered a narrow entrance turning to the left between them. I followed my guide a few paces, and lo, the hills opened again into no large space, and then all further way is barred by a stream, that at the height of above 50 feet gushes from a hole in the rock, and spreading in large sheets over its broken front, dashes from steep to steep, and then rattles away in a torrent down the valley. The rock on the left rises perpendicular with stubbed yew-trees and shrubs, staring from its side to the height of at least 300 feet; but those are not the things: it is that to the right under which you stand to see the fall, that forms the principal horror of the place. From its very base it begins to slope forwards over you in one block and solid mass, without any crevice in its surface, and overshadows half the area below with its dreadful canopy. When I stood at (I believe) full four yards distance from its foot, the drops which perpetually distil from its brow, fell on my head, and in one part of the top more exposed to the weather, there are loose stones that hang in the air, and threaten visibly some idle spectator with instant destruction. It is safer to shelter yourself close to its bottom, and trust the mercy of that enormous mass, which nothing but an earthquake can stir. The gloomy uncomfortable day well suited the savage aspect of the place, and made it still more formidable.

I stayed there (not without shuddering) a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid, for the impression will last for life. At the ale-house where I dined in *Maum*, *Vivares*, the landscape painter, had lodged for a week or more. *Smith* and *Bellers* had also been there, and two prints of *Gordale* have been engraved by them. I returned to my comfortable inn. Night fine but windy and frosty.

October 14. Went to *Skipton*, 16 miles. Wind North East; gloomy. A little sleet falls. From several parts of the road, and in many places about *Settle*, I saw at once the three famous hills of this country, *Ingleborough*, *Penigent*, and *Pendle*; the first is esteemed the highest; their features are hard to describe, but I could trace their outline with a pencil\*. [In the ma-

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\* Without the pencil nothing indeed is to be described with precision; and even then that pencil ought to be in the very hand of the writer, ready to supply with outlines every thing that his pen cannot express by words. As far as language can describe, *Mr. Gray* has, I think, pushed its powers: for rejecting, as I before hinted, every general unmeaning and hyperbolic phrase, he has selected (both in this journal, and on other similar occasions) the plainest, simplest, and most direct terms: yet, notwithstanding his judicious care, in the use of these, I must own I feel them defective. They present me, it is true, with a picture of the same species, but not with the identical picture: my imagination receives clear and distinct, but not true and exact images. It may be asked then, why am I entertained by well-written descriptions? I answer, because they amuse rather than inform me; and because, after I have seen the places described, they serve to recal to my memory the original scene, almost as well as the truest drawing or picture. In the meanwhile, my mind is flattered by thinking it has acquired some conception of the place, and rests contented in an innocent error, which nothing but ocular proof can detect, and which, when detected, does not diminish the pleasure I had before received, but augments it by superadding the charms of comparison and verification; and herein I would place the real and only merit of verbal prose description. To speak of poetical, would lead me beyond the limits as well as the purpose of this note. I cannot, however, help adding, that I have seen one piece of verbal description which com-



nuscript is inserted a rough outline of the shape of these three mountains, in this place.] Craven after all is an unpleasing country, when seen from a height. Its valleys are chiefly wide, and either marshy, or enclosed pasture, with a few trees. Numbers of black cattle are fatted here; both of the Scotch breed and a large sort of oxen with great horns. There is little cultivated ground except a few oats.

October 15. Wind, North East. Gloomy at noon. A few grains of sleet fell. Then bright and clear. Went through Long Preston and Gargrave to Skipton, 16 miles. It is a pretty large market town in a valley, with one very broad street, gently sloping downwards from the castle, which stands at the head of it. This is one of our good \* Countess's buildings, but on old foundations, it is not very large, but of a handsome antique appearance, with round towers. A grand gateway,

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pletely satisfies me, because it is throughout assisted by masterly delineation. It is composed by the Rev. Mr. Gilpin, of Cheam, in Surrey; and contains, amongst other places, an account of the very scenes which, in this tour, our author visited. This gentleman, possessing the conjoined talent of a writer and a designer, has employed them in this manuscript to every purpose of picturesque beauty, in the description of which a correct eye, a practised pencil, and an eloquent pen could assist him. He has consequently produced a work *unique* in its kind at once. But I have said it is in manuscript, and, I am afraid, likely to continue so; for would his modesty permit him to print it, the great expence of plates would make its publication almost impracticable.—*Mason*.

\* Anne Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery. I have an extempore epitaph in verse, which Gray wrote on this memorable lady, on reading the epitaph on her mother's tomb in the church at Appleby, composed by the Countess in the same manner. An interesting sketch of her life, composed from the MS. of Mr. Sedgwick her secretary (extant in Appleby Castle) may be read in Gilpin's Tour to the Lakes. Vol. II. p. 149—164.—*Ed*.

bridge, and moat, and many old trees about in good repair, and kept up as an habitation of the Earl of Thanet, though he rarely comes thither. What with the sleet, and a foolish dispute about chaises that delayed me, I did not see the inside of it. But went on 15 miles to *Otley*. First up Shode-bank, the steepest hill I ever saw a road carried over in England. For it mounts up in a straight line (without any other repose for the horses, than by placing stones every now and then behind the wheels) for a full mile. Then the road goes along the brow of this high hill over Rumbold Moor, till it gently descends into Whorlale. So they call the Vale of the Wharf, and a beautiful vale it is. Well wooded, well cultivated, well inhabited; but with high crags at distance, that border the green country on either hand; through the midst of it, deep, clear, full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth, runs in long windings the river; how it comes to pass, that it should be so fine and copious a stream here, and at Tadcaster (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel without water, I cannot tell; I passed through *Long Addingham*, Ilkoley (pronounce Eccla) distinguished by a lofty brow of loose rocks; to the right, Burley, a neat and pretty village among trees. On the opposite side of the river lay *Middleton Lodge*, belonging to a Catholic gentleman of that name. *Weston*, a venerable stone fabric, with large offices, of Mr. Vavasor. The meadows in front gently descending to the water, and behind a great and shady wood. Farnley (Mr. Fawkes) a place like the last, but larger, and rising higher on the side of the hill. *Otley* is a large airy town, with clean but low rustic buildings, and a bridge over the wharf. I went into its spacious Gothic church, which has been new roofed with a flat stucco ceiling. In the corner is the monument of Thomas Lord Fairfax and Helen Aske, his Lady, descended from the Cliffords and Latimers, as her epitaph

says. The figures not ill cut, particularly his in armour, but bareheaded, lie on the tomb. I take them for the parents of the famous Sir Thomas Fairfax.\*

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## LETTER X.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BONSTETTEN.

*Cambridge, 1770, April 12th.*

NEVER did I feel, my dear Bonstetten†, to what a tedious length the few short moments of our life may be extended by impatience and expectation, till you had left me:

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\* Here the manuscript of Dr. Wharton terminates; and the writing of Gray again begins.—*Ed.*

† These three letters are taken from Miss Plumtree's translation of Matthison's Letters, p. 538. Bonstetten, in his youth, resided some time at Cambridge, during which he enjoyed an almost daily intercourse with Gray, who attached himself to him with great ardour, and became soon his warmest and most confidential friend. Charles Von Bonstetten was Baillie of Nion, in the canton of Berne, author of letters on the Pastoral Parts of Switzerland, &c. and some other works. Mr. Mason (it appears) applied to him for leave to publish these letters, which he refused; afterwards permitting them to be printed by his friend Mathison, in the notes to some stanzas on the Leman Lake, in which Gray is introduced;

“ Where Agathon, the Muses', Graces' pride,  
 “ The palace's delight, the peasant's stay;  
 “ E'en hence to distant Jura's shaggy side,  
 “ In warmest friendship clasped me as his Gray.”—*Ed.*

nor ever knew before with so strong a conviction how much this frail body sympathizes with the inquietude of the mind. I am grown old in the compass of less than three weeks, like the Sultan\* in the Turkish tales, that did but plunge his head into a vessel of water, and take it out again, as the standers by affirmed, at the command of a Dervise, and found he had passed many years in captivity and begot a large family of children. The strength and spirits that now enable me to write to you, are only owing to your last letter, a temporary gleam of sunshine. Heaven knows when it may shine again. I did not conceive till now, I own, what it was to lose you, nor felt the solitude and insipidity of my own condition before I possessed the happiness of your friendship. I must cite another Greek writer to you, because it is much to my purpose. He is describing the character of a genius truly inclined to philosophy. "It includes," he says, "qualifications rarely united in one single mind, quickness of apprehension and a retentive memory, vivacity and application, gentleness and magnanimity; to these he adds an invincible love of truth, and consequently of probity and justice. Such a soul," continues he, "will be little inclined to sensual pleasures, and consequently temperate, a stranger to illiberality and avarice; being accustomed to the most extensive views of things and sublimest contemplations, it will contract an habitual greatness, will look down with a kind of disregard on human life, and on death; consequently, will possess the truest fortitude. Such," says he, "is the mind born to govern the rest of mankind." But these very endowments, so necessary to a soul formed for phi-

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\* Lady B— M— is the individual woman she was—she seems to have been gone three years, like the Sultan in the Persian Tales, who popped his head into a tub of water, pulled it up again, and fancied he had been a dozen years in bondage in the interim.—Walpole's Letters, V. 452.

losophy, are often its ruin, especially when joined to the external advantages of wealth, nobility, strength, and beauty; that is, if it light on a bad soil, and want its proper nurture, which nothing but an excellent education can bestow. In this case, he is depraved by the public example, the assemblies of the people, the courts of justice, the theatres, that inspire it with false opinions, terrify it with false infamy, or elevate it with false applause; and remember, that extraordinary vices, and extraordinary virtues, are equally the produce of a vigorous mind; little souls are alike incapable of the one and the other.

If you have ever met with the portrait sketched out by Plato, you will know it again; for my part, to my sorrow I have had that happiness. I see the principal features, and I foresee the dangers with a trembling anxiety. But enough of this, I return to your letter. It proves at least, that in the midst of your new gaieties, I still hold some place in your memory; and, what pleases me above all, it has an air of undissembled sincerity. Go on, my best and amiable friend, to shew me your heart simply, and without the shadow of disguise, and leave me to weep over it, as I now do, no matter whether from joy or sorrow.

## LETTER XI.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

18 April, 1770.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been sincerely anxious for Miss Wharton, whose illness must have been indeed severe. If she is now recovering, let us hope every thing from the spring, which begins (though slowly) to give new life to all things; and pray give my best respects to her, and thanks for remembering me and my Dictionary, at a time when she well may be excused for thinking of nothing but herself.

I have utterly forgot where my journal left off, but (I think) it was after the account of *Gordale*, near *Settle*. If so, there was little more worth your notice; the principal things were *Whorlendale*, in the way from *Skipton* to *Ottley*, and *Kirkstall* Abbey, three miles from *Leeds*. The first is the valley formed by the *River Wharf*, well cultivated, well inhabited, well wooded. But with high rocky crags at distance, that border the green country on either hand. Through the midst of it, was the river, in long windings, deep, clear, and full to the brink, and of no inconsiderable breadth. How it comes to be so fine and copious a stream here, and at *Tadcaster* (so much lower) should have nothing but a wide stony channel, with little or no water, I cannot tell you; *Kirkstall* is a noble ruin in the Semi-Saxon style of building, as old as *K. Stephen*, toward the

end of his reign, 1152; the whole church is still standing (the roof excepted) seated in a delicious quiet valley, on the banks of the River *Aire*, and preserved with religious reverence by the Duke of Montagu. Adjoining to the church, between that and the river, are variety of chapels, and remnants of the abbey, shattered by the encroachments of the ivy, and surmounted by many a sturdy tree, whose twisted roots break through the fret of the vaulting, and hang streaming from the roofs. The gloom of these ancient cells, the shade and verdure of the landscape, the glittering and murmur of the stream, the lofty towers, and long perspectives of the church, in the midst of a clear bright day, detained me for many hours, and were the truest subjects for my glass I have yet met with any where; as I lay at that smoky, ugly, large town of Leeds, I dropt all farther thoughts of my journal; and after passing two days at Mason's (though he was absent), pursued my way by Nottingham, Leicester, Harborough, Kettering, Thrapston, and Huntingdon, to Cambridge, where I arrived 22 October, having met with no rain to signify, till this last day of my journey. There's luck for you.

I do think of seeing Wales this summer; having never found my spirits lower than at present; and feeling that motion and change of the scene is absolutely necessary to me. I will make Aston in my way to Chester, and shall rejoice to meet you there, the *last week in May*. Mason writes me word, that he wishes it, and though his old house is down, and his new one not up, proposes to receive us like princes in grain. Adieu! my dear Sir, and believe me,

Most faithfully yours,

T. G.

My best compliments to Mrs. Wharton and the family. Our weather till Christmas continued mild and open; 28 Dec. some snow fell, but did not lie. The 4th of January was stormy and snowy, which was often repeated during that month. And yet the latter half of it was warm and gentle. 18th Feb. was snow again, the rest of it mostly fine. Snow again on 15 March; from 20th to 30th of March was cold and dry, wind East, or North East; on the 31st rain, from thence all within a week past, wind North West, or North East, with much hail and sleet; and on 4th April, a thunder-storm. It is now fine spring weather.

- 1 March. First Violet appeared. Frogs abroad.
- 4. — Almond blowed; and Gooseberry spread its leaves.
- 8 — Apricot blowed.
- 1 April. Violets in full bloom, and double Daffodils.
- 5 — Wren singing. Double Jonquils.

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## LETTER XII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BONSTETTEN.

*April 19, 1770.*

ALAS! how do I every moment feel the truth of what I have somewhere read, "Ce n'est pas le voir, que de s'en souvenir;" and yet that remembrance is the only satisfaction I have left. My life now is but a conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there, on the corner of the fender, you are standing, or tinkling on



the piano-forte, or stretched at length on the sofa. Do you reflect, my dearest friend, that it is a week or eight days before I can receive a letter from you, and as much more before you can have my answer; that all that time I am employed, with more than Herculean toil, in pushing the tedious hours along, and wishing to annihilate them; the more I strive, the heavier they move, and the longer they grow. I cannot bear this place, where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me. I am going for a few days to see poor Nicholls, invited by a letter, wherein he mentions you in such terms as add to my regard for him, and express my own sentiments better than I can do myself. "I am concerned," says he, "that I cannot pass my life with him; I never met  
 " with any one who pleased and suited me so well: the miracle  
 " to me is, how he comes to be so little spoiled: and the  
 " miracle of miracles will be, if he continues so in the midst  
 " of every danger and seduction, and without any advantages  
 " but from his own excellent nature and understanding. I own  
 " I am very anxious for him on this account, and perhaps your  
 " inquietude may have proceeded from the same cause. I hope  
 " I am to hear when he has passed that cursed sea, or will  
 " he forget me thus *in insulam relegatum*? If he should it is  
 " out of my power to retaliate."

Surely you have written to him, my dear Bonstetten, or surely you will! he has moved me with these gentle and sensible expressions of his kindness for you; are you untouched by them?

You do me the credit: and false or true it goes to my heart, of ascribing to me your love for many virtues of the highest rank. Would to heaven it were so! but they are indeed the fruits of your own noble and generous understanding,

which has hitherto struggled against the stream of custom, passion, and company, even when you were but a child; and will you now give way to that stream when your strength is increased? Shall the jargon of French sophists, the allurements of painted women *comme il faut*, or the vulgar caresses of prostitute beauty, the property of all who can afford to purchase it, induce you to give up a mind and body by nature distinguished from all others, to folly, idleness, disease, and vain remorse. Have a care, my ever amiable friend, of loving what you do not approve. Know me for your most faithful and most humble despot.

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### LETTER XIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BONSTETTEN.

May 9th, 1770.

I AM returned, my dear Bonstetten, from the little journey I made into Suffolk, without answering the end proposed. The thought that you might have been with me there, has embittered all my hours. Your letter has made me happy, as happy as so gloomy, so solitary a being as I am, is capable of being made. I know, and have too often felt, the disadvantages I lay myself under; how much I hurt the little interest I have in you, by this air of sadness so contrary to your nature and present enjoyments: but sure you will forgive, though you cannot sympathize with me. It is impossible for me to dissemble with you; such as I am I expose my heart to

your view, nor wish to conceal a single thought from your penetrating eyes. All that you say to me, especially on the subject of Switzerland, is infinitely acceptable. It feels too pleasing ever to be fulfilled, and as often as I read over your truly kind letter, written long since from London, I stop at these words: 'La mort qui peut glacer nos bras avant qu'ils soient entrelacées.'

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## LETTER XIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. BEATTIE.

*Pembroke Hall, July 2, 1770.*

I REJOICE to hear that you are restored to better state of health, to your books, and to your muse once again. That forced dissipation and exercise we are obliged to fly to as a remedy, when this frail machine goes wrong, is often almost as bad as the distemper we would cure; yet I too have been constrained of late to pursue a like regimen, on account of certain pains in the head, (a sensation unknown to me before) and of great dejection of spirits. This, Sir, is the only excuse I have to make you for my long silence, and not (as perhaps you may have figured to yourself) any secret reluctance I had to tell you my mind concerning the specimen you so kindly sent me of your new Poem\*: On the contrary, if I had seen any thing

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\* This letter was written in answer to one that inclosed only a part of the first book of the Minstrel in manuscript, and I believe a sketch of Mr. Beattie's plan for the whole.—*Mason.*

of importance to disapprove, I should have hastened to inform you, and never doubted of being forgiven. The truth is, I greatly like all I have seen, and wish to see more. The design is simple, and pregnant with poetical ideas of various kinds, yet seems somehow imperfect at the end. Why may not young Edwin, when necessity has driven him to take up the harp, and assume the profession of a Minstrel, do some great and singular service to his country? (what service I must leave to your invention) such as no General, no Statesman, no Moralist could do without the aid of music, inspiration, and poetry. This will not appear an improbability in those early times, and in a character then held sacred, and respected by all nations. Besides, it will be a full answer to all the Hermit has said, when he dissuaded him from cultivating these pleasing arts; it will show their use, and make the best panegyric of our favourite and celestial science. And lastly, (what weighs most with me) it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject. Your ideas are new, and borrowed from a mountainous country, the only one that can furnish truly picturesque scenery. Some trifles in the language or versification you will permit me to remark. \* \* \* (See Forbes's Life of Beattie, vol. I. (p. 197. Let. xlv. 4to.)

I will not enter at present into the merits of your *Essay on Truth*, because I have not yet given it all the attention it deserves, though I have read it through with pleasure; besides I am partial, for I have always thought David Hume a pernicious

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\* \* \* A few paragraphs of particular criticism are here omitted. Published in Beattie's Life, by Forbes.

cious writer, and believe he has done as much mischief here as he has in his own country. A turbid and shallow stream often appears to our apprehensions very deep. A professed sceptic can be guided by nothing but his present passions (if he has any) and interests; and to be masters of his philosophy we need not his books or advice, for every child is capable of the same thing, without any study at all. Is not that *naiveté* and good humour, which his admirers celebrate in him, owing to this, that he has continued all his days an infant, but one that has unhappily been taught to read and write? That childish nation, the French, have given him vogue and fashion, and we, as usual, have learned from them to admire him at second hand.\*

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\* On a similar subject Mr. Gray expresses himself thus in a letter to Mr. Walpole, dated March 17, 1771: 'He must have a very good stomach that can digest the *Crambe recocta* of Voltaire. Atheism is a vile dish, though all the cooks of France combine to make new sauces to it. As to the Soul, perhaps they may have none on the Continent; but I do think we have such things in England. Shakespeare, for example, I believe had several to his own share. As to the Jews (though they do not eat pork) I like them because they are better christians than Voltaire.' This was written only three months before his death; and I insert it to show how constant and uniform he was in his contempt of infidel writers. Dr. Beattie received only one letter more from his correspondent, dated March 8, 1771. It related to the first book of the *Minstrel*, now sent to him in print, and contained criticisms on particular passages, and commendations of particular stanzas. Those criticisms the author attended to in a future edition, because his good taste found that they deserved his attention; the passages therefore being altered, the strictures die of course. As to the notes of commendation, the Poem itself abounds with so many striking beauties, that they need not even the hand of Mr. Gray to point them out to a reader of any feeling: all therefore that I shall print of that letter, is the concluding paragraph relating to his *Essay on the Immutability of Truth*. 'I am happy to hear of your success in another way, because I think you are serving the cause of human nature, and the true interests of mankind: your book is read here too, and with just applause.'—*Mason*.

## LETTER XV.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

IT happened that I was in London at the time when Stonehewer received your letter relating to Mr. L's request; as my name was mentioned in it, I ought to make my excuses to you as well as he, which it is indeed easy to do, as I could by no means ask any thing but through him, and (though this had been in my power) it would have been a very bad plea to say, 'My L<sup>d</sup>. you have done me a very unexpected favour 'not long since; and therefore I must beg you to do another, 'at my desire, for a friend of mine.' But the truth is, at this time our application could not have had any success, as our principal would certainly never apply to three different persons, with whom he has no connexion; nor care to be refused, or even obliged by them. The inside of things cannot be well explained by letters; but if you saw it, you would immediately see in its full light the impracticability of the thing.

I am lately returned from a six weeks ramble through Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Shropshire, five of the most beautiful counties in the kingdom. The very light and principal feature in my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat for near 40 miles, from Ross to Chepstow: its banks are a succession of nameless wonders! one out of many you may see not ill

described by Mr. Whateley, in his *\*Observations on Gardening* under the name of the *New Weir*; he has also touched upon two others, *Tintern Abbey*, and *Persfield*, (Mr. Norris's) both of them famous scenes, and both on the Wye. Monmouth, a town I never heard mentioned, lies on the same river in a vale, that is the delight of my eyes, and the very seat of pleasure. The vale of Abergavenny, Ragland and Chepstow Castles, Ludlow, Malvern Hills, Hampton Court near Lemster, the Leasowes, Hagley, the three Cities and their Cathedrals, and lastly Oxford (where I past two days in my return with great satisfaction), are the rest of my acquisitions, and no bad harvest to my thinking. I have a journal written by the companion† of my travels, that serves to recal and fix the fading images of these things.

I desire to hear of your health and that of your family. Are Miss Wh<sup>r</sup>. and Miss Peggy quite recovered? My respects to Mrs. Wharton and them.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

*Pembroke College, August 24, 1770.*

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\* See Whateley's *Observations on the New Weir on the Wye*, p. 111; description of *Tintern Abbey*, p. 136; of *Persfield*, p. 241.—*Ed.*

† Mr. Norton Nicholls: of this gentleman see a full account in Mr. Matthias's Edition of *Gray's Works*, vol. i. p. 516. In the same year (says Mr. Gilpin in his Preface to his *Observations on the River Wye*, p. iii.) in which this little journey was made, Mr. Gray made it likewise; and hearing that I had put on paper a few remarks on the scenes, which he had so lately visited, he desired a sight of them. They were then only in a rude state; but the handsome things he said of them to a friend of his, who

## LETTER XVI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. NICHOLLS.

*Pembroke Hall, Jan. 26, 1771.*

I REJOICE you have met with Froissart, he is the Herodotus of a barbarous age; had he but had the luck of writing in as good a language, he might have been immortal! His locomotive disposition, (for then there was no other way of learning things) his simple curiosity, his religious credulity, were much like those of the old Grecian. When you have *tant chevauché*, as to get to the end of him, there is Monstrelet waits to take you up, and will set you down at Philip de Comines; but previous to all these, you should have read Villehardouin and Joinville. I do not think myself bound to defend the character of even the best of Kings\*: pray slash them all and spare not.

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obligingly repeated them to me, gave them, I own, some little degree of credit in my own opinion; and made me somewhat less apprehensive in risking them before the public. If this work afforded any amusement to Mr. Gray, it was the amusement of a very late period of his life. He saw it in London, about the beginning of June, 1771; and he died, you know, at the end of the July following. Had he lived, it is possible he might have been induced to have assisted me with a few of his own remarks on scenes which he had so accurately examined; the slightest touches of such a master would have had their effect. No man was a greater admirer of nature than Mr. Gray, nor admired it with better taste.—*Ed.*

\* I suppose his correspondent had made some strictures on the character of Henry IV. of France. See Sect. iv. Letter xxii. (Vol. IV.)—*Mason.*



It would be strange too if I should blame your Greek studies, or find fault with you for reading Isocrates; I did so myself twenty years ago, and in an edition at least as bad as yours. The Panegyric, the de Pace, Areopagitic, and Advice to Philip, are by far the noblest remains we have of this writer; and equal to most things extant in the Greek tongue; but it depends on your judgment to distinguish between his real and occasional opinion of things, as he directly contradicts in one place what he has advanced in another: for example, in the Panathenaic and the de Pace, &c. on the naval power of Athens; the latter of the two is undoubtedly his own undisguised sentiment.

I would by all means wish you to comply with your friend's request, and write the letter he desires. I trust to the cause and to the warmth of your own kindness for inspiration. Write eloquently, that is from your heart, in such expressions as that will furnish\*. Men sometimes catch that feeling from a stranger which should have originally sprung from their own heart.

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\* This short sentence contains a complete definition of natural eloquence; when it becomes an art it requires one more prolix, and our author seems to have begun to sketch it on a detached paper. 'Its province (says he) is to reign over minds of slow perception and little imagination, to set things in lights they never saw them in; to engage their attention by details and circumstances gradually unfolded, to adorn and heighten them with images and colours unknown to them, and to raise and engage their rude passions to the point to which the speaker wishes to bring them.' \* \* \* *Mason.*

This sentence is written in pencil in Gray's Pocket Journal for 1755, as far as 'rude passions;' the following words are not there.—*Ed.*

## LETTER XVII.

MR. GRAY TO DR. WHARTON.

*Feb. 2, Pembroke Coll. 1771.*

IT never rains but it pours, my dear Doctor, you will be glad to hear, that Mr. Brown has added to his mastership (which is better than £150 a year) a living hard by Cambridge, Stretham in the isle of Ely, worth, as it was let above forty years ago, at least £240 more. It was in the gift of the crown during the vacancy of the See of Ely, and that its value is really more than I have said, you will hardly doubt, when you hear it was carried against an Earl, a Baron, and a Bishop, the latter of the three so strenuous a suitor, that he still persisted above a week after I had seen the presentation signed to Mr. Brown by the King's own hand, nay, he still persisted a day, after the King had publicly declared in the Drawing-room, that he had given it to Mr. Brown by name. And who was this bishop? no other than your friend, who wanted it for a nephew of his, a poor *unfortunate* nephew, that had been so imprudent many a year ago to marry a farmer's daughter, where he boarded when Curate; and continued ever since under a cloud, because his uncle would give him nothing. As to us, we had a Duke, an Earl, a Viscount, and a Bishop, on our side, and carried it so swimmingly you would stare again. There was a prologue, and an exegesis, and a peripeteia, and all the parts of a regular drama; and the Hero is gone to London,

was instituted yesterday, and to-day is gone to Lambeth, for the Archbishop too spoke a good word for us, and at a very critical time. The old Lodge has got rid of all its harpsichords, and begins to brighten up: its inhabitant is lost like a mouse in an old cheese. He has received your generous offer of a benefaction to the common good, but it is too much to tax yourself: however, we all intend to bring in our mites, and shew the way to the high and mighty; when a fund is once on foot they will bestir themselves.

I am sincerely concerned to find Miss Wharton is still an invalid. I believe you must send her into the milder regions of the South, where the sun dispels all maladies. We ourselves have had an untoward season enough: vast quantities of rain instead of winter, the thermometer never below 40 degrees, often above 50, before Christmas; unusual high winds (which still continue), particularly the 19th of Dec. at night, it blew a dreadful storm. The first grain of snow was seen on Christmas day, of which we have had a good deal since, but never deep or lasting. The second week in January was really severe cold at London, and the Thames frozen over: one morning that week the glass stood here (at eight in the morning) at 16 degrees, which is the lowest I ever knew it at Cambridge. At London it never has been observed lower than 13, (understand me right, I mean 13 above Zero of Fahrenheit), and that was 5th Jan. 1739; now it is very mild again, but with very high winds at N. W.

I give you joy of our awkward peace with Spain. Mason is in town taking his swing, like a boy in breaking-up time. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Wharton, and all the good family. Did I tell you of my breaking-up, in Summer, in the midland counties; and so far as Abergavenny one way,

and Ludlow the other? I have another journal for you in several volumes. I have had a cough for above three months upon me, which is incurable. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. G.

## LETTER XVIII.

MR GRAY TO DR WHARTON.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I WAS really far from well in health, when I received your last letter: since that I am come to town and find myself considerably better. Mason has passed all the winter here with Stonehewer in Curzon-street, May-fair, but thinks of returning homeward in a week or ten days, he had your letter (which had gone round by Aston) and was applying to Mr. Fraser and others for proper recommendations in case poor \* \* \* \* should be obliged to make use of them: but now you have given us some hopes, that these expedients may not be necessary. I for my own part do heartily wish you may not be deceived, and that so cool a tyrant as her husband seems to be, may willingly give up the thoughts of exercising that tyranny, when it is most in his power; but I own, it seems to me very unlikely: however, I would not have you instrumental (but at her most earnest entreaty) in placing her out of his reach. No persuasion or advice on this head should come from you: it should be

absolutely her own firm resolution (before sure witnesses) for that is the only thing, that can authorise you to assist her. It must have been her own fault (at least her weakness) that such a decision as that of these delegates could find any grounds to go upon. I do not wonder that such an event has discomposed you: it discomposed me to think of the trouble and expence it has brought upon you!

My\* summer was intended to have been passed in Switzerland but I have dropped the thought of it, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: for travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low spirits were: but now I even tremble at an East-wind; it is here the height of Summer, but with all the bloom and tender verdure of Spring. At Cambridge the laurustinus and arbutus killed totally; apricots, almonds, and figs lost all their young shoots. Stonehewer has had a melancholy journey: tomorrow we expect him here. Adieu!

I am ever yours,

T. G.

*At Frisby's, in Jermyn Street, St. James's, May 24, 1771.*

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\* Mr. Mason has joined this paragraph to that Letter of Mr. Gray's which is dated August 24, 1770; and has given the whole of that Letter the date of this paragraph. In what a singular manner he has altered the style of the concluding part of this Letter, may be seen by comparison. It is the last Letter in Mr. Mason's Work. [Ed. Mason, Vol. IV. p. 225. "I have had a cough upon me these three months, which is incurable. (*This is the last sentence of the preceding Letter, which Mr. Mason has transferred to this place.*) The approaching Summer I have sometimes had thoughts of spending on the Continent; but I have now dropped that intention, and believe my expeditions will terminate in Old Park: but I make no promise, and can answer for nothing. My own employment so sticks in my stomach, and troubles my conscience, and yet travel I must, or cease to exist. Till this year I hardly knew what (mechanical) low spirits were, but now I even tremble at an east-wind.]



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**APPENDIX.**

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**APPENDIX.**

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**LETTER I.****M<sup>R</sup>. BROWN TO D<sup>R</sup>. WHARTON.***Pembroke Hall, July 24, 1771.***DEAR SIR,**

HERE is Mr. Gray wishing to be well enough to take his journey to Old Park, but in truth he knows not when he shall be so happy. Though he does not give over the hopes of it, yet he thinks it is so uncertain when he can set about it, that he wishes not to alter any plan you may have formed for passing away any part of your summer. Some complaints of the gout he hath had; some feverish disorder which hath frequently returned and left him low and dispirited, and another complaint added to it which renders travelling very inconvenient. He had been for six or seven weeks in London, and almost all the time out of order; he came hither the beginning of this week; he had entertained great hopes that he should have

been with you before this time. I hope your nephew came safe into the North and that he is well; we much esteem him here.

The weather is very fine at this time with us. I doubt not it is so with you, and I hope your daughters reap great benefit from it, and that they forget the severities of last winter. I join with Mr. Gray in sending to you and Mrs. Wharton, to your sons and daughters, our best respects and heartiest wishes for their health and yours. Don't forget my compliments to your nephew.

I am, dear Sir,

affectionately yours,

J. BROWN.

## LETTER II.

MR. BROWN TO DR. WHARTON.

POOR Mr. Gray! My dear Sir, I am afraid his friends at Old Park will see him no more. Professor Plumptre and Dr. Glyn give us no hopes of his recovery, they both attend him, and come together three or four times a day; they say it is the gout in the stomach, and they cannot get the better of it. Stephen, his old servant, is very diligent and handy in his attendance upon him, and Mr. Gray is well satisfied with it. He has very frequently convulsion fits. The physicians last night

did not expect to find him alive this morning; and this morning they did not think he would live till the evening. They don't find him worse this evening than he was in the morning, yet they say though he may have strength enough to last a few days, they think he has not strength enough to recover. He does not always talk coherently, and then recovers his thoughts again. I sent a special messenger yesterday to Mr. Stonehewer, who would probably find him ten or twelve hours before the post. Adieu! and accept of my best good wishes for yourself, Mrs. Wharton and your family.

I am affectionately yours,

J. BROWN.

*Monday Night, July 29, 1771.*

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### LETTER III.

MR. BROWN TO DR. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR,

DR. GISBURN and Mr. Stonehewer came here last night, were present at three or four consultations, and are gone away this evening to London, without the least hopes of seeing our poor friend again. He told me, if I understood him right, where a will would be found, but I shall not look so long as he is alive. I have been told, that you have had a will in your custody; if it be so, it is too probable it will be wanted, and if one be found here, it must be seen which of the two

is the last. My best respects attend you and Mrs. Wharton and your family.

I am, dear Sir,

affectionately yours,

J. BROWN.

*Tuesday Evening, July 30, 1771.*

I think him dying, and that he has been sensible of his approaching death, nor hath he expressed any concern at the thoughts of leaving this world.

He is still alive—9 o'clock.

## LETTER IV.

MR. BROWN TO D. WHARTON.

DEAR SIR,

YOU must expect what will give you great concern; Mr. Gray died about eleven last night; there is nothing to be added about his death, but that the whole was peaceable and calm, so long as he was himself; nor was there any thing violent afterwards: but we think that for some hours before he died, though he appeared convulsed to us, yet that he himself felt no pain. This was the opinion of the physicians. I found a will in the place of which he had told me, dated 1st July, 1770. I was concerned that Mrs. Foster's name is totally omitted.

£500 in the stocks is left to her daughter Lady Goring. Mr. Williamson of Calcutta, a relation on his father's side is a legatee to the same value. To Mr. Mason he has left all his books and all his papers, to be destroyed or preserved at his direction. He hath joined me with Mr. Mason in the executorship. To Mr. Stonehewer and Dr. Wharton, each £500 reduced Bank annuities, and to each one of his diamond rings. He has desired to be buried near his mother at Stoke, near Windsor, and that one of his executors would see him laid in the grave. A melancholy task which must come to my share, for Mr. Mason is not here, and it will be necessary to proceed in a very few days. This morning at eight, nine, ten, he was but little altered. You have my best wishes, you and your family. I know they will grieve every one of them for the loss of Mr. Gray.

I am, dear Sir,

very affectionately yours,

JAMES BROWN.

*Pembroke-Hall, Wednesday, July 31, 1771.*

I shall return as soon as I can.

## LETTER V.

MR. BROWN TO DR. WHARTON.

*Pembroke Hall, Aug. 17, 1771.*

DEAR SIR,

EVERY thing is now dark and melancholy in Mr. Gray's room, not a trace of him remains there; it looks as if it had been for some time uninhabited, and the room bespoke for another inhabitant. The papers are in good hands, Mr. Mason carried them with him to York; and his furniture he bequeathed to his relations here. The thoughts I have of him will last, and will be useful to me the few years I can expect to live. He never spoke out, but I believe from some little expressions, I now remember to have dropt from him, that for some time past, he thought himself nearer his end, than those about him apprehended. I shall rejoice in the happiness of your family, and desire my best respects to Mrs. Wharton, and your sons and your daughters.

I am affectionately yours,

J. BROWN.

Remember me to your nephew; the bill you sent is in the hands of Mr. May. Adieu!

## LETTER VI.

MR. MASON TO DR. WHARTON.

*York, Aug. 18, 1771.*

DEAR SIR,

THE best apology I can make to you, for not writing to you sooner, will be, to give you an account how I have been employed since the sad event happened, which now occasions my writing.

I received the melancholy news at Bridlington Key, full ten days after it had happened; I crossed the Humber immediately, and got to Cambridge the day after, in order to assist and relieve Mr. Brown, as soon, and as much as I was able. He returned not from Stoke and London till the Saturday. On Sunday I set out with him for London, to<sup>d</sup> prove the will, and having done so, returned on Monday. This was a great and an unnecessary loss of time. But nothing would satisfy his cautious temper but our doing it personally. On Tuesday and Wednesday, we delivered up the furniture of the rooms to the Antrobuses, and in the meanwhile the books were packed up, and sent to the Lodge; so that by this dispatch he will have nothing to take charge of, but what remains to the executorship. The papers I brought all with me here yesterday. My first business shall be to sort the letters, which are numerous. I shall seal up those of the living correspondents, and return them when convenient. I find a good many of yours, which I shall return you with all fidelity.

You will perhaps wonder why I staid so little a while with him. The time of my residence here began the very day after I reached Cambridge. Mr. Cayley's servants and goods were gone to his parsonage. He stayed the Sunday over, and that was all he could possibly do, so that it was impossible for me to prolong my stay another day. However, the great burthen, i. e. the care of little matters, is now off his hands. You who know his attention to little matters, know how much he will be relieved by what is already done. You know too, he could never have attended to other things till these had been done, and he would have been months of doing without me, what I trust has been now done, as effectually, in three days. I purpose to return to him in November, to transfer the stock bequeathed, and to give up the title deeds of the house in Cornhill. In the mean time, my dear Doctor Wharton, shall not I assure myself of seeing you at York? Come, I beseech you, and condole with me on our mutual, our irreparable loss. The great charge, which his dear friendship has laid upon me, I feel myself unable to execute, without the advice and assistance of his best friends; you are among the first of these: and the first too, whose counsel I could take on the occasion. As soon as the foolish hurry of this idle week is over, my house will be empty and my time my own. Come when it suits you, I shall take care to have a bed for you at the Deanery, if these rooms be too small. Mrs. Wharton, perhaps, will accompany you, and take this opportunity of seeing her sister. My best compliments to her and the young ladies.

Believe me, most cordially yours,

W. MASON.

Excuse great haste and much confusion of mind, for I have been hurried and concerned beyond expression.



## LETTER VII.

MR. WALPOLE TO MR. COLLE.

*Paris, August.*

DEAR SIR,

I AM excessively shocked at reading in the papers that Mr. Gray is dead! I wish to God you may be able to tell me it is not true! yet in this painful uncertainty I must rest some days! None of my acquaintance are in London. I do not know to whom to apply but to you. Alas! I fear in vain! Too many circumstances speak it true. The detail is exact: a second paper arrived by the same post, and does not contradict it:—and what is worse, I saw him but four or five days before I came hither; he had been to Kensington for the air, complained of gout flying about him; of sensations of it in his stomach; and indeed I thought him changed, and that he looked ill. Still I had not the least idea of his being in danger. I started up from my chair, when I read the paragraph.—A cannon-ball could not have surprised me more! The shock but ceased to give way to my concern; and my hopes are too ill founded to mitigate it. If nobody has the charity to write to me, my anxiety must continue till the end of the month; for I shall set out on my return on the 26th; and unless you receive this, time enough for your answer to leave London on the 20th in the evening, I cannot meet it, till I find it in Arlington-street, whither I beg you to direct it. If

the event is but too true, pray add to this melancholy service, that of telling me any circumstances you know of his death. Our long\*, very long friendship and his genius must endear to me every thing that relates to him. What writings has he left? Who are his executors? I should earnestly wish, if he has destined any thing to the public, to print it at my press. It would do me honour, and would give me an opportunity of expressing what I feel for him. Methinks, as we grow old, our only business here, is to adorn the graves of our friends, or to dig our own.

Dear Sir,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

\* In a letter from Walpole to Mr. Chute from Paris, August 13th, the former says, "I have, I own, been much shocked at reading Gray's death in the papers. 'Tis an hour that makes *one forget any subject of complaint*, especially towards one with whom I lived in friendship from thirteen years old. As self lies so rooted in self, no doubt the nearness of our ages made the stroke recoil to my own breast; and having so little expected his death, it is plain how little I expect my own: yet to you, who of all men living are the most forgiving, I need not excuse the concern I feel. \* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* In short, I am really shocked;—nay, I am hurt at my own weakness, as I perceive that when I love any body, it is for my life; and I have had too much reason not to wish that such a distinction may very seldom be put to the trial." \* \* \* \* \*

It will appear from these letters, that Walpole's affection and friendship for Gray was warm and sincere, after the reconciliation took place; and indeed before that, and immediately after the quarrel, I believe his regard for Gray was undiminished. It will be recollected, that Mr. Conway travelled with Gray and Walpole in 1739, and separated from them at Geneva. Directly after Walpole returned to England, 1741, he wrote to Mr. Conway:—"Before I thank you for myself, I must thank you for that excessive good-nature you shewed in writing to poor G— I am less impatient to see you, as I find you are not the least altered, but have the same tender, friendly temper you always had." \* \* \* \* \*

P. S. I heard this unhappy news last night, and have just been told, that Lord Edward Bentinck goes in haste to-morrow to England, so that you will receive this much sooner than I expected: still, I must desire you to direct to Arlington-street, as being the surest conveyance to me.

Mr. Cole, in his answer to this letter, says, “ that Gray died worth about £6,000, having sold his paternal property in houses, not being made for tenants and repairs, and placed the money in the funds, with a part of which, as I am informed, he purchased an annuity, in order to have a fuller income.

“ He went off pretty easily, considering the nature of his complaint, the gout in his stomach, which occasioned a sickness and loss of appetite, neither would any thing rest on his stomach. \* \* \* \* It was not till Friday before he died that he had any convulsions, when he was seized with the first, and had them, occasionally, till his death on Tuesday night following, though not to any great degree: the Master being with him till half an hour before his decease. As it was warm weather, and the distance considerable, it was impossible to comply with that part of his will relating to his coffin, which was wrapped in lead. \* \* \* \* \* He retained his senses to the last, but gave proof of their decay a day or two before his death, which he expected, as he told one of his cousins, saying,—‘ Molly, I shall die.’ The decay I mentioned was this: seeing the Master sit by him, he said,—‘ Oh, sir! let Dr. Halifax or Dr. Heberden be sent to.’—He certainly meant for physical assistance:—now Dr. Halifax the Regius Professor of Law, his acquaintance, was a divine, and no physician.” \* \* \* \* \*

## MR. WALPOLE'S ANSWER.

*Strawberry-Hill, Sept. 10, 1771.*

HOWEVER melancholy the occasion is, I can but give you a thousand thanks, dear Sir, for the kind trouble you have taken, and the information you have given me about poor Mr. Gray. I received your first letter at Paris; the last I found at my house in town; where I arrived only on Friday last. The circumstance of the Professor refusing to rise in the night and visit him, adds to the shock. Who is that true professor of physic? Jesus! is their absence to murder us, as well as their presence? I have not heard from Mr. Mason, but I have written to him. Be so good as to tell the Master of Pembroke, though I have not the honour of knowing him, how sensible I am of his proffered attention to me, and how much I feel for him, in losing a friend of so excellent a genius. Nothing will allay my own concern, like seeing any of his compositions that I have not yet seen. It is buying even them too dear. But when the author is irreparably lost, the produce of his mind is the next best possession. I have offered my press to Mr. Mason, and hope it will be accepted. \*

\* \* \* \* \* I shall receive with gratitude from Mr. Tyson, either drawing or etching of our departed friend, but wish not to have it inscribed to me, as it is an honour more justly due to Mr. Stonehewer\*. If the Master of Pem

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\* In one of his MS. volumes in the British Museum, Cole says, (Vol. 32.) "On Friday, July 29, 1768, Thomas Gray, Esq. Fellow-Commoner of Pembroke-Hall, kissed his Majesty's hand, on being appointed Professor of Modern

broke will accept a copy of a small picture I have of Mr. Gray, painted soon after the publication of the 'Ode on Eton,' it shall be at his service; and after his death, I beg it may be bequeathed to his College. Adieu! dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

FROM

M<sup>R</sup>. WALPOLE TO M<sup>R</sup>. COLE.

*Dated April 11, 1775.*

I INTENDED writing to you on Gray's Life, if you had not prevented me. I am charmed with it, and prefer it

History and Languages. It is thought his friend Mr. *Stonehewer*, Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, principal Secretary of State, procured it for him, to the disappointment of Dr. Marriott, Master of Trinity-Hall, and Vice-Chancellor, who also applied for it." In a letter from Walpole to Mr. Conway (Aug. 9, 1768,) the former says, "Yes, it is my Gray, Gray the Poet, who is made Professor of Modern History; and I believe it is worth 500*l.* a year. I knew nothing of it, till I saw it in the papers; but believe it was *Stonehewer* that obtained it for him. Gray, however, was indebted for this situation to the Duke of Grafton's own judgment and generosity; and, in his letter of thanks, he calls it a favour *unsolicited* and unexpected."

to all the biography I ever saw. The style is excellent, simple, unaffected; the method admirable, artful, and judicious. He [Mason] has framed the fragments (as a person said) so well, that they are fine drawings, if not finished pictures. For my part, I am so interested in it, that I shall certainly read it over and over. I do not find that is likely to be the case with many. Yet, never was a book which people pretended to expect so much with impatience, less devoured; at least in London, where quartos are not of quick digestion. Faults are found, I hear, at Eton, with the Latin Poems, for false quantities:—no matter!—they are equal to the English; and can one say more? In answer to yourself, my good sir, I shall not subscribe to your censure of Mr. Mason, whom I love and admire, and who has shewn the greatest taste possible in the execution of this work. Surely he has said enough in gratitude, and done far beyond what gratitude could demand. It seems delicacy in not expatiating on the legacy: particularising more gratitude, would have lessened the evidence of friendship, and made the justice due to Gray's character look more like a debt. He speaks of him in slender circumstances; not as depressed; and so he was, till after the death of his parents and aunts; and, even then, surely not rich. I think he does somewhere say, that he meant to be buried with his mother; and not specifying any other place, confirms it. Pray tell me, what you hear is said of 'Gray's Life' at Cambridge?

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EXTRACT OF MR. COLE'S ANSWER.

I FIND the University people divided about it. The seniors think his reflections on their method of education, unnecessary sarcasm on poor Dr. Waterland, and general disgust

at a place he made choice of for his constant residence, might as well have been omitted; but all concur in admiring his poetry, descriptions, letters, sentiments, &c. I am surprised at what you mention relating to the slow sale in London. In Cambridge, above a fortnight ago, Mr. Woodyer had sold forty copies, and Merrill as many; had they more could have disposed of them; and I am told that a new impression is already in the press. This looks as if the first was all sold off. Pray are you satisfied with the print? It gives him a sharpness, a snappishness, a fierceness, that was not his common feature, though it might occasionally be so. The print of him, by Mr. Mason, and since copied by Henshaw, conveys me much stronger idea of him to me.

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EXTRACT OF MR. WALPOLE'S ANSWER.

YOU are too candid in submitting at once to my defence of Mr. Mason. It is true, I am more charmed with his book than I almost ever was with any else. I find more people like the grave letters than those of his humour; and some think the latter a little affected, which is as wrong a judgment as they could make, for Gray never wrote any thing easily but things of humour: humour was his natural and original turn; and though from his childhood he was grave, and reserved, his genius led him to see things ludicrously and satirically; and though his health and dissatisfaction gave him low spirits, his melancholy turn was much more affected than his pleasantry in writing. You knew him enough to know that he was in the right: but the world in general always wants to be told how to think, as well as what to think. The print, I see with you, though like, is a very disagreeable likeness, and the worst

likeness of him. It gives the fierceness he had when under constraint; and there is a blackness in the countenance which was like him only the last time I ever saw him, when I was much struck with it; and though I did not apprehend him in danger, it left an impression on me that was very uneasy, and almost prophetic of what I heard but too soon after leaving him. *Wilson* drew the picture under much such an impression, and I could not bear it in my room. Mr. Mason altered it a little; but still it is not well, nor gives any idea of the determined virtues of his heart. It just serves to help the reader to an image of the person whose genius and integrity they must admire, if they are so happily as have a taste for either.

THE END.



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